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OLD BALLADS,

ORICAL AND NARRATIVE,

WITH SOME OF MODERN DATE;

now first collected, and reprinted from rare Copies and MSS.

WITH NOTES.

By THOMAS EVANS.

VOL. I.

Isaac Taylor del. et sculp.

With rough, Majestic Force he mov'd the Heart,
And Strength & Nature made Amends for Art.
Rowe.

Printed for T. EVANS, in the Strand.

M DCC LXXXIV.

43563

DEDICATION.

TO

HIS GRACE

THE

DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND,

KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE

ORDER OF THE GARTER,

LORD LIEUTENANT

AND CUSTOS ROTULORUM

OF THE COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX, &c.

MY LORD,

YOUR gracious condeſcenſion, in granting my moſt humble requeſt to place under your Lordſhip's patronage theſe early efforts of the Britiſh Muſe,

which come in aid of Hiſtory, at leaſt of what the Poet calls her "Mar[illegible]'d Page," is a continuance of that protection, which our Bards have ever claimed, and received, from a PERCY.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS HOUSE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, from the earlieſt times to the preſent, have not only with a princely benevolence ſhowered their bounty on our BARDS; but, by their deeds, in the Senate and the Field, given them glorious themes for their Songs.

Your GRACE's adminiſtration of the Government of IRELAND, your love and encouragement of the Fine Arts, the HUMANITY that adorns your character, *The Characteriſtic* ſpirit and bravery of

EARL

DEDICATION.

EARL PERCY, who nobly fought the cauſe of his COUNTRY abroad, while LORD ALGERNON with equal ſpirit greatly contributed to quell a moſt dangerous tumult at home (the offspring of Bigotry and Licentiouſneſs) are actions which will to lateſt ages flouriſh in the Hiſtorian and Epic Poet.

I am,

MY LORD,

with profound reſpect,

YOUR GRACE'S

Moſt obedient,

Moſt devoted humble Servant,

Thomas Evans.

Strand, Feb. 12, 1784.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO

THE SECOND EDITION.

WHEN the firſt Edition of this Work was offered with great diffidence to the Public, I had the pleaſure to ſee the following account of the collection, by our beſt literary Journals, who remarked, "that the ſucceſs of Dr. Percy's Collection, has inſtigated Mr. Evans to furniſh that Supplement, which is at preſent under our conſideration; and with pleaſure we recommend his work to our readers, as every way deſerving their patronage and attention. We ſincerely wiſh all Editors like the preſent, thoſe emoluments they have a right to expect on account of their zeal to preſerve the early efforts of the Britiſh Muſe, their taſte and judgment in ſelection, and their expence and elegance in publication. *(See The Critical and Monthly Reviews.)*

Encouraged by the generous patronage of the Public, I have purſued my plan, and humbly offer two

Place this Leaf after the Preface.

ADVERTISEMEN

two additional Volumes to their fav
the Modern Ballads will not be diſpl
Reader, when he ſees among them the
of a Goldſmith, a Percy, a Blackloc
and others of diſtinguiſhed merit.

MDCCLXXXIV.

PREFACE.

"THE Ballad may be conſidered as the native ſpecies of poetry of this country. It very exactly anſwers to the idea of original poetry, "which is confined to deſcription of external objects, "and the narration of events, and is ſtrictly rude, "uncultivated verſe, in which the popular tale of "the times was recorded. As our anceſtors par-"took of the fierce warlike character of the Northern "nations, the ſubjects of their poetry would chiefly "conſiſt of the martial exploits of their heroes, and "the military events of national hiſtory, deeply tinc-"tured with that paſſion for the marvellous, and that "ſuperſtitious credulity, which always attend a ſtate "of ignorance and barbariſm. Many of the ancient "ballads have been tranſmitted to the preſent times; "and in them the character of the nation diſplays "itſelf in ſtriking colours. The boaſtful hiſtory "of her victories, the proweſs of her favourite kings "and captains, and the wonderful adventures of the "legendary ſaint and knight-errant, are the topics "of the rough rhyme and unadorned narration, which "was ever the delight of the vulgar, and is now an "object of curioſity to the antiquarian and man of "taſte."

Such are the ſentiments of an excellent writer*, who has fully conſidered this ſubject; and with them agrees the opinion of Mr. Addiſon, who remarks, "An ordi-"nary ſong or ballad, that is the delight of the com-"mon people, cannot fail to pleaſe all ſuch readers as

* Mr. Aiken. See his Eſſays on Song Writing.

"are

" are not unqualified for the entertainment [illegible]
" fectation or their ignorance; and [illegible]
" becauſe the ſame paintings of nature which rec[illegible]
" mend it to the moſt ordinary reader, will appear
" beautiful to the moſt refined."

Theſe teſtimonies in favour of the rude and unpo[illegible]liſhed efforts of the Engliſh muſe in its infant ſta[illegible] would be ſufficient to authorize the publication of ſuch pieces as remain of this ſpecies of poetry, even if the taſte of the times, and the curioſity of the preſent age, did not demand that they ſhould no longer be left ſubject to accident and chance, to periſh in oblivion.

A poliſhed age will make allowances for the rude productions of their anceſtors, who, if they do not dazzle the imagination, commonly intereſt the heart. Among the modern ballads inſerted in this edition, the reader will meet with ſeveral [illegible] which would do honour to any age or nation.

Dr. Percy, in his Reliques of ancient Engliſh Poetry, has inſerted a very ingenious eſſay on the ancient Engliſh minſtrels, which precludes any attempts of ours, to illuſtrate that ſubject; and to this we refer our reader.

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OLD

A

COLLECTION

OF

OLD BALLADS.

I.

An old ballad of a duke of Cornwall's daughter; who, after her marriage to a king of Albion, was divorced for the ſake of a favourite miſtreſs: And her exemplary revenge on them both.

The facts upon which this ballad is founded, may be ſeen in "The Britiſh Hiſtory, tranſlated into Engliſh from the Latin of Jeffrey of Monmouth: By Aaron Thompſon, late of Queen's College, Oxon. 1718, 8*vo. p.* 42." *Among the Plays of Shakeſpeare, is one upon the ſame ſubject, but generally eſteemed ſpurious.*

WHEN Humber in his wrathful rage
King Albanact in field had ſlain,
Whoſe bloody broils for to aſſwage,
King Locrin then apply'd his pain;
And with a hoſt of Britons ſtout,
At length he found king Humber out:

At vantage great he met him then,
And with his hoſt beſet him ſo,
That he deſtroy'd his warlike men,
And Humber's power did overthrow;
And Humber, which for fear did fly,
Leapt into a river deſp'rately;

And being drowned in the deep,
He left a lady there alive,
Which ſadly did lament and weep,
For fear they ſhould her life deprive.
But by her face that was ſo fair,
The king was caught in Cupid's ſnare:

He took this lady to his love,
Who ſecretly did keep it ſtill;
So that the queen did quickly prove
The king did bear her moſt good will:
Which though by wedlock late begun,
He had by her a gallant ſon.

Queen Guendolin was griev'd in mind,
To ſee the king was alter'd ſo:
At length the cauſe ſhe chanc'd to find,
Which brought her to much bitter woe.
For Eſtrild was his joy (God wot)
By whom a daughter he begot.

The duke of Cornwall being dead,
The father of that gallant queen:
The king with luſt being overlaid,
His lawful wife he caſt off clean:
Who with her dear and tender ſon,
For ſuccour did to Cornwall run.

Then Locrin crowned Eſtrild bright,
And made of her his lawful wife:
With her which was his heart's delight,
He ſweetly thought to lead his life.
Thus Guendolin, as one forlorn,
Did hold her wretched life in ſcorn.

But when the Corniſh men did know
The great abuſe ſhe did endure,
With her a number great did go,
Which ſhe by prayer did procure.
In battel then they march'd along,
For to redreſs this grievous wrong.

And near a river called Store,
The king with all his hoſt ſhe met;
Where both the armies fought full ſore,
But yet the queen the field did get:
Yet ere they did the conqueſt gain,
The king was with an arrow ſlain.

Then Guendolin did take in hand,
Until her ſon was come to age,
The government of all the land:
But firſt her fury to aſſwage,
She did command her ſoldiers wild,
To drown both Eſtrild and her child.

Incontinent then did they bring
Fair Eſtrild to the river-ſide,
And Sabrine, daughter to a king,
Whom Guendolin could not abide;
Who being bound together faſt,
Into the river there were caſt:

And ever ſince that running ſtream
Wherein the ladies drowned were,
Is called Severn through the realm,
Becauſe that Sabrine died there.
Thus thoſe that did to lewdneſs bend,
Were brought unto a woful end.

II.

The noble acts of King Arthur, and the knights of the round table; with the valiant atchievements of Sir Lancelot du Lake.

Arthur, the ſon of Uter and Igren, the dutcheſs of Cornwall, was crowned king of Britain about the year 516, *and in the fifteenth of his age. After a reign of twenty-ſix years, Mordred, the ſon of Lotho, who pretended to his crown, march'd out againſt him with his army: And they encounter'd at a place, then called Kamblan, in Cornwall, where our hero ſlew him with his own hand; and at the ſame time receiv'd his death's wound from him. From the field of battle he was carried to Glaſtenbury in Somerſetſhire, where he died the twenty-firſt of May, in the year* 542, *and was buried in that church-yard. They tell us, that his body was found* 600 *years after, under the reign of king Henry the ſecond,* 16 *foot under ground; and near him the body of Guiniver his queen. Tradition tells us, that king Arthur created* 24 *knights of the order, himſelf making the* 25*th; tho' our poet has thought fit to double the number. At Wincheſter they ſhow us this round table, hanging in the great hall where the Saxon kings uſually feaſted. This hall is ſupported by marble pillars in the king's houſe, on the Weſt ſide of that city. The table itſelf is of one ſolid piece of wood, and round it are cut ſeveral names in the Saxon characters; though I believe no one legible, ſave that of Lancelot.*

WHEN Arthur firſt in court began,
And was approved king;
By force of arms great victories won,
And conqueſt home did bring:

Then into Britain ſtraight he came,
Where fifty good and able
Knights then repaired unto him,
Which were of the round table.

And many juſts and tournaments,
Before them that were dreſs'd;
Where valiant knights did then excel
And far ſurmount the reſt:

But one Sir Lancelot du Lake,
Who was approved well;
He in his fights and deeds of arms
All others did excel.

When he had reſted him a while,
To play, to game, and ſport;
He thought he would go try himſelf
In ſome adventrous ſort:

He armed rode in foreſt wide,
And met a damſel fair,
Who told him of adventures great;
Whereto he gave good ear.

Why ſhould I not, quoth Lancelot, 'tho?
For that cauſe I came hither?
Thou ſeem'ſt, quoth ſhe, a knight right good,
And I will bring thee thither;

Whereas

Whereas the mighty knight doth dwell,
That now is of great fame:
Therefore tell me what knight thou art;
And then what is your name?

My name is Lancelot du Lake,
Quoth ſhe, It likes me then;
Here dwells a knight that never was
E'er match'd with any man;

Who has in priſon threeſcore knights
And four that he has wound;
Knights of king Arthur's court they be,
And of his table round.

She brought him to a river ſide,
And alſo to a tree,
Whereon a copper baſon hung,
His fellow ſhields to ſee.

He ſtruck ſo hard, the baſon broke,
When Tarquin heard the ſound,
He drove a horſe before him ſtraight,
Whereon a knight lay bound.

Sir knight, then ſaid Sir Lancelot, though,
Bring me that horſe-load hither,
And lay him down, and let him reſt;
We'll try our force together.

And as I underſtand thou haſt,
So far as thou art able,
Done great deſpite and ſhame unto
The knights of the round table,

If thou be of the table round,
(Quoth Tarquin ſpeedily)
Both thee and all thy fellowſhip
I utterly defy.

That's overmuch, quoth Lancelot though,
Defend thee by and by.
They put their ſpurs unto their ſteeds,
And each at other fly:

They couch'd their ſpears, and horſes ran
As though there had been thunder;
And each ſtruck them amidſt the ſhield,
Wherewith they broke in ſunder:

Their horſes backs brake under them;
The knights were both aſton'd:
To void their horſes they made haſte,
To light upon the ground.

They took them to their ſhields full faſt,
Their ſwords they drew out then;
With mighty ſtrokes moſt eagerly
Each one at other run.

They wounded were, and bled full ſore,
For breath they both did ſtand;
And leaning on their ſwords awhile,
Quoth Tarquin, Hold thy hand;

And tell to me what I ſhall aſk.
Say on, quoth Lancelot though.
Thou art, quoth Tarquin, the beſt knight
That ever I did know,

And like a knight that I did hate;
So that thou be not he,
I will deliver all the reſt,
And eke accord with thee.

That is well ſaid, quoth Lancelot then;
But ſith it muſt be ſo,
What is the knight thou hateſt thus,
I pray thee to me ſhow?

His name is Lancelot du Lake;
He ſlew my brother dear;
Him I ſuſpect of all the reſt;
I would I had him here.

Thy wiſh thou haſt, but yet unknown,
I am Lancelot du Lake,
Now knight of Arthur's table round,
King Haud's ſon of Scuwake;

And I deſire thee do thy worſt.
Ho, ho, quoth Tarquin, though
One of us two ſhall end our lives,
Before that we do go.

If thou be Lancelot du Lake,
Then welcome ſhalt thou be;
Wherefore ſee thou thyſelf defend,
For now I defy thee.

They buckled then together ſo,
Like two wild boars ruſhing,
And with their ſwords and ſhields they ran
At one another ſlaſhing:

The ground beſprinkled was with blood,
Tarquin began to faint;
For he gave back, and bore his ſhield
So low he did repent.

Then ſoon 'ſpied Sir Lancelot though,
He leapt upon him then,
He pull'd him down upon his knee,
And ruſhing off his helm;

And then he ſtruck his neck in two:
And when he had done ſo,
From priſon, threeſcore knights and four
Lancelot deliver'd though.

III.

King Alfred and the Shepherd. With the humours of Gillian, the ſhepherd's wife.

IN elder times there was of yore,
When gibes of churliſh glee
Were us'd among our country carls,
Tho' no ſuch thing now be.
The which king Alfred liking well,
Forſook his ſtately court,
And in diſguiſe unknown went forth,
To ſee that jovial ſport;

How Dick and Tom, in clouted ſhoon,
And coats of ruſſet grey,
Eſteem'd themſelves more brave than them
That went in golden ray.
In garments fit for ſuch a life
The good king Alfred went,
Ragged and torn as from his back
The beggar his cloaths had rent.

A ſword and buckler good and ſtrong,
To give Jack Sauce a rap;
And on his head, inſtead of a crown,
He wore a Monmouth cap.

Thus

Thus coaſting through Somerſetſhire,
Near Newton-court he met
A ſhepherd ſwain of luſty limb,
That up and down did jet:

He wore a bonnet of good grey,
Cloſe-button'd to his chin;
And at his back a leather ſcrip,
With much good meat therein.
God ſpeed, good ſhepherd, quoth the king;
I come to be thy gueſt,
To taſte of thy good victuals here,
And drink that's of the beſt:

Thy ſcrip, I know, hath cheer good ſtore;
What then? the ſhepherd ſaid;
Thou ſeem'ſt to be ſome ſturdy thief,
And mak'ſt me ſore afraid:
Yet if thou wilt thy dinner win,
Thy ſword and buckler take;
And, if thou can'ſt, into my ſcrip
Therewith an entrance make.

I tell thee, roiſter, it hath ſtore
Of beef, and bacon fat,
With ſheaves of barley-bread, to make
Thy chaps to water at:

Here

Here ſtands my bottle, here my bag,
If thou can'ſt win them, roiſter:
Againſt thy ſword and buckler here,
My ſheep-hook is my maſter.

Benedicite, quoth our good king;
It never ſhall be ſaid,
That Alfred of the ſhepherd's hook
Will ſtand a whit afraid.
So ſoundly thus they both fell to't,
And giving bang for bang;
At ev'ry blow the ſhepherd gave,
King Alfred's ſword cry'd twang.

His buckler prov'd his chiefeſt fence;
For ſtill the ſhepherd's hook
Was that the which king Alfred could
In no good manner brook.
At laſt, when they had fought four hours,
And it grew juſt mid-day,
And weary'd, both, with right good-will
Deſir'd each other's ſtay:

A truce, I crave, quoth Alfred then;
Good ſhepherd, hold thy hand;
A ſturdier fellow than thyſelf
Lives not within the land;

Nor a luſtier roiſter than thou art,
The churliſh ſhepherd ſaid:
To tell thee plain, thy thieviſh look
Now makes my heart afraid.

Elſe ſure thou art ſome prodigal,
Which haſt conſum'd thy ſtore,
And now com'ſt wand'ring in this place,
To rob and ſteal for more.
Deem not of me then, quoth our king,
Good ſhepherd, in this ſort;
A gentleman well known I am
In good king Alfred's court.

The devil thou art, the ſhepherd ſaid;
Thou go'ſt in rags all torn;
Thou rather ſeem'ſt, I think, to be
Some beggar baſely born:
But if thou wilt mend thy eſtate,
And here a ſhepherd be;
At night, to Gillian, my ſweet wife,
Thou ſhalt go home with me:

For ſhe's as good a toothleſs dame,
As mumbleth on brown bread;
Where thou ſhalt lie in hurden ſheets,
Upon a freſh ſtraw bed.

Of whig and whey we have good ſtore,
And keep good peaſe-ſtraw fire;
And now and then good barley cakes,
As better days require.

But for my maſter, which is chief,
And lord of Newton-court,
He keeps, I ſay, his ſhepherd ſwains
In far more braver ſort;
We there have curds and clouted cream,
Of red cow's morning milk;
And now and then fine butter'd cakes,
As ſoft as any ſilk.

Of beef and reiſed bacon ſtore,
That is moſt fat and greaſy,
We have likewiſe to feed our chaps,
And make them glib and eaſy.
Thus if thou wilt my man become,
This uſage thou ſhalt have;
If not, adieu; go hang thyſelf;
And ſo farewell, Sir Knave.

King Alfred hearing of this glee
The churliſh ſhepherd ſaid,
Was well content to be his man;
So they a bargain made:

A penny

A penny round the ſhepherd gave,
In earneſt of this match,
To keep his ſheep in field and fold,
As ſhepherds uſe to watch.

His wages ſhall be full ten groats,
For ſervice of a year;
Yet was it not his uſe, old lad,
To hire a man ſo dear:
For did the king himſelf, quoth he,
Unto my cottage come,
He ſhould not, for a twelve-month's pay,
Receive a greater ſum.

Hereat the bonny king grew blithe,
To hear the clowniſh jeſt;
How ſilly ſots, as cuſtom is,
Do deſcant at the beſt.
But not to ſpoil the fooliſh ſport,
He was content, good king,
To fit the ſhepherd's humour right
In ev'ry kind of thing.

A ſheep-hook then, with Patch his dog,
And tar-box by his ſide;
He, with his maſter, cheek by joll,
Unto old Gillian by'd.

Into whose ſight no ſooner come;
Whom have you here? quoth ſhe;
A fellow, I doubt, will cut our throats;
So like a knave looks he.

Not ſo, old dame, quoth Alfred ſtraight,
Of me you need not fear;
My maſter hir'd me for ten groats,
To ſerve you one whole year:
So, good dame Gillian, grant me leave
Within your houſe to ſtay;
For, by St. Anne, do what you can,
I will not yet away.

Her churliſh uſage pleas'd him ſtill,
And put him to ſuch proof,
That he at night was almoſt choak'd
Within that ſmoaky roof:
But as he ſat with ſmiling cheer,
The event of all to ſee,
His dame brought forth a piece of dough,
Which in the fire throws ſhe;

Where lying on the hearth to bake,
By chance, the cake did burn:
What can'ſt thou not, thou lout, (quoth ſhe)
Take pains the ſame to turn?

Thou art more quick to take it out,
And eat it up half dough,
Than thus to ſtay till 't be enough,
And ſo thy manners ſhow.

But ſerve me ſuch another trick,
I'll whack thee on the ſnout:
Which made the patient king, good man,
Of her to ſtand in doubt.
But, to be brief, to bed they went,
The old man and his wife;
But never ſuch a lodging had
King Alfred in his life.

For he was laid in white ſheep's wool,
New pull'd from tanned fells;
And o'er his head hang'd ſpiders webs,
As if they had been bells.
Is this the country guiſe? thought he;
Then here I will not ſtay,
But hence be gone, as ſoon as breaks
The peeping of next day.

The cackling hens and geeſe kept rooſt,
And perched at his ſide;
Where at the laſt, the watchful cock
Made known the morning tide:

Then

Then up got Alfred, with his horn,
And blew ſo long a blaſt,
That it made Gillian and her groom,
In bed, full ſore aghaſt.

Ariſe, quoth ſhe, we are undone;
This night we lodged have,
At unawares, within our houſe,
A falſe diſſembling knave:
Riſe, huſband, riſe; he'll cut our throats;
He calleth for his mates:
I'd give, Old Will, our good cade lamb,
He would depart our gates.

But ſtill king Alfred blew his horn
Before them more and more;
Till that an hundred lords and knights
All lighted at the door:
Who cry'd, All hail, all hail, good king!
Long have we ſought your grace.
And here you find (my merry men all)
Your ſov'reign in this place.

We ſurely muſt be hang'd up both,
Old Gillian, I much fear,
The ſhepherd ſaid, for uſing thus
Our good king Alfred here.

O pardon, my liege, quoth Gillian then,
For my huſband, and for me;
By theſe ten bones I never thought
The ſame that now I ſee.

And by my hook, the ſhepherd ſaid,
(An oath both good and true)
Before this time, O noble king,
I ne'er your highneſs knew:
Then pardon me and my old wife,
That we may after ſay,
When firſt you came into our houſe
It was a happy day.

It ſhall be done, ſaid Alfred, ſtraight;
And Gillian, thy old dame,
For this her churliſh uſing me
Deſerveth not much blame:
For 'tis thy country guiſe, I ſee,
To be thus bluntiſh ſtill;
And where the plaineſt meaning is,
Remains the ſmalleſt ill.

And, maſter, lo, I tell thee now;
For thy late manhood ſhown,
A thouſand wethers I'll beſtow
Upon thee for thy own;

And paſture-ground, as much as will
  Suffice to feed them all:
And this thy cottage I will change
  Into a ſtately hall.

And for the ſame, as duty binds,
  The ſhepherd ſaid, Good king,
A milk-white lamb, once ev'ry year,
  I'll to your highneſs bring:
And Gillian, my wife, likewiſe,
  Of wool to make you coats,
Will give you as much at New-year's tide,
  As ſhall be worth ten groats:

And in your praiſe, my bag-pipes ſhall
  Sound ſweetly once a year,
How Alfred, our renowned king,
  Moſt kindly hath been here.
Thanks, ſhepherd, thanks, quoth he again:
  The next time I come hither,
My lords with me, here in this houſe,
  Will all be merry together.

IV.

A ſong of king Edgar, ſhewing how he was deceived of his love.

The ſtory upon which this ballad is founded may be ſeen in any of the general Hiſtories of England. It has been the ſubject of three dramatick pieces; two by the late Aaron Hill, Eſq. and the laſt by the Rev. Mr. Maſon.

WHEN as king Edgar did govern this land,
Adown, adown, down, down, down;
And in the ſtrength of his years he did ſtand,
Call him down a;
Such praiſe was ſpread of a gallant dame,
Which did through England carry great fame;
And ſhe a lady of high degree,
The earl of Devonſhire's daughter was ſhe.
The king, who lately had buried the queen,
And not long time a widower been,
Hearing this praiſe of a gallant maid,
Upon her beauty his love he laid;
And in his mind he would often ſay,
I will ſend for that lady gay;
Yea, I will ſend for this lady bright,
Which is my treaſure and delight:

Whoſe

Whoſe beauty, like to Phœbus' beams,
Doth glitter through all chriſtian realms.
Then to himſelf he would reply,
Saying, How fond a prince am I,
To caſt my love ſo baſe and low,
Upon a girl I do not know!
King Edgar will his fancy frame
To have ſome peerleſs princely dame,
The daughter of a royal king,
That may a dainty dowry bring;
Whoſe matchleſs beauty brought in place,
May Eſtrild's colour clean diſgrace.
But ſenſeleſs man, what do I mean,
Upon a broken reed to lean?
Or what fond fury did me move,
Thus to abuſe my deareſt love?
Whoſe viſage grac'd with heav'nly hue,
Doth Helen's honour quite ſubdue,
The glory of her beauteous pride,
Sweet Eſtrild's favour doth deride:
Then pardon my unſeemly ſpeech,
Dear love and lady, I beſeech:
For I my thoughts will henceforth frame,
To ſpread the honour of thy name.
Then unto him he call'd a knight,
Which was moſt truſty in his ſight;
And unto him thus he did ſay,
To earl Orgator go thy way:
Where aſk for Eſtrild, comely dame,
Whoſe beauty went ſo far for fame:

And if you find her comely grace,
As fame did ſpread in every place;
Then tell her father, ſhe ſhall be
My crowned queen, if ſhe agree.
The knight in meſſage did proceed,
And into Devonſhire with ſpeed:
But when he ſaw the lady bright,
He was ſo raviſh'd at her ſight,
That nothing could his paſſion move,
Except he might obtain her love:
For, day and night while there he ſtaid,
He courted ſtill this peerleſs maid,
And in his ſuit he ſhew'd ſuch ſkill,
That at the length he gain'd her good-will;
Forgetting quite the duty tho',
Which he unto the king did owe.
Then coming home unto his grace,
He told him with diſſembling face,
That theſe reporters were to blame,
That ſo advanc'd the maiden's name;
For I aſſure your grace, ſaid he,
She is as other women be;
Her beauty of ſuch great report,
No better than the common ſort,
And far unmeet in every thing
To match with ſuch a noble king:
But tho' her face be nothing fair,
Yet ſith ſhe is her father's heir,
Perhaps ſome lord of high degree
Would very fain her huſband be;

Then if your grace would give conſent,
I would my ſelf be well content
The damſel for my wife to take,
For her great lands and livings ſake.
The king (whom thus he did deceive)
Incontinent did give him leave;
For on that point he did not ſtand,
For why, he had not need of land.
Then being glad, he went away,
And wedded ſtraight this lady gay:
The faireſt creature bearing life,
Had this falſe knight unto his wife;
And by that match of high degree,
An earl ſoon after that was he.
E're he long time had married been,
That many had her beauty ſeen;
Her praiſe was ſpread both far and near;
The king again thereof did hear;
Who then in heart did plainly prove,
He was betrayed of his love:
Though therefore he was vexed ſore,
Yet ſeem'd he not to grieve therefore;
But kept his count'nance good and kind,
As tho' he bore no grudge in mind.
But on a day it came to paſs,
When as the king full merry was,
To Ethelwold in ſport he ſaid,
I muſe what cheer there ſhould be made,
If to thy houſe I ſhould reſort
A night or two for princely ſport?

Hereat

Hereat the earl ſhew'd count'nance glad,
Though in his heart he was full ſad:
Saying, Your grace ſhall welcome be,
If ſo your grace will honour me.
Then as the day appointed was,
Before the king did thither paſs,
The earl before-hand did prepare
The king his coming to declare;
And with a count'nance paſſing grim,
He call'd his lady unto him,
Saying, with ſad and heavy chear,
I pray you, when the king comes here,
Sweet lady, as you tender me,
Let your attire but homely be;
And waſh not thou thy angel's face,
But ſo thy beauty clean diſgrace;
Thereto thy geſture ſo apply,
It may ſeem loathſome to the eye:
For if the king ſhould there behold
Thy glorious beauty ſo extoll'd,
Then ſhall my life ſoon ſhorten'd be,
For my deſerts and treachery.
When to thy father firſt I came,
Tho' I did not declare the ſame,
Yet was I put in truſt to bring
The joyful tidings to the king;
Who for thy glorious beauty ſeen,
Did think of thee to make his queen:
But when I had thy perſon found,
Thy beauty gave me ſuch a wound,

No

No reſt nor comfort could I take,
Till you, ſweet love, my grief did ſlake:
And that tho' duty charged me
Moſt faithful to my lord to be;
Yet love, upon the other ſide,
Bid for my ſelf I ſhould provide:
Then for my ſuit and ſervice ſhown,
At length I won you for my own;
And for my love in wedlock ſpent,
Your choice you need no whit repent:
Then ſince my grief I have expreſs'd,
Sweet lady, grant me my requeſt.
Good words ſhe gave with ſmiling chear,
Muſing of that which ſhe did hear;
And caſting many things in mind,
Great fault therewith ſhe ſeem'd to find;
But in her ſelf ſhe thought it ſhame,
To make that foul which God did frame.
Moſt coſtly robes full rich therefore,
In braveſt ſort that day ſhe wore,
Doing all that e'er ſhe might
To ſet her beauty forth to ſight:
And her beſt ſkill in every thing
She ſhew'd, to entertain the king.
Wherefore the king ſo 'ſnared was,
That reaſon quite from him did paſs;
His heart by her was ſet on fire,
He had to her a great deſire:
And for the looks he gave her then,
For every look ſhe gave him ten.

Where-

Wherefore the king perceived plain,
His love and looks were not in vain.
Upon a time it chanced ſo,
The king he would a hunting go;
And as they through a wood did ride,
The earl on horſeback by his ſide;
For ſo the ſtory telleth plain,
That with a ſhaft the earl was ſlain:
So that when he had loſt his life,
He took the lady unto wife;
Who marry'd her, all harm to ſhun,
By whom he did beget a ſon.
Thus he that did the king deceive,
Did by deſert his death receive.
Then, to conclude and make an end,
Be true and faithful to thy friend.

V.

How Coventry was made free by Godina, counteſs of Cheſter.

LEOFRICUS, that noble earl
Of Cheſter, as I read,
Did for the city of Coventry
Many a noble deed:

Great

Great privileges for the town
This noble man did get;
And of all things did make it ſo,
That they toll-free did ſit:

Save only that for horſes ſtill
They did ſome cuſtom pay,
Which was great charges to the town,
Full long and many a day:

Wherefore his wife Godina fair
Did of the earl requeſt,
That thereof he would make it free,
As well as all the reſt.

So when that ſhe long time had ſued,
Her purpoſe to obtain;
Her noble lord at length ſhe took,
When in a pleaſant vein:

And unto him with ſmiling chear,
She did forthwith proceed,
Intreating greatly that he would
Perform that goodly deed.

You move me much, my lady, quoth he,
Your ſuit I fain would ſhun;
But what will you perform and do,
To have this matter done?

Why

Why any thing, my lord, (quoth ſhe)
You will with reaſon crave;
I will perform it with good will,
If I my wiſh might have.

If thou wilt grant the thing, he ſaid,
That I ſhall now require,
As ſoon as it is finiſhed,
Thou ſhalt have thy deſire.

Command what you think good, my lord,
I will thereto agree,
On this condition, that the town
For ever may be free.

If thou wilt but thy cloaths ſtrip off,
And by me lay them down,
And at noon-day on horſeback ride
Stark-naked through the town;

They ſhall be free for evermore:
If thou wilt not do ſo,
More liberty than now they have,
I never will beſtow.

The lady, at this ſtrange demand,
Was much abaſh'd in mind;
And yet for to fulfil this thing,
She never a whit repin'd.

Wherefore unto all officers
  Of Coventry ſhe ſent,
That they perceiving her good will,
  Which for the weal was bent;

That on the day that ſhe ſhould ride,
  All perſons through the town
Should keep their houſes ſhut, and doors,
  And clap their windows down;

So that no creature, young or old,
  Should in the ſtreets be ſeen,
Till ſhe had ridden all about,
  Throughout the city clean.

And when the day of riding came,
  No perſon did her ſee,
Saving her lord; after which time
  The town was ever free.

VI.

A ſong to Ælle, lord of the Caſtell of Bryſtowe, in daies of yore.

About the yeare 920, Ælle was governor of the caſtle of Briſtol, and gained many ſignal victories over the Danes, particularly at Watchet. The following ſong was made to the memory of this chief by Thomas Rowlle, a Carmelite-friar, and father confeſſor to William Cannynge, founder of St. Mary Redcliffe church. It was written in the yeare 1468, and the original is now in the hands of Mr. Barret, ſurgeon in Briſtol.

OTHOU (or whate remaynes of thee)
Ælle, the darlynge of futuritye!
Lette thys myne ſonge bolde as thie courage bee,
As everlaſtynge to poſteritye!
Whanne Dacyas' ſonnes, with hair of blood-red hue,
Lyke kynge-coppes braſtynge with the mornynge dewe,

Arraung'd in dreare arraye
Upon the lethale dwye,
Spredde, farre and wyde, on Watchet's ſhore;
Thenne dydſt thou brondeous ſtonde,
And, with thie burlye honde,
Beſpryngedde all the mees wythe gore;

Drawn

Drawn by thyne anlace fell,
Down to the depthes of hell
Thouſands of Dacyans went;
Bryſtowans, menne of myghte,
Ydar'd the blodie fyghte,
And acted deedes full quent.

O thou! where'ere (thie bones att reſt)
Thie ſpryte to haunte delyghteth beſt,
Whether on the blod-embrued playne,
Or where thou keen'ſt from far
The blatant cryes of warre,
Or ſeeſt ſome mountayne made of hepes of ſlayne;

Or ſeeſt the hatchedde ſtede
Ypraunçynge o'er the mede,
And neigh to be amongeſt the poyntedde ſperes;
Or, in black armour, ſtalk'ſt arounde,
Embattelede Briſtowe, once thie grounde,
And glow'ſt ardorous onne the caſtle ſteers;

Or fierie round the mynſterne glare;
Let Briſtowe ſtille bee made thie care:
Guarde it frommc fomenne and conſumynge fyre;
Lyke Avon's ſtreame encyrque it rounde,
Ne lette a flamme enharme the grounde
Tyll ynne one flame all the whole worlde expyre.

VII.

The valiant courage and policy of the Kentiſhmen, which overcame William the Conqueror, who ſought to take from them their ancient laws and cuſtoms, which they retain to this day.

The following account of the event which gave riſe to this ballad, is extracted from the lives of the three Norman kings of England, by Sir John Heyward, 4to. 1613, p. 97. "*Further, by the counſaile of Stigand, Arch.b. of* "*Canterbury, and of Egleſine, Abbot of St. Auguſ-*" *tines (who at that time were the chiefe governours of* "*Kent) as the king was riding towards Dover, at* "*Swaneſcombe, two mile from Graveſend, the Kentiſh-*" *men came towards him armed, and bearing boughs in* "*their hands, as if it had bene a mooving wood; they* "*encloſed him upon the ſuddein, and with a firme counte-*" *nance, but words well tempered with modeſtie and re-*" *ſpect, they demanded of him the uſe of their ancient* "*liberties and lawes: that in other matters they would* "*yield obedience unto him: that without this they deſired* "*not to live. The king was content to ſtrike ſaile to the* "*ſtorme, and to give them a vaine ſatisfaction for the* "*preſent; knowing right well, that the generall cuſ-*" *tomes and lawes of the reſidue of the realme, would* "*in ſhort time overflow theſe particular places. So* "*pledges being given on both ſides, they conducted him*" *to Rocheſter, and yielded the countie of Kent, and the* "*caſtle of Dover into his power.*"

This ballad is printed from an old black-letter volume, called The Garland of Delight.

WHEN

WHEN as the duke of Normandy,
With gliſtering ſpear and ſhield,
Had entered into fair England,
And foil'd his foes in field:

On Chriſtmas-day in ſolemn ſort
Then was he crowned here,
By Albert archbiſhop of York,
With many a noble peer.

Which being done, he changed quite
The cuſtoms of this land,
And puniſht ſuch as daily ſought
His ſtatutes to withſtand:

And many cities he ſubdu'd,
Fair London with the reſt;
But Kent did ſtill withſtand his force,
And did his laws deteſt.

To Dover then he took his way,
The caſtle down to fling,
Which Arviragus builded there,
The noble Britiſh king.

Which when the brave archbiſhop bold
Of Canterbury knew,
The abbot of Saint Auguſtines eke,
With all their gallant crew,

They ſet themſelves in armour bright,
  Theſe miſchiefs to prevent
With all the yeomen brave and bold
  That were in fruitful Kent.

At Canterbury did they meet
  Upon a certain day,
With ſword and ſpear, with bill and bow,
  And ſtopt the conqueror's way.

Let us not yield like bond-men poor
  To French-men in their pride,
But keep our ancient liberty,
  What chance ſo e'er betide,

And rather dye in bloody field,
  With manly courage preſt,
Than to endure the ſervile yoke,
  Which we ſo much deteſt.

Thus did the Kentiſh commons cry
  Unto their leaders ſtill,
And ſo march'd forth in warlike ſort,
  And ſtand at Swanſcomb-hill:

There in the woods they hid themſelves
  Under the ſhadow green,
Thereby to get them vantage good,
  Of all their foes unſeen.

And for the conqueror's coming there,
They privily laid wait,
And thereby ſuddenly appal'd
His lofty high conceit;

For when they ſpyed his approach,
In place as they did ſtand,
Then marched they to him with ſpeed,
Each one a bough in hand,

So that unto the conqueror's ſight,
Amazed as he ſtood,
They ſeem'd to be a walking grove,
Or elſe a moving wood.

The ſhape of men he could not ſee,
The boughs did hide them ſo:
And now his heart with fear did quake,
To ſee a foreſt go;

Before, behind, and on each ſide,
As he did caſt his eye,
He ſpy'd the wood with ſober pace
Approach to him full [illegible]:

But when the Kentiſh men had thus
Enclos'd the conqueror round,
Moſt ſuddenly they drew their ſwords,
And threw their boughs to ground;

Their banners they diſplay in ſight,
Their trumpets ſound a charge,
Their ratling drums ſtrike up alarms,
Their troops ſtretch out at large.

The conqueror with all his train,
Were hereat ſore agaſt,
And moſt in peril, when they thought
All peril had been paſt.

Unto the Kentiſhmen he ſent,
The cauſe to underſtand,
For what intent, and for what cauſe
They took this war in hand;

To whom they made this ſhort reply,
For liberty we fight,
And to enjoy king Edward's laws,
The which we hold our right.

Then ſaid the dreadful conqueror,
You ſhall have what you will,
Your ancient cuſtoms and your laws,
So that you will be ſtill.

And each thing elſe that you will crave
With reaſon at my hand,
So you will but acknowledge me
Chief king of fair England.

The Kentiſh-men agreed thereon,
And laid their arms aſide,
And by this means king Edward's laws
In Kent doth ſtill abide;

And in no place in England elſe
Theſe cuſtoms do remain,
Which they by manly policy
Did of duke William gain.

VIII.

THE BRAVE MEN OF KENT.

This ballad is of a later date, but being upon the ſame ſubject, we have introduced it here. It is the production of Tom Durfey, and was written the beginning of this century.

WHEN Harold was invaded,
And falling loſt his crown;
And Norman William waded
Thro' gore to pull him down;

When countrys round with fear profound,
To mend their ſad condition,
And lands to ſave, baſe homage gave;
Bold Kent made no ſubmiſſion.
Cho. Sing, ſing in praiſe of men of Kent,
So loyal, brave and free;
'Mongſt Britons'-race, if one ſurpaſs,
A man of Kent is he.

The hardy ſtout free-holders,
That knew the tyrant near,
In girdles, and on ſhoulders,
A grove of oaks did bear:
Whom when he ſaw in battle draw,
And thought how he might need 'em;
He turn'd his arms, allow'd their terms,
Compleat with noble freedom:

And when by barons wrangling,
Hot faction did increaſe,
And vile inteſtine jangling
Had baniſh'd England's peace,
The men of Kent to battle went,
They fear'd no wild confuſion;
But join'd with York, ſoon did the work,
And made a bleſt concluſion:

At hunting, or the race too,
They ſprightly vigour ſhew;
And at a female chaſe too,
None like a Kentiſh beau;

All

All bleſt with health ; and as for wealth,
By fortune's kind embraces,
A yeoman grey ſhall oft out-weigh
A knight in other places :

The generous, brave and hearty,
All o'er the ſhire we find ;
And for the low-church party,
They're of the brighteſt kind :
For king and laws, they prop the cauſe,
Which high-church has confounded ;
They love with height the moderate right,
But hate the crop-ear'd round-head :

The promis'd land of bleſſing,
For our forefathers meant,
Is now in right poſſeſſing,
For Canaan ſure was Kent :
The dome at Knoll, by fame enroll'd,
The church at Canterbury,
The hops, the beer, the cherrys here,
May fill a famous ſtory.

General Wolfe being a native of Kent, on his death the following ſtanza was added to this ballad.

Augmented ſtill in ſtory
Their ancient fame ſhall riſe,
And Wolfe with matchleſs glory,
High ſoaring reach the ſkies :

Quebec

Quebec ſhall own his great renown,
And France, with awful wonder,
His deeds can tell, how great he fell,
Amidſt his godlike thunder.

IX.

MEMORABLES OF THE MONTGOMERIES.

Reprinted from a pamphlet publiſhed in 4to. at Glaſgow, 1770, by Robert and Andrew Foulis, and there ſaid to be printed from the only copy known to remain, which had been preſerved above ſixty years by the care of Hugh Montgomerie, ſenior, at Eagleſham, long one of the factors of the family of Eglintoun.

A NOBLE Roman was the root
From which Montgomeries came,
Who brought his legion from the war,
And ſettled the ſame

Upon a hill 'twixt Rome and Spain,
* Gomericus by name;
From which he and his off-ſpring do
Their ſir-name ſtill retain.

* Mons Gomericus.

From

From this unto the wars of France
Their valour did them bring,
That they great inſtruments might be
To ſave the Gallic king:

Here, with great ſplendor and renown,
Six centuries they ſpend:
At length for England they ſet ſail;
Ambition hath no end.

On Britiſh ground they land at length:
Rodger muſt general be,
A couſin of the conqueror's,
And fitteſt to ſupplie

The greateſt poſt; into the field
The army then leads he,
Into a camp, Haſtings by name,
In Suſſex, where you'll ſee

The marks of camps unto this day;
And where you'll hear it told,
The Engliſh king did them attack
Moſt like a captain bold.

But ſoon, alas! he [illegible] it vain,
With Rodger arms to try:
This warry officer prepares,
His projects to defy.

The

The ſtrong attacks he then obſerves,
Which made him thence to dread,
That England's king might be among
Thoſe who charg'd with ſuch ſpeed:

The life-guards ſtraight he ordered,
Their fury to defend;
Where Harold, England's king, at once
His crown and life did end.

Whence to the conqueror did come
The Engliſh ſcepter great,
And William, England's king declar'd,
To London came in ſtate.

* Earl Rodger then the greateſt man,
Next to the king was thought;
And nothing that he could deſire,
But it to him was brought.

Montgomery town, Montgomery ſhire
And earl of Shreſburie,
And Arundale do ſhew this man
Of grandeur full to be.

Thus did he live all this king's reign:
For works of piety,
He built an abbacie, and then
Prepar'd himſelf to die.

* Dugdale's Baronage, and Hiſtories of England.

At

At laſt king William yields to fate;
And then his ſecond ſon
Mounts on the throne, which had almoſt
The kingdom quite undone:

Some for the eldeſt ſon ſtand up,
As Rodger's ſons did all:
But the uſurper keeps the throne,
Which did begin their fall.

Then Philip into Scotland came;
Unable to endure,
That they who earldoms had poſſeſt,
Of nought ſhould be ſecure.

The king of Scots well knew the worth
Of men of noble race,
Who, in no times of ages paſt,
Their worth did once deface.

He in the Merſe gives Philip lands,
Which afterwards he ſoon
With the black Douglaſs did exchange
For Eaſtwood and Ponoon.

Where many ages they did live,
By king and country lov'd;
As men of valour and renown,
Who were with honour mov'd

Shun no hazard, when they could
To either ſervice do:
Thus did they live, thus did they ſpend
Their blood and money too.

At laſt earl Douglaſs did inform,
That, to our king's diſgrace,
An Engliſh earl had deeply ſwore,
He'd hunt in Chevychaſe,

And, maugre all that Scots could do,
Would kill and bear away
The choiceſt deer of Otterburn,
And beſt of harts would ſlay.

Our king ſent his commands unto
Sir Hugh Montgomerie,
And told him Douglaſs wanted men
Who fight could, but not flee.

The ſtout ſir Hugh himſelf prepares,
The Douglaſs to ſupport;
And with him took his eldeſt ſon:
Then did they all reſort

Unto the field, with their brave men,
Where moſt of them did die;
Of fifteen hundred warlike Scots
Came home but fifty-three.

* Hiſtories of Scotland.

Douglas

Douglas was ſlain; ſir Hugh again
The battle did renew;
He made no ſtand, with his own hand
The earl Percie he ſlew.

Sir Hugh was ſlain, ſir John maintain'd
The honour of the day;
And with him brought the victory,
And Percy's ſon away.

He with his ranſom built Ponoon,
A caſtle which yet ſtands;
The king well pleas'd as a reward
Did therefore give him lands;

And ſome time after gave his niece,
Of Eglintoun the heir,
To ſir Hugh's repreſentative;
Thus joined was this pair.

As with her came a great eſtate;
So by her did deſcend
Her royal blood to * Lennox houſe,
Which did in Darnly end,

Who father was to James the ſixth,
Of Britain the firſt king,
Whoſe royal race unto this day
Doth o'er great Britain reign.

* Earl of Lennox.

Since

Since you are come of royal blood,
And kings are ſprung from you,
See that with greateſt zeal and love
Thoſe virtues ye purſue,

Which to thoſe honours rais'd your houſe,
And ſhall without all ſtain,
In heralds books your enſigns flowr'd,
And counter-flowr'd maintain.

X.

How king Henry the firſt had his children drowned in the ſea, as they came out of France.

Reprinted from The Garland of Delight.

AFTER our royal king
Had ſoil'd his foes in France,
And ſpent the pleaſant ſpring
His honour to advance;

Into fair England he return'd
With fame and victory;
That time the ſubjects of this land
Receiv'd him joyfully.

But

But at his home return
His children left he ſtill
In France, for to ſojourn
To purchaſe learned ſkill:

Duke William, with his brother dear,
Lord Richard was his name,
Which was the earl of Cheſter then,
And thirſted after fame;

The king's fair daughter eke,
The lady Mary bright,
With divers noble peers,
And many a hardy knight:

All theſe were left together there
In pleaſures and delight,
When that our king to England came,
After the bloody fight.

But when fair Flora had
Drawn forth her treaſure dry,
That winter cold and ſad
With hoary head drew nigh;

Thoſe princes all, with one conſent,
Prepared all things meet,
To paſs the ſeas for fair England,
Whoſe ſight to them was ſweet.

To England let us h[illegible],
Thus every one did ſay,
For Chriſtmas draweth nigh;
No longer let us ſtay,

But ſpend the Chriſtmas-time
Within our father's court,
Where lady Pleaſure doth attend,
With many a princely ſport.

To ſea thoſe princes went,
Fulfil'd with mirth and joy:
But this their merriment
Did turn to dear annoy.

The ſailors and the ſhipmen all,
Through foul exceſs of wine,
Were ſo diſguis'd that on the ſea
They ſhow'd themſelves like ſwine;

The ſtern no man could guide,
The maſter ſleeping lay,
The ſailors all beſide
Went reeling every way,

So that the ſhip at random rode
Upon the foaming flood,
Whereby in peril of their lives
The princes always ſtood:

Which

Which made diſtilling tears
From their fair eyes to fall;
Their hearts were fill'd with fears,
No help they had at all:

They wiſht themſelves upon the land
A thouſand times and more,
And at the laſt they came in ſight
Of England's pleaſant ſhore.

Then every one began
To turn their ſighs to ſmiles;
Their colour pale and wan,
A chearful look exiles:

The princely lords moſt lovingly
Their ladies did embrace;
For now in England ſhall we be
(Quoth they) in little ſpace.

Take comfort then (they ſaid)
Behold the land at laſt;
Then be no more diſmay'd,
The worſt is gone and paſt.

But while they did this joyful hope
With comfort entertain,
The goodly ſhip upon a rock
In ſunder burſt in twain.

With that a grievous ſhriek
Among them there was made,
And every one did ſeek
On ſomething to be ſtaid:

But all in vain ſuch help they ſought;
The ſhip ſo ſoon did ſink,
That in the ſea they were conſtrain'd
To take their lateſt drink.

There might you ſee the lords
And ladies for to lie
Amidſt the ſalt ſea foam,
With many a grievous cry;

Still labouring for life's defence
With ſtretched arms abroad,
And lifting up their lilly hands,
For help with one accord.

But as good fortune would,
The ſweet young duke did get
Into the cock-boat then,
Where ſafely he did ſit:

But when he heard his ſiſter cry,
The king's fair daughter dear,
He turn'd his boat to take her in,
Whoſe death did draw ſo near:

But while he ſtrove to take
His ſweet young ſiſter in,
The reſt ſuch ſhift did make
In ſea as they did ſwim,

That to the boat a number got,
So many, as at the laſt
The boat, and all that were therein,
Were drown'd and over-caſt:

Of lords and gentlemen,
And ladies fair of face,
Not one eſcaped then,
Which was a heavy caſe.

Threeſcore and ten were drown'd in all,
And none eſcaped death,
But one poor butcher which had ſwom
Himſelf quite out of breath.

This was moſt heavy news
Unto our comely king,
Who did all mirth refuſe,
This word when they did bring:

For by this means no child he had
His kingdom to ſucceed,
Whereby his ſiſter's ſon was king,
As you ſhall plainly read.

XI.

A ſong of the ſtrange lives of two young princes of England, who became ſhepherds on Saliſbury-plain, and were afterwards reſtored to their former eſtates.

The following ſong has ſomething too romantick in it to be taken for fact; or, if it be grounded on hiſtory, it has been ſo very much altered, that there is ſcarce a poſſibility of knowing it again. Certain it is, there is no diſcovering any trace of ſuch a ſtory under the reign of king Stephen; if there is any foundation at all for the facts, they probably happened under that of his ſucceſſor Henry the ſecond.

IN kingly Stephen's reign,
Two royal dukes there was,
That all our Engliſh lords,
For greatneſs far did paſs.
The one of Devonſhire nam'd,
That had a daughter fair,
Which he appointed at his death
To be his only heir;

And her in love commits
Unto the Cornwall duke,
Whom he with tenderneſs and care
Moſt kindly undertook:

The

The promiſe being made,
The duke of Devonſhire dies,
And all that Cornwall vow'd to do,
He afterwards denies.

Yet well he educates the maid,
That Maudlin ſhe was grown
The faireſt lady under heaven,
For beauty being known:
And many princes ſought for love,
But none might her obtain,
For covetous Cornwall to himſelf
The dukedom ſought to gain.

Upon a time prince Raymund chanc'd
This comely dame to ſee,
With whom he fell ſo deep in love,
As any prince might be:
Unhappy youth, what ſhould he do?
He ſtill was kept in mew,
Nor he, nor any of his friends,
Admitted to her view.

One while he melancholy pines
Himſelf with grief away;
Anon he thinks by force of arms
To win her if he may:

Until at length commanding love
Became to be his judge;
And chang'd him ſoon from lordly ſtate,
Into a kitchen drudge.

And ſo acceſs he had, good prince,
His purpoſe to bewray:
But ſtill fair Maudlin's anſwer was,
She huſbandleſs would ſtay:
Mean while her guardian beat his brains,
Her dukedom to atchieve,
Not caring what become of her,
So he by her might thrive.

And ſo reſolving that ſhe ſhould
Unto ſome peaſant wed,
And Raymund, then ſuppos'd a drudge,
Should ſtand him in that ſtead:
But Maudlin, marking his intent,
Unkindly takes that he
Should bar the noble match from her,
Thus for a baſe degree.

The lady ſhifting out of doors,
Departed then by ſtealth,
Than thus with baſeneſs for to match,
That might have liv'd in wealth,

When

When Raymund heard of her eſcape,
With ſad and grieved heart,
He left the palace of the duke,
And after did depart.

Forgetful of himſelf and birth,
His country, friends, and all,
And minding only her to ſeek,
That thus had prov'd his thrall:
Nor meant he after to frequent
The court, or ſtately towns,
But liv'd with pinching cares and grief,
Amongſt the country grounds.

A brace of years upon that plain,
Near Saliſbury that lies,
In great content with feeding flocks,
A ſhepherd's life he tries,
In hopes his love thereby to waſte;
But then began again
Within his heart a ſecond love,
The worſer of the twain.

A country wench, a neat herd's maid,
Where Raymund kept his ſheep,
Did feed her drove, with whom this prince
In love was wounded deep:

Where

Where ſitting on the downy plain,
And having ſmall to do,
Theſe ſhepherds there, in friendly ſort,
Thus plainly 'gan to wooe.

I know, fair maid, quoth Raymund then,
And thou as well as I,
No maid there is that willingly
With maidenhead would die:
The ploughman's labour hath no end,
And he will churliſh prove,
The tradeſman hath more work in hand
Than doth belong to love.

The merchant venturing abroad,
Suſpects his wife at home:
A youth will ſtill the wanton play,
An old man proves a mome.
Then chuſe a ſhepherd, bonny girl,
Whoſe life is merrieſt ſtill,
For merrily he ſpends his days,
Thus on the fair green hill;

And then at night, when day is done,
Goes home from thence betime,
And in the fire turns a crab,
And ſings ſome merry rhime;

Nor lacks he tales, while round about
The nut-brown bowl doth trot,
And ſitting ſinging cares away,
Till he to bed be got.

There ſleeps he ſoundly all the night,
Forgetting morrow's cares,
Nor fears the blaſting of his corn,
Nor uttering of his wares:
And this I know full well, fair laſs,
More quiet nights and days
The ſhepherd ſleeps and wakes, than he
Whoſe cattle he doth graze.

A king I ſee is but a man;
And ſo, ſweet laſs, am I:
Content is worth a monarchy,
And miſchiefs ſhoot full high;
At late it did unto a duke,
Not dwelling far from hence,
Who had a daughter, ſave thyſelf,
On earth the faireſt wench.

With that, good ſoul, ſhe ſtay'd and ſigh'd:
Speak on, quoth ſhe, and tell
How fair ſhe was, and who ſhe was,
That thus did bear the bell.

She was, quoth he, of ſtately grace,
Of countenance moſt fair:
No maid alive, for beauty's prize,
May well with her compare.

A glove-like head, a golden hair,
A forehead ſmooth and high,
A ſeemly noſe, on either ſide
Did ſhine a greyiſh eye:
Two roſy cheeks, and ruddy lips,
White ivory teeth within,
A mouth in mean, and underneath
A round and dimpled chin:

A ſnow-white neck with bluiſh veins,
To make her ſeem more fair,
Yea, all her body fram'd ſo fine,
That earth had none more rare:
For life, for love, for form, for face,
None fairer was than ſhe;
And none but only ſhe alone
So fair a maid could be.

I knew the lady well (quoth he:)
But worthleſs of ſuch praiſe:
But credit me, no ſhepherd thou,
Thy ſpeeches thee bewrays:

With

With that he wept, and ſhe was wot,
And both did ſilence keep,
And equally perplex'd in love,
They ſet them down to weep.

In ſooth (quoth he) I am not ſuch
As ſeeming I profeſs,
To be a prince's ſon by birth,
My liking ſhews no leſs:
In Scotland is my father's court,
And Raymund is my name:
With Cornwall's duke I liv'd in pomp,
Till love controll'd the ſame.

And did this lady dearly love,
Although ſhe lov'd not me:
But now that love is waſted quite,
And now I die for thee.
I grant (quoth ſhe) you lov'd her well,
If that your love were ſuch;
Yet think of me your ſecond love,
In love to be as much.

Your twice beloved Maudlin here
Submits herſelf to thee,
And what ſhe could not at the firſt,
The ſecond time ſhall be:

In fortune, not in perſon chang'd;
For I am ſtill the ſame,
In heart and mind as chaſte and true
As firſt to me you came.

Thus ſweetly ſurfeiting in joy,
They tenderly embrace,
And for their wiſhed wedding-day
Found fitting time and place:
And ſo theſe lovely princes both
Each other did befriend,
Where, after many a hard miſhap,
Their loves had joyful end.

XII.

King Henry the ſecond crowning his ſon Henry in his life-time, ſhortly after the young king makes war againſt his father: And being viſited with ſickneſs, and troubled in conſcience, begs forgiveneſs. His father ſending his ring in token thereof, the young king deploring his wretched life, cauſed himſelf to be drawn with a halter from the bed where he lay, and laid on a bed beſtrewed with aſhes, and ſo died penitently.

Hiſto-

Hiſtorians all agree, that no prince who ever ſat on the Engliſh throne deſerved better of his ſubjects and his children, than Henry the ſecond; and yet, that no monarch ever received more ungrateful returns than he did from the latter. The ſubject of this ballad relates to the death of his eldeſt ſon; an account of which we ſhall give the reader, extracted from Speed's hiſtory, p. 468. "Thus "was his life cut off like a weaver's thread (ſay au- "thors,) who had by dying cut off the hope of many: "But whatſoever his life was, which God thus ſhortned "at his age of twentie and eight yeeres, certainly his "death was not inglorious, but worthy to be ſet out "in tables at large, as a pattern to diſobedient children: "for his father refuſing to viſite him (fearing his own "life) but ſending his ring in ſigne of forgiveneſs, the "dying prince moſt humbly with flouds of teares kiſſing "the ſame, made a moſt ſorrowfull confeſſion of his "ſinnes, and feeling death approach, would needs be "drawne (as an unworthy ſinner) out of his own bed, "and laid upon another, ſtrewed with aſhes, where his "ſoule departed in a moſt penitent manner from his bo- "dy; which being related to the father, hee fell upon "the earth, weeping bitterly, and like another David "for his Abſolon, mourned very much."*

This alſo is reprinted from The Garland of Delight.

YOU parents whoſe affections fond
Upon your children doth appear,
Mark well the ſtory now in hand,
Wherein you ſhall great matters hear;
And learn by this which ſhall be told,
To hold your children ſtill in awe,
Leſt otherwiſe they prove too bold,
And ſet not by your ſtate a ſtraw.

* Rog. Wend, M.P. Matt. Paris, Thom. Walſypodie Neuſt.

King-

King Henry, ſecond of that name,
For very love that he did bear
Unto his ſon, whoſe courteous fame
Did through the land his credit rear,
Did call the prince upon a day
Unto the court in royal ſort,
Attired in moſt rich array,
And there he made him princely ſport;

And afterward he took in hand,
For fear he ſhould deceived be,
To crown him king of fair England,
While life poſſeſt his majeſty,
What time the king in humble ſort,
Like to a ſubject waited then
Upon his ſon, and by report
Swore unto him his noble men.

And by this means in England now
Two kings at once together live;
But lordly rule will not allow
In partnerſhip their days to drive:
The ſon therefore ambitiouſly
Doth ſeek to pull his father down,
By bloody war and ſubtlety,
To take from him his princely crown.

Sith I am king (thus did he ſay)
Why ſhould I not both rule and reign?
My heart diſdains for to obey;
Yea all or nothing will I gain.

Hereon

Hereon he raiſed armies great,
And draws a number to his part,
His father's force downright to beat,
And with his ſpear to pierce his heart.

In ſeven ſet battles did he fight
Againſt his loving father dear,
To overthrow him in deſpight,
To win himſelf a kingdom clear.
But nought at all could he prevail,
His armies always had the worſt:
Such grief did then his heart aſſail,
He thought himſelf of God accurſt.

And therefore falling wondrous ſick,
He humbly to his father ſent;
The worm of conſcience did him prick,
And his vile deeds he did lament:
Requiring that his noble grace
Would now forget all that was paſt,
And come to him in heavy caſe,
Being at point to breathe his laſt.

When this word came unto our king,
The news did make him wondrous woe;
And unto him he ſent his ring,
Where he in perſon would not go.

Commend me to my ſon, he ſaid,
So ſick in bed as he doth lie,
And tell him I am well apaid
To hear he doth for mercy cry:

The lord forgive his foul offence,
And I forgive them all (quoth he)
His evil with *good Ile recompence,*
Bear him this *meſſage now from me.*
When that the prince *did ſee the ring,*
He kiſſed it *in joyful wiſe;*
And for his faults his hands did wring,
While bitter tears guſht from his eyes:

Then to his lords that ſtood him nigh,
With feeble voice then did he call;
Deſiring them immediately
To ſtrip him from his garments all.
Take off from me theſe robes ſo rich,
And lay me in a cloath of hair:
Quoth he, my grievous ſins are ſuch,
Hell fire's flame I greatly fear.

A hempen halter then he took,
About his neck he put the ſame,
And with a grievous piteous look
His ſpeech unto them he did frame:

You

You reverend biſhops more and leſs,
Pray for my ſoul to God on high;
For like a thief, I do confeſs,
I have deſerved for to die:

And therefore by this halter here,
I yield myſelf unto you all,
A wretch unworthy to appear
Before my God celeſtial.
Therefore within that hempen bed,
All ſtrew'd with aſhes as it is,
Let me be laid when I am dead,
And draw me thereunto by this:

Yea, by this halter ſtrong and tough,
Drag forth my carkaſs to the ſame;
Yet is that couch not bad enough
For my vile body wrapt in ſhame.
And when you ſee me lie along,
Bepowdered in aſhes there;
Say, There is he that did ſuch wrong
Unto his father every where.

And with that word he breath'd his laſt;
Wherefore, according to his mind,
They drew him up by the neck full faſt
Unto the place by him aſſign'd:
And afterward in ſolemn ſort
At Roan in France buried was he,
Where many princes did reſort
To his moſt royal obſequy.

XIII.

The unfortunate Concubine; or, Roſamond's overthrow. Occaſion'd by her brother's unadviſedly praiſing her beauty to two young knights of Saliſbury, as they rid on the road.

In Dr. Percy's Reliques of antient Poetry, vol. II. another ballad on the ſtory of this lady is to be found. Prefixed to it the doctor hath given a very full account of her hiſtory, and entered into a minute enquiry concerning the circumſtances of her life, and the miſtakes of ſeveral of our hiſtorians about it. To this account, as the fulleſt and moſt accurate on the ſubject, we refer the reader.

SWEET, youthful, charming ladies fair,
Fram'd of the pureſt mold,
With roſy cheeks, and ſilken hair,
Which ſhine like threads of gold:
Soft tears of pity here beſtow
On the unhappy fate
Of Roſamond, who long ago
Prov'd moſt unfortunate.

When as the ſecond Henry reign'd
On the imperial throne,
How he this beauteous flower gain'd,
To you I ſhall make known:

With

With all the circumſtances too
Which did her life attend;
How firſt ſhe into favour grew,
And of her fatal end.

As three young knights of Sal'ſbury
Were riding on the way,
One boaſted of a fair lady,
Within her bow'r ſo gay:
I have a ſiſter, Clifford ſwears,
But few men do her know;
Upon her face the ſkin appears
Like drops of blood on ſnow.

My ſiſter's locks of curled hair
Outſhine the golden ore;
Her ſkin for whiteneſs may compare
With the fine lilly flow'r:
Her breaſts are lovely to behold,
Like to the driven ſnow:
I would not, for her weight in gold,
King Henry ſhould her know.

King Henry had a bower near
Where they were riding by,
And he did Clifford over-hear:
Thought he immediately,

Tho' I her brother ſhou'd offend
For that fair white and red;
For her I am reſolv'd to ſend,
To grace my royal bed.

The king, who was of high renown,
Wou'd not his fancy pall;
For having writ his pleaſure down,
He did young Clifford call:
Come here to me now out of hand,
Come hither unto me;
I am the king of fair England
My meſſenger thou'lt be.

I to your ſiſter here have writ
Three letters ſeal'd with gold;
No meſſenger I think ſo fit
As you: Therefore, behold,
Convey them to her hand with ſpeed;
Make not the leaſt delay:
My will and pleaſure let her read,
And my commands obey.

Young Clifford then the letters took
From Henry's royal hand,
Tho' with a melancholy look,
And mounted out of hand:

Soft

Soft tears bedimm'd his noble ſight,
His grieved heart was ſad;
Altho' he was as brave a knight
As any Henry had.

With that this noble knight of fame
Rid on without delay,
Until he to the bower came,
Which was both rich and gay:
She cry'd, when he knock'd at the ring,
Who raps ſo fierce and bold?
Siſter, I've brought you from the king
Three letters ſeal'd with gold.

Then with her fingers, long and ſmall,
She broke the ſeals of gold;
And as ſhe did to reading fall
At firſt, you might behold
The ſmiles of pleaſant ſweet delight,
As if well ſatisfy'd;
But ere ſhe had concluded quite,
She rung her hands, and cry'd:

Why did you boaſt beyond your bounds,
When Oxford you did ſee?
You might have talk'd of hawks and hounds,
And never bragg'd of me.

When by the king I am defil'd,
My father's griefs begin;
He'll have no comfort of his child,
Nor come to my wedding.

Go fetch me down my planet-book
Straight from my private room;
For in the ſame I mean to look,
What is decreed my doom.
The planet-book to her they brought,
And laid it on her knee;
She found that all would come to nought,
For poiſon'd ſhe ſhould be.

I curſe you, brother, then ſhe cry'd,
Who caus'd my deſtiny;
I might have been ſome lord's fair bride,
But you have ruin'd me.
With that, ſhe call'd her waiting-maid,
To bring her riding-weed;
And to her groom ſhe likewiſe ſaid,
Saddle my milk-white ſteed.

Some ride before her, to report
Her coming to the king;
As ſhe approach'd the royal court,
Sweet peals of bells did ring.

A garland o'er her head they bore,
To magnify her charms;
And as ſhe came the king before,
He claſp'd her in his arms.

With bluſhes then ſhe did beſeech
The king on her bare knée;
Her words were theſe, I pray, my liege,
What is your will with me?
Said he, I ſent for thee, my Roſe,
To grace my royal bed;
Now, as he did his mind diſcloſe,
She bluſhed ſcarlet-red.

Bluſh not, my faireſt Roſamond;
Fear no diſaſtrous fate;
For by my kingly pow'r I can
Place thee in happy ſtate:
No lady in this court of mine
Can purchaſe thy deſert;
Whoſe pleaſant looks, and charms divine,
Have won my royal heart.

The gifts and preſents of a king
Soon caus'd her to comply;
Thinking there was not any thing
Like royal dignity.

But as her bright and golden ſcene
In court began to ſhine,
The news was carry'd to the queen
Of this new concubine;

At which ſhe was enraged ſo
With malice in her breaſt,
That till ſhe wrought her overthrow,
She could not be at reſt.
She felt the fury of the queen,
Ere ſhe had flouriſh'd long;
And dy'd, juſt as ſhe had foreſeen,
By force of poiſon ſtrong.

The angry queen, with malice fraught,
Cou'd not herſelf contain,
Till ſhe fair Roſamond had brought
To her ſad fatal bane.
The ſweet and charming precious Roſe,
King Henry's chief delight!
The queen ſhe to the bower goes,
And wrought her hateful ſpight:

But when ſhe to the bower came,
Where lady Clifford lay,
Enraged Ellinor by name
She could not find the way,

Until

Until the ſilken clue of thread
Became a fatal guide
Unto the queen, who laid her dead
Ere ſhe was ſatisfy'd.

Alas! it was no ſmall ſurprize
To Roſamond the fair:
When death appear'd before her eyes,
No faithful friend was there,
Who could ſtand up in her defence,
To put the potion by;
So, by the hands of violence,
Compell'd ſhe was to die.

O moſt renowned, gracious queen,
Compaſſion take of me;
I wiſh that I had never ſeen
Such royal dignity.
Betray'd I was, and by degrees
A ſad conſent I gave;
And now, upon my bended knees,
I do your pardon crave.

I will not pardon you, ſhe cry'd;
So take this fatal cup:
And you may well be ſatisfy'd,
I'll ſee you drink it up.

Then,

Then, with her fair and milk-white hand,
The fatal cup ſhe took;
Which being drank, ſhe could not ſtand,
But ſoon the world forſook.

Now when the king was well inform'd
What Ellinor had done,
His breaſt he ſmote, in wrath he ſtorm'd,
As if he would have run
Beſides his ſenſes; and he ſwore,
For this inhuman deed,
He never would bed with her more;
His royal heart did bleed.

The king did not ſtand pauſing long,
How to reward her ſpleen;
But ſtraight in a cloſe priſon ſtrong
He caſt his cruel queen:
Where ſhe lay ſix and twenty years,
A long captivity,
Bathed in floods of weeping tears,
Till his death ſet her free.

Now when her ſon he did ſucceed
His father, great Henry;
His royal mother ſoon he freed
From her captivity:

And ſhe ſet many more at large,
  Who long for debt had lain;
Her royal pity did diſcharge
  Thouſands in Richard's reign.

XIV.

The lamentation of queen Elinor, wife to king Henry the ſecond, being kept twenty-ſix years in priſon, who was the cauſe the king's ſons ſo unnaturally rebelled againſt their father: Whom her ſon Richard when he came to be king releaſed. And how at her deliverance ſhe cauſed many priſoners to be ſet at liberty.

The circumſtances of this ballad appear to be founded on fact. Dr. Percy, vol. II. hath given ſome account of this lady, to which we muſt again refer the reader.

Reprinted from The Garland of Delight.

THRICE woe is me, unhappy queen,
  Thus to offend my gracious lord:
My foul offence too plain is ſeen,
  And of good people much abhorr'd.
I do confeſs my fault it was,
Theſe bloody wars came thus to paſs:

My

My jealous mind hath wrought my woe,
(Let all good ladies ſhun miſtruſt)
My envy wrought my overthrow;
And by my malice moſt unjuſt,
My ſons did ſeek their father's life,
By bloody wars and cruel ſtrife.

What more unkindneſs could be ſhown
To any prince of high renown,
Than by his queen and love alone
To ſtand in danger of his crown?
For this offence moſt worthily
In doleful priſon do I lie.

But that which moſt torments my mind,
And makes my grievous heart complain,
Is for to think that, moſt unkind,
I brought myſelf to ſuch diſdain,
That now the king cannot abide
I ſhould be lodged by his ſide.

In doleful priſon I am caſt,
Debarr'd of princely company;
The king's good will quite have I loſt,
And purchaſt nought but infamy;
And never muſt I ſee him more,
Whoſe abſence grieves my heart full ſore.

Full

Full ſixteen winters have I been
  Impriſon'd in this dungeon deep,
Whereby my joys are waſted clean,
  Where my poor eyes have learn'd to weep;
And never ſince I could attain
His kingly love to me again.

Too much indeed, I muſt confeſs,
  I did abuſe his royal grace;
And by my great maliciouſneſs
  His wrong I wrought in every place;
And thus his love I turn'd to hate,
Which I repent, but all too late.

Sweet Roſamond, that was ſo fair,
  Out of her curious bower I brought;
A poiſon'd cup I gave her there,
  Whereby her death was quickly wrought:
The which I did with all deſpite,
Becauſe ſhe was the king's delight.

Thus often did the queen lament,
  As ſhe in priſon long did lie;
Her former deeds ſhe did repent,
  With many watery weeping eye:
But at the laſt this news was ſpread,
The king was on a ſudden dead.

But when ſhe heard theſe tidings told,
Moſt bitterly ſhe mourned then;
Her woful heart ſhe did unfold
In ſight of many noble men.
And her ſon Richard being king,
From doleful priſon did her bring:

Who ſet her for to rule his land,
While to Jeruſalem he went;
And while ſhe had his charge in hand,
Her care was great in government,
And many priſoners there in hold
She ſet at large from irons cold.

XV.

A princely ſong of king Richard Cordelion, and of his bold courage, and lamentable death.

A NOBLE chriſtian warrior,
King Richard of this land,
For fame amongſt our worthies brave,
Now orderly may ſtand:
The god of battels gave him ſtill
A gallant great command,
To fight for our Saviour Jeſus Chriſt.

Richard

Richard Cordelion in this land,
A noble Engliſh name;
It fills the world with wonders great,
With honour and with fame:
Then gallantly, good ſoldiers all,
Come thunder out the ſame,
That fights, &c.

When as fair Jeruſalem,
The city of our lord,
Lay mourning all in heavineſs,
Conſumed by the ſword;
To ſuccour her, all Chriſtendom
Did willingly accord:
And to fight, &c.

Then marched forth, moſt brave and bold,
King Richard from the land,
Of noble knights and gentlemen,
With him a warlike band;
To fight for Jeſus Chriſt his name,
So long as he could ſtand:
All ſoldiers of our Saviour, &c.

But by the way ſuch chances there
King Richard did betide,
That many of his ſoldiers
For want of victuals dy'd:
A new ſupply this noble king
Was forced to provide,
To fight for, &c.

The mighty duke of Auſtria,
To whom he came for aid,
For all his kingly courteſies,
His ſuccours were deny'd;
But took him priſoner cowardly,
And baſely him betray'd;
Not fighting for, &c.

His noble knights and ſoldiers then
With ſorrows went away,
Wofully complaining all,
That e'er they ſaw that day,
That ſuch a noble king as he
A priſoner there ſhould ſtay,
And fight not for, &c.

When they were here providing
A ranſom for his grace,
The duke's own ſon unreverently
King Richard did abaſe;
For which with one ſmall box o'th' ear
He kill'd him in that place:
In honour of our Saviour, &c.

With that into a dungeon deep
This noble king was caſt:
Wherein a lion (all in rage)
Provided was in haſte,
To combat with this famous king,
So long as life did laſt:
The ſoldier of our Saviour, &c.

But gentle pity moved much
The daughter of that duke,
Who deeply wounded was with love,
Proceeding from his look:
For which to ſave his princely life,
She kindly undertook,
In honour of our Saviour, &c.

A rich embroider'd ſcarf of ſilk
She ſecretly convey'd
Into the dungeon where the king
For execution ſtaid;
The which, to ſave his gentle life,
An inſtrument was made,
In honour of our Saviour, &c.

For when the hunger-ſtarved beaſt
Into the dungeon came,
With open mouth to ſwallow him,
He nimbly took the ſame,
And ſtoutly thruſt it down his throat,
The lion thus to tame,
In honour of our Saviour, &c.

And ſo with valiant courage he
Pull'd out the lion's heart;
Which made the duke and all his lords
In fearful manner ſtart,
To ſee this royal Engliſh king
To play ſo brave a part,
In honour of our Saviour, &c.

I am no priſoner, ſaid the king,
For I am now ſet free;
The country, and our law of arms,
Command it ſo to be:
And thus to England's bleſſed land
Moſt joyfully went he,
In honour of our Saviour, &c.

But left his deareſt love behind,
That gently ſav'd his life,
With promiſe to return again,
To make her then his wife;
But ſtill revenge and bloody war
Did breed them further ſtrife,
In fighting for our Saviour, &c.

The noble hearts of Engliſh men,
That could endure no wrong,
For good king Richard muſtered then
A valiant army ſtrong,
To paſs the ſeas to Acon walls,
To lay the ſame along,
In honour of our Saviour, &c.

So fierce conſuming fire and ſword
Into that country came,
Deſtroying all the cities brave,
And towns of ancient fame,
Till thoſe the wrongs king Richard had,
Were righted by the ſame,
In honour of our Saviour, &c.

But in his prime of martial worth,
This noble king was ſlain;
For wounded with a pois'ned ſhaft,
That pierc'd his princely brain:
Such ſorrowing moan was long time made,
Amongſt his warlike train,
Still fighting for our Saviour, &c.

But chiefly by his lady fair,
So loyal and ſo kind,
That nothing but revenge thereof
Poſſeſſed ſtill her mind;
To know the cauſer of his death,
Were rich rewards aſſign'd,
To the honour of our Saviour, &c.

Upon the murtherer (being found)
Much cruelty was ſhewn;
By her command his ſkin alive
Was ſtead from fleſh and bone:
And after into duſt and air
His body it was thrown,
In honour of our Saviour, &c.

Yet ended not this lady's grief,
For him ſhe lov'd ſo dear,
Deep ſorrows even broke her heart,
As plainly did appear:
And both were buried in one grave.
Thus true love's end you hear,
That died for our Saviour, &c.

Did ever lady, for her love,
  More ſtangely undertake?
Did ever daughter in this kind
  A grieved father make?
Did ever princeſs end her life
  Thus for her true love's ſake?
And all for our Saviour, &c.

XVI.

The pedigree, education, and marriage of Robin Hood with Clorinda, queen of Titbury-feaſt. Suppoſed to be related by the fidler who played at their wedding.

In Dr. Percy's Reliques of Antient Poetry, vol. I. is another ballad on this very celebrated Outlaw, to which we refer the reader, who will there alſo ſee an account of him.

KIND gentlemen, will you be ſilent a while?
  Ay, and then you ſhall hear anon
A very good ballad of bold Robin Hood,
  And of his brave man Little John.

In Lockſley town, in merry Nottinghamſhire,
In merry ſweet Lockſley town,
There bold Robin Hood was born and bred,
Bold Robin of famous renown.

The father of Robin a foreſter was,
And he ſhot with a luſty ſtrong bow,
Two north-country miles and an inch at a ſhoot,
As the pinder of Wakefield does know;

For he brought Adam Bell, and Clim of the Clough,
And William a Clowdel-lee,
To ſhoot with a foreſter for forty marks,
And the foreſter beat them all three.

His mother was niece to the Coventry knight,
Which Warwickſhire men call Sir Guy;
For he ſlew the blue boar that hangs up at the gate,
Or my hoſt at the Bull tells a lye.

Her brother was Gamewell, of great Gamewell-hall,
A noble houſe-keeper was he,
Ay, as ever broke bread in ſweet Nottinghamſhire,
And a 'ſquire of famous degree.

The mother of Robin ſaid to her huſband,
My honey, my love, and my dear,
Let Robin and I ride this morning to Gamewell,
To taſte of my brother's good cheer.

And he ſaid, I grant thee thy boon, gentle Joan;
Take one of my horſes, I pray;
The ſun is ariſing, and therefore make haſte,
For to-morrow is Chriſtmas-day.

Then Robin Hood's father's grey gelding was brought,
And ſaddled and bridled was he;
God wot a blue bonnet, his new ſuit of cloaths,
And a cloak that did reach to his knee.

She got on her holiday kirtle and gown,
They were all of a Lincoln green;
The cloth was home-ſpun, but for colour and make
It might have beſeem'd our queen.

And then Robin got on his baſket-hilt ſword,
And his dagger on the other ſide;
And ſaid, My dear mother, let's haſte to be gone,
We have forty long miles to ride.

When Robin was mounted on his gelding ſo grey,
His father, without any trouble,
Set her up behind him, and bid her not fear,
For his gelding had oft carried double.

And when ſhe was ſettled, they rode to their neighbours,
And drank and ſhook hands with them all;
And then Robin gallop'd, and never gave o'er,
'Till they 'lighted at Gamewell-hall.

And now you may think the right worſhipful 'ſquire
Was joyful his ſiſter to ſee;
For he kiſs'd her, and kiſs'd her, and ſwore a great oath,
'Thou art welcome, kind ſiſter, to me.

The morrow, when maſs had been ſaid at the chapel,
Six tables were covered in the hall:
And in comes the 'ſquire, and makes a ſhort ſpeech;
It was, Gentlemen, you're welcome all.

But not a man here ſhall taſte my March beer,
Till a Chriſtmas carol he does ſing;
Then all clapp'd their hands, and they ſhouted and ſung,
'Till the hall and the parlour did ring.

Now muſtard and brawn, roaſt beef and plumb pies,
Were ſet upon every table;
And noble George Gamewell ſaid, Eat and be merry,
And drink too as long as you're able.

When dinner was ended, his chaplain ſaid grace;
And be merry, my friends, ſaid the 'ſquire;
It rains and it blows; but call for more ale,
And lay ſome more wood on the fire.

And now call ye Little John hither to me,
For Little John is a fine lad;
At gambols and juggling, and twenty ſuch tricks,
As ſhall make you both merry and glad.

When

When Little John came, to gambols they went,
Both gentlemen, yeomen, and clowns:
And what do you think? Why, as true as I live,
Bold Robin put them all down.

And now you may think, the right worſhipful 'ſquire
Was joyful this fight for to ſee;
For he ſaid, Couſin Robin, thou go'ſt no more home,
But tarry and dwell here with me:

Thou ſhalt have my land when I die, and 'till then
Thou ſhalt be the ſtaff of my age.
Then grant me my boon, dear uncle, ſaid Robin,
That Little John may be my page.

And he ſaid, Kind couſin, I grant thee thy boon;
With all my heart, ſo let it be.
Then come hither, Little John, ſaid Robin Hood,
Come hither, my page, unto me:

Go fetch me my bow, my longeſt bow,
And broad arrows, one, two, or three;
For when 'tis fair weather, we'll into Sheerwood,
Some merry paſtime to ſee.

When Robin Hood came into merry Sheerwood,
He winded his bugle ſo clear;
And twice five and twenty good yeomen and bold
Before Robin Hood did appear.

Where

Where are your companions all? ſaid Robin Hood;
For ſtill I want forty and three.
Then ſaid a bold yeoman, Lo, yonder they ſtand,
All under a green-wood tree.

As that word was ſpoke, Clorinda came by,
The queen of the ſhepherds was ſhe;
And her gown was of velvet as green as the graſs,
And her buſkin did reach to her knee:

Her gait it was graceful, her body was ſtraight,
And her countenance it was free from pride;
A bow in her hand, and a quiver of arrows
Hung dangling down by her ſweet ſide.

Her eye-brows were black, ay, and ſo was her hair,
And her ſkin was as ſmooth as glaſs;
Her viſage ſpoke wiſdom and modeſty too;
Sets with Robin Hood ſuch a laſs!

Says Robin Hood, Fair lady, whither away?
O whither, fair lady, away?
And ſhe made him anſwer, To kill a fat buck;
For to-morrow is Titbury-day.

Said Robin Hood, Lady fair, will you wander with me
A little to yonder green bower;
There ſit down to reſt you, and you ſhall be ſure
Of a brace, or a leaſh, in an hour?

And as we were going towards the green bower,
Two hundred good bucks we eſpy'd;
She choſe out the fatteſt that was in the herd,
And ſhe ſhot him thro' ſide and ſide.

By the faith of my body, ſaid bold Robin Hood.
I never ſaw woman like thee;
And com'ſt thou from eaſt, or com'ſt thou from weſt,
Thou need'ſt not beg ven'ſon of me.

However, along to my bower you ſhall go,
And taſte of a foreſter's meat;
And when we come thither, we found as good cheer,
As any man needs for to eat.

For there was hot ven'ſon, and warden pies cold,
Cream clouted, and honey-combs plenty;
And the ſervitors they were, beſides Little John,
Good yeomen at leaſt four and twenty.

Clorinda ſaid, Tell me your name, gentle ſir;
And he ſaid, 'Tis bold Robin Hood;
'Squire Gamewell's my uncle, but all my delight
Is to dwell in the merry Sheerwood;

For 'tis a fine life, and 'tis void of all ſtrife.
So 'tis, ſir, Clorinda reply'd.
But oh! ſaid bold Robin, how ſweet would it be,
If Clorinda would be my bride!

She bluſh'd at the motion; yet after a pauſe,
Said, Yes, ſir, and with all my heart:
Then let us ſend for a prieſt, ſaid Robin Hood,
And be married before we do part.

But ſhe ſaid, It may not be ſo, gentle ſir,
For I muſt be at Titbury feaſt;
And if Robin Hood will go thither with me,
I'll make him the meſt welcome gueſt.

Said Robin Hood, Reach me that buck, Little John,
For I'll go along with my dear;
And bid my yeomen kill ſix brace of bucks,
And meet mē to-morrow juſt here.

Before he had ridden five Staffordſhire miles,
Eight yeomen that were too bold,
Bid bold Robin Hood ſtand, and deliver his buck;
A truer tale never was told.

I will not, faith, ſaid bold Robin: Come, John,
Stand by me, and we'll beat them all.
Then both drew their ſwords, and ſo cut 'em and
ſlaſh'd 'em,
That five of the eight did fall.

The three that remain'd call'd to Robin for quarter,
And pitiful John begg'd their lives.
When John's boon was granted, he gave them good
counſel,
And ſo ſent them home to their wives.

This

This battle was fought near Tilbury town,
When the bag-pipes baited the bull:
I'm the king of the fidlers, and I ſwear 'tis a truth;
And I call him that doubts it, a gull;

For I ſaw them fighting, and fidled the while;
And Clorinda ſung, "Hey derry down!
"The bumkins are beaten; put up thy ſword, Bob;
"And now let's dance into the town."

Before we came in we heard a great ſhouting,
And all that were in it look'd madly;
For ſome were a bull-back, ſome dancing a morrice,
And ſome ſinging Arthur a-Bradley:

And there we ſaw Thomas, our juſtice's clerk,
And Mary, to whom he was kind;
For Tom rode before her, and call'd Mary, madam,
And kiſs'd her full ſweetly behind;

And ſo may your worſhips. But we went to dinner,
With Thomas and Mary, and Nan;
They all drank a health to Clorinda, and told her
Bold Robin Hood was a fine man.

When dinner was ended, ſir Roger the parſon
Of Dubbridge was ſent for in haſte;
He brought his maſs-book, and bid them take hands,
And he join'd them in marriage full faſt.

And then as bold Robin Hood and his ſweet bride
Went hand in hand unto the green bower,
The birds ſung with pleaſure in merry Sheerwood,
And it was a moſt joyful hour.

And when Robin came in ſight of the bower,
Where are my yeomen? ſaid he:
And Little John anſwer'd, Lo, yonder they ſtand,
All under a green-wood tree.

Then a garland they brought her by two and by two,
And placed it on the bride's head:
The muſic ſtruck up, and we all fell to dancing,
'Till the bride and the groom were a-bed.

And what they did there muſt be counſel to me,
Becauſe they lay long the next day;
And I made haſte home; but I got a good piece
Of bride-cake, and ſo came away.

Now out, alas! I had forgotten to tell ye,
That married they were with a ring;
And ſo will Nan Knight, or be bury'd a maiden;
And now let us pray for the king,

That he may get children, and they may get more,
To govern and do us ſome good;
Then I'll make ballads in Robin Hood's bower,
And ſing them in merry Sheerwood.

XVII.

Robin Hood's progreſs to Nottingham, in which he ſlew fifteen foreſters.

ROBIN HOOD was a tall young man,
Derry, derry down,
And Robin Hood was a proper young man
Of courage ſtout and bold.
Hey down, derry, derry down.

Robin Hood went unto fair Nottingham,
With the general for to dine;
There was he aware of fifteen foreſters
Drinking beer, ale, and wine.

What news? what news? ſaid bold Robin Hood,
What news fain would'ſt thou know?
Our king has provided a ſhooting match,
And I'm ready with my bow.

We hold it in ſcorn, ſaid the fifteen foreſters,
That ever a boy ſo young
Should bear a bow before our king,
That's not able to draw one ſtring.

I'll hold you twenty marks, ſaid bold Robin Hood,
By the leave of our lady,
That I'll hit the mark an hundred rod,
And I'll cauſe a hart to die.

We'll hold you twenty marks then, ſaid the foreſters,
By the leave of our lady,
Thou hit not the mark an hundred rod,
Nor cauſe the hart to die.

Robin Hood he bent up a noble good bow,
And a broad arrow he let fly:
He hit the mark an hundred rod,
And cauſed a hart to die.

Some ſay he broke ribs one or two,
And ſome ſay he broke three;
The arrow in the hart would not abide,
But glanc'd in two or three.

The hart did ſkip, and the hart did leap,
And the hart lay on the ground.
The wager is mine, ſaid Robin Hood,
If it were for a thouſand pounds.

The wager is none of thine, ſaid the foreſters,
Altho' thou be'ſt in haſte,
Take up thy bow, and get thee hence,
Leaſt we thy ſides ſhould baſte.

Robin Hood took up his noble good bow,
And his broad arrows all amain;
And Robin, being pleas'd, began for to ſmile
As he went over the plain.

Then Robin he bent his noble good bow,
And his broad arrows he let fly,
Till fourteen of the fifteen foreſters
Upon the ground did lie.

He that did the quarrel firſt begin,
Went tripping over the plain:
But Robin Hood bent his noble good bow,
And fetch'd him back again.

You ſaid, I was no archer, ſaid Robin Hood,
But ſay ſo now again;
With that he ſent another arrow after him,
Which ſplit his head in twain.

You have found me an archer, ſays bold Robin Hood,
Which will make your wives to wring,
And wiſh you had never ſaid the word,
That I could not have drawn one ſtring.

The people that did live in fair Nottingham,
Came running out amain,
Suppoſing to have taken bold Robin Hood,
With the foreſters that were ſlain.

Some

Some loſt legs, and ſome loſt arms,
And ſome did loſe their blood:
But Robin he took up his noble good bow,
And is gone to the merry green wood.

They carried their foreſters to fair Nottingham,
As many there did know;
They digg'd them graves in their church-yard,
And they bury'd them all on a row.

XVIII.

Robin Hood and the jolly Pinder of Wakefield.

IN Wakefield there lives a jolly pinder,
In Wakefield all on the green,
In Wakefield all on the green:
There is neither knight nor 'ſquire, ſaid the pinder,
Nor baron ſo bold,
Nor baron ſo bold,
Dare make a treſpaſs to the town of Wakefield,
But his pledge goes to the pinfold,
But his pledge goes to the pinfold.

All this he heard three witty young men,
'Twas Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John;
With that they eſpy'd the jolly pinder
As he ſat under a thorn.
Now turn again, now turn again, ſaid the pinder;
For a wrong way you have gone;

For you have forſaken the king's highway,
And made a path over the corn.
O that were a ſhame, ſaid jolly Robin;
We being three, and thou but one.
The pinder leap'd back then thirty good foot.
'Twas thirty good foot and one.

He lean'd his back faſt to a thorn,
And his foot againſt a ſtone;
And there he fought a long ſummer's day,
And a ſummer's day ſo long,
'Till that their ſwords in their broad bucklers
Were broken faſt in their hands.

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, ſaid bold Robin Hood,
And my merry men every one;
For this is one of the beſt pinders
That ever I try'd with a ſword.
And wilt thou now forſake thy pinder's craft,
And live in the green wood with me?

At Michaelmas next my covenant come out,
When every man gathers his fee;
Then I'll take my blue blade in my hand,
And plod to the green wood with thee.
Ha'ſt either meat or drink, ſaid Robin Hood,
For my merry men and me?

I have both bread and beef, ſaid the pinder,
And good ale of the beſt.
And that's good meat enough, ſaid Robin Hood,
For ſuch unbidden gueſts.
O wilt thou forſake thy pinder's craft,
And go to the green wood with me?

Thou ſhalt have a livery twice in the year,
The one green, and the other brown.
If Michaelmas once was come and gone,
And my maſter had paid me my fee,
Then would I ſet as little by him,
As my maſter doth by me.

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XIX.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BISHOP.

COME, gentlemen all, and liſten a-while,
With a hey down, down, and a down,
And a ſtory to you I'll unfold;
I'll tell you how Robin Hood ſerved the biſhop,
When he robbed him of his gold.

As it fell out on a ſun-ſhining day,
When Phœbus was in his prime,
Bold Robin Hood, that archer good,
In mirth would ſpend ſome time.

And as he walked the foreſt along,
Some paſtime for to ſpy,
There he was aware of a proud biſhop,
And of all his company.

O what ſhall I do, ſaid Robin Hood then,
If the biſhop he doth take me?
No mercy he'll ſhew unto me, I know:
Therefore away I'll flee.

Then

Then Robin was ſtout, and turn'd him about,
And a little houſe there he did ſpy;
And to an old wife, to ſpare his life,
He aloud began to cry.

Why, who art thou? ſaid the old woman,
Come tell to me for good.
I am an outlaw, as many do know;
My name, it is Robin Hood.

And yonder's the biſhop and all his men:
And if that I taken be,
Then day and night he'll work my ſpite,
And hanged I ſhall be.

If thou be Robin Hood, ſaid the old woman,
As thou doſt ſeem to be,
I'll for thee provide, thy perſon hide
From the biſhop and his company.

For I remember one Saturday night,
Thou brought'ſt me both ſhoes and hoſe;
Therefore I'll provide thy perſon to hide,
And keep thee from thy foes.

Then give me ſoon my coat of grey,
And take thou my mantle of green:
Thy ſpindle of twine unto me reſign,
And take thou my arrows ſo keen.

And when Robin Hood was thus array'd,
He went ſtrait to his company,
With his ſpindle and twine he oft looks behind
For the biſhop and his company.

O who is yonder, quoth Little John,
That now comes over the lee?
An arrow at her I will let fly,
So like an old witch looks ſhe.

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, ſaid Robin Hood, then,
And ſhoot not thy arrows ſo keen:
I am Robin Hood, thy maſter good,
As quickly ſhall be ſeen.

The biſhop he came to the old woman's houſe,
And called with a furious mood,
Come let me ſee, and bring unto me
That traytor Robin Hood.

The old woman ſhe ſet on a milk-white ſteed,
Himſelf on a dapple grey;
And for joy he had got Robin Hood,
He went laughing all the way.

But as they were riding the foreſt along,
The biſhop he chanc'd for to ſee
A hundred brave bowmen, ſtout and bold,
Stand under the green-wood tree.

O who is yonder, the biſhop then ſaid,
That's ranging within yonder wood?
Marry, ſays the old woman, I think it be
A man called Robin Hood.

Why, who art thou, the biſhop he ſaid,
Which I have here with me?
Why I am a woman, thou cuckoldly biſhop;
Lift up my leg, and ſee.

Then woe is me, the biſhop he ſaid,
That ever I ſaw this day!
He turn'd him about; but Robin Hood ſtout
Call'd to him, and bid him ſtay.

Then Robin took hold on the biſhop's horſe,
And tied him faſt to a tree;
Then Little John ſmil'd his maſter upon,
For joy of his company.

Robin Hood took his mantle from his back,
And ſpread it upon the ground,
And out of the biſhop's portmantua he
Soon told five hundred pound.

Now let him go, ſaid Robin Hood:
Said Little John, That muſt not be;
For I vow and proteſt he ſhall ſing us a maſs,
Before that he goes from me.

Then

Then Robin Hood took the biſhop by the hand,
And bound him faſt to a tree,
And made him ſing a maſs, God wot,
To him and his yeomandree.

And then they brought him through the wood,
And ſet him on his dapple grey,
And gave him the tail within his hand,
And bid him for Robin Hood pray.

XX.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BUTCHER.

COME, all you brave gallants, and liſten a while,
With a hey down, down, and a down,
That are this bower within:
For of bold Robin Hood, that archer good,
A ſong I intend to ſing.

Upon a time it chanced ſo,
Bold Robin in the foreſt did 'ſpy
A jolly butcher with a fine mare,
With his fleſh to the market did hye.

Good

Good morrow, good fellow, ſaid jolly Robin,
What food haſt thou? tell unto me;
Thy trade to me tell, and where thou doſt dwell,
For I like well thy company.

The butcher he anſwer'd jolly Robin,
No matter where I dwell;
For a butcher I am, and to Nottingham
I am going my fleſh to ſell.

What's the price of thy fleſh? ſaid jolly Robin,
Come tell it unto me;
And the price of thy mare, be ſhe ever ſo dear,
For a butcher I fain would be.

The price of my fleſh, the butcher reply'd,
I ſoon will tell unto thee;
With my bonny mare, and they are not too dear.
Four marks thou muſt give unto me.

Four marks I will give thee, ſaid jolly Robin,
Four marks it ſhall be thy fee;
The money come count, and let me mount,
For a butcher I fain would be.

Now Robin he is to Nottingham gone,
His butcher's trade to begin;
With a good intent to the ſheriff he went,
And there he took up his inn.

When

When other butchers did open their ſhops,
Bold Robin he then begun;
But how for to ſell he knew not well,
For a butcher he was but young.

When the other butchers no meat could ſell,
Robin he got both gold and fee;
For he ſold more meat for one penny
Than others could do for three.

But when he ſold his meat ſo faſt,
No butcher by him could thrive;
For he ſold more meat for one penny
Than others could do for five.

Which made the butchers of Nottingham
To ſtudy as they did ſtand,
Saying, Surely he was ſome prodigal,
That had ſold his father's land.

The butchers ſtepp'd up to jolly Robin,
Acquainted with him to be:
Come, brother, one ſaid, we be all of one trade;
Come, will you go dine with me?

Accurs'd be his heart, ſaid jolly Robin,
That a butcher will deny;
I will go with you, my brethren true,
As faſt as I can hie.

But when they to the ſheriff's houſe came,
To dinner they hied apace;
And Robin Hood he the man muſt be
Before them all to ſay grace.

Pray God bleſs us all, ſaid jolly Robin,
And our meat within this place;
A cup of ſack ſo good will nouriſh our blood,
And ſo I end my grace.

Come fill us more wine, ſaid jolly Robin,
Let's be merry while we ſtay;
For wine and good chear, be it ever ſo dear,
I vow I the reck'ning will pay.

Come, brothers, be merry, ſaid jolly Robin,
Let's drink, and ne'er give o'er;
For the ſhot I will pay, ere I go my way,
If it coſts me five pounds, or more.

This is a mad blade, the butchers then ſaid,
Says the ſheriff, he's ſome prodigal,
That ſome land has ſold for ſilver and gold,
And now he doth mean to ſpend all.

Haſt thou any horned beaſts, ſaid the ſheriff,
Good fellow, to ſell to me?
Yes, that I have, good maſter ſheriff,
I have hundreds two or three,

And a hundred acres of good free land,
If you pleaſe it for to ſee;
And I'll make you as good aſſurance of it,
As ever my father did me.

The ſheriff he ſaddled his good palfrey,
And took three hundred pounds in gold,
And away he went with Robin Hood,
His horned beaſts to behold.

Away then the ſheriff and Robin did ride
To the foreſt of merry Sheerwood:
Then the ſheriff did ſay, God preſerve us this day
From a man they call Robin Hood.

But when a little farther they came,
Bold Robin he chanc'd to 'ſpy
An hundred head of good fat deer
Come tripping the ſheriff full nigh.

How like you my horned beaſts, good maſter ſheriff?
They be fat and fair to ſee.
I tell thee, good fellow, I would I were gone,
For I like not thy company.

Then Robin ſet his horn to his mouth,
And blew out blaſts three;
Then quickly anon there came Little John,
And all his company.

What

What is your will, maſter, then ſaid Little John,
I pray come tell unto me?
I have brought hither the ſheriff of Nottingham
This day to dine with thee.

He is welcome to me then, ſaid Little John;
I hope he will honeſtly pay:
I know he has gold, if it were but well told,
Will ſerve us to drink a whole day.

Then Robin took his mantle from his back,
And laid it upon the ground;
And out of the ſheriff's portmanteau he
Soon told five hundred pound.

Then Robin he brought him through the wood,
And ſet him on his dapple grey:
O have me commended to your wife at home.
So Robin went laughing away.

XXI.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE TANNER.

IN Nottingham there lived a jolly tanner,
With a hey down, down, and a down,
His name is Arthur-a-Bland;
There is never a 'ſquire in Nottinghamſhire,
Dare bid bold Arthur to ſtand.

With a long ſtaff upon his ſhoulder,
So well he can clear his way;
By two and by three he made them to flee,
For he hath no liſt to ſtay.

And as he went forth, one ſummer's morning,
Into the foreſt of merry Sheerwood,
To view the red deer, that run here and there,
There he met bold Robin Hood.

As ſoon as bold Robin did him eſpy,
He thought the ſame ſport would make;
Therefore out of hand he bid him to ſtand,
And thus unto him he ſpake.

Why,

Why, who art thou, thou bold fellow,
That rangeſt ſo boldly here?
In ſooth, to be brief, thou look'ſt like a thief,
That comes to ſteal our king's deer:

For I am a keeper in this foreſt;
The king puts me in truſt
To look to the deer, that runs here and there;
Therefore ſtop thee I muſt.

If thou be'ſt a keeper in this foreſt,
And haſt ſuch a great command,
Yet you muſt have more partakers in ſtore,
Before you make me to ſtand.

No, I have no more partakers in ſtore,
Or any that I do need;
But I have a ſtaff of another oak craft,
I know it will do the deed.

For thy ſword and thy bow I care not a ſtraw,
Nor all thy arrows to boot:
If thou get'ſt a knock upon thy bare ſcop,
Thou can'ſt as well ſh—t as ſhoot.

Speak cleanly, good fellow, ſaid jolly Robin,
And give better terms unto me;
Elſe I'll thee correct for thy neglect,
And make thee more mannerly.

Marry gap with a wanton, quoth Arthur-a-Bland,
Art thou ſuch a goodly man?
I care not a fig for thy looking ſo big;
Mend yourſelf where you can.

Then Robin Hood unbuckled his belt,
And laid down his bow ſo long:
He took up a ſtaff of another oak craft,
That was both ſtiff and ſtrong.

I yield to thy weapon, ſaid jolly Robin,
Since thou wilt not yield to mine:
For I have a ſtaff of another craft,
Not half a foot longer than thine.

But let me meaſure, ſaid jolly Robin,
Before we begin the pray;
For I will not have mine to be longer than thine,
For that will be counted foul play.

I paſs not for length, bold Arthur reply'd,
My ſtaff is of oak ſo free;
Eight feet and a half, it will knock down a calf,
And I hope it will knock down thee.

Then Robin could no longer forbear,
But gave him a very good knock;
But quickly and ſoon the blood it ran down,
Before it was ten of the clock.

Then

Then Arthur ſoon recover'd himſelf,
And gave him a knock on the crown,
That from every ſide of Robin Hood's head
The blood ran trickling down.

Then Robin Hood raged like a wild boar,
As ſoon as he ſaw his own blood:
Then Bland was in haſte, he laid on ſo faſt,
If he had been cleaving of wood.

And about, and about, and about they went,
Like two wild boars in a chace,
Striving to aim each other to maim,
Leg, arm, or any other place.

And knock for knock they luſtily dealt,
Which held for two hours, or more;
That all the wood rang at every bang,
They ply'd their work ſo ſore.

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, ſaid Robin Hood,
And let our quarrel fall;
For here we may thraſh our bones all to maſh,
And get no coin at all:

And in the foreſt of merry Sheerwood
Hereafter thou ſhalt be free.
God ha' mercy for nought; my freedom I bought;
I may thank my good ſtaff, and not thee.

What tradeſman art thou, ſaid jolly Robin,
Good fellow, I prithee me ſhow?
And alſo me tell, in what place you dwell?
For both of theſe fain would I know.

I am a tanner, bold Arthur reply'd,
In Nottingham long have I wrought;
And if thou'lt come there, I vow and ſwear,
I'll tan your hide for nought.

God a-mercy, good fellow, ſaid jolly Robin,
Since thou art ſo kind and free,
And if thou wilt tan my hide for nought,
I'll do as much for thee.

And if thou wilt forſake thy tanner's trade,
To live in green wood with me,
My name is Robin Hood, I ſwear by the wood,
To give thee both gold and fee.

If thou be Robin Hood, bold Arthur reply'd,
As I think well thou art,
Then here's my hand, my name's Arthur-a-Bland,
We two will never part.

But tell me, O tell me, where is Little John?
Of him I fain would hear;
For we are ally'd by the mother's ſide,
And he is my kinſman dear.

Then Robin Hood blew on his bugle horn,
He blew both loud and ſhrill;
And quick and anon he ſaw Little John
Come tripping over the hill.

O what is the matter? then ſaid Little John,
Maſter, I pray you tell;
Why do you ſtand with your ſtaff in your hand?
I fear all is not well.

O man, I do ſtand, and he makes me to ſtand,
The tanner that ſtands by my ſide;
He is a bonny blade, and maſter of his trade,
For he has ſoundly tann'd my hide.

He is to be commended, then ſaid Little John,
If he ſuch a feat can do;
If he be ſo ſtout, we will have a bout,
And he ſhall tan my hide too.

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, ſaid Robin Hood;
For, as I do underſtand,
He's a yeoman good of thy own blood,
For his name is Arthur-a-Bland.

Then Little John threw his ſtaff away,
As far as he could ſling,
And ran out of hand to Arthur-a-Bland,
And about his neck did cling.

With loving reſpect there was no neglect,
They were neither nice nor coy;
Each other did face with a lovely grace,
And both did weep for joy.

Then Robin Hood took them both by the hands,
And danced about the oak tree;
For three merry men, and three merry men,
And three merry men we be:

And ever hereafter, as long as we live,
We three will be as one:
The wood it ſhall ring, and the old wife ſing,
Of Robin Hood, Arthur, and John.

XXII.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE JOLLY TINKER.

IN ſummer time, when leaves grow green,
And birds ſing on every tree,
Robin Hood went to Nottingham,
As faſt as he could dree.

And as he came to Nottingham,
A tinker he did meet,
And ſeeing him a luſty blade,
He did him kindly greet:

Where doſt thou dwell? quoth Robin Hood,
I pray thee now me tell;
Sad news I hear there is abroad,
I fear all is not well.

What is that news? the tinker ſaid,
Tell me without delay;
I am a tinker by my trade,
And do live at Banbury.

As for the news, quoth Robin Hood,
It is but, as I hear,
Two tinkers were ſet in the ſtocks,
For drinking ale and beer.

If that be all, the tinker ſaid,
As I may ſay to you,
Your news is not worth a fart,
Since that they all be true.

For drinking of good ale and beer,
You will not loſe your part.
No, by my faith, quoth Robin Hood,
I love it with all my heart.

What news abroad? quoth Robin Hood,
Tell me what thou doſt hear;
Seeing thou go'ſt from town to town
Some news thou need'ſt not fear.

All the news I have, the tinker ſaid,
I hear it is for good;
It is to ſeek a bold outlaw,
Which they call Robin Hood.

I have a warrant from the king
To take him where I can;
If you can tell me where he is,
I will make you a man.

The king would give an hundred pounds,
That he could but him ſee:
And if we can but now him get,
It will ſerve thee and me.

Let me ſee the warrant, ſaid Robin Hood,
I will ſee if it be right,
And I will do the beſt I can
For to take him this night.

That will I not, the tinker ſaid,
None with it will I truſt;
And where he is if you'll not tell,
Take him by force I muſt.

But Robin Hood perceiving well
How then the game would go,
If you would go to Nottingham,
We ſhall find him, I know.

A crab-tree ſtaff the tinker had,
Which was both good and ſtrong;
Robin he had a good ſtrong blade:
So they went both along;

And when they came to Nottingham,
There they took up their inn;
And they called for ale and wine,
To drink it was no ſin.

But ale and wine they drank ſo faſt,
That the tinker he forgot
What thing he was about to do:
It fell ſo to his lot,

That, while the tinker fell aſleep,
Robin made haſte away,
And left the tinker in the lurch,
For the great ſhot to pay.

But when the tinker did awake,
And ſaw that he was gone,
He called out then for the hoſt,
And thus he made his moan:

I had a warrant from the king,
Which might have done me good;
This is to ſeek a bold outlaw,
Some call him Robin Hood:

But now the warrant and money is gone,
Nothing I have to pay;
And he that promiſed to be my friend,
Is gone and fled away.

That friend, you ſpeak of, ſaid the hoſt,
They call him Robin Hood;
And when that he firſt met with you,
He meant you little good.

Had I but known it had been he,
When that I had him here,
The one of us ſhould have try'd our might,
Which ſhould have paid full dear.

In the mean time I will away,
No longer here I'll abide;
But I will go and ſeek him out,
Whatever me betide.

But one thing I would gladly know,
What here I have to pay:
Ten ſhillings juſt, then ſaid the hoſt.
I'll pay you without delay;

Or elſe take here my working bag,
And my good hammer too;
And if I light but on the knave,
I will then ſoon pay you.

The only way, then ſaid the hoſt,
And not to ſtand in fear,
Is to ſeek him among the parks,
Killing of the king's deer.

The tinker he then went with ſpeed,
And made then no delay,
Till he had found bold Robin Hood,
That they might have a fray.

At laſt he 'ſpy'd him in a park,
Hunting then of the deer.
What knave is that, quoth Robin Hood,
That doth come me ſo near?

No knave, no knave, the tinker ſaid,
And that you ſoon ſhall know;
Whether of us has done any wrong,
My crab-tree ſtaff ſhall ſhow.

Then Robin drew his gallant blade,
Made then of truſty ſteel:
But the tinker he laid on ſo faſt,
That he made Robin reel.

Then

Then Robin's anger did ariſe;
He fought right manfully,
Until he had made the tinker
Then almoſt fit to fly.

With that they lay'd about again,
And ply'd their weapons faſt;
The tinker thraſh'd his bones ſo ſore
That he made him yield at laſt.

A boon, a boon, then Robin cry'd,
If thou will grant it me:
Before I do it, the tinker ſaid,
I'll hang thee on this tree.

But the tinker looking him about,
Robin his horn did blow:
Then came unto him Little John,
And Will Scarlet alſo.

What is the matter? quoth Little John;
You ſit on the highway ſide:
Here is a tinker that ſtands by,
That hath well paid my hide.

What tinker then? ſaid Little John,
Fain that blade would I ſee;
And I would try what I can do,
If he'll do as much for me.

But Robin then he wiſh'd them both
They would the quarrel ceaſe,
That henceforth we may be as one,
And ever live in peace.

And for the jovial tinker's part,
A hundred pounds I give
In a year to maintain him on,
As long as he doth live.

In manhood he is a mettled man,
And a metal man by trade;
Never thought I that any man
Should have made me ſo afraid.

And if he will be one of us,
We will take all one fare,
And whatſoever we do get,
He ſhall have his full ſhare.

So the tinker he was content
With them to go along,
And with them a part to take:
And ſo I end my ſong.

XXIII.

ROBIN HOOD AND ALLEN-A-DALE.

COME liſten to me, you gallants ſo free,
All you that love mirth for to hear,
And I will tell you of a bold outlaw,
That lived in Nottinghamſhire.

As Robin Hood in the foreſt ſtood,
All under the green-wood tree,
There was he aware of a brave young man,
As fine as fine could be.

The youngſter was cloathed in ſcarlet red,
In ſcarlet fine and gay;
And he did friſk it over the plain,
And chaunted a round-de-lay.

As Robin Hood next morning ſtood
Amongſt the leaves ſo gay,
There did 'ſpy the ſame young man
Come drooping along the way.

The

The ſcarlet he wore the day before,
It was clean caſt away;
And at every ſtep he fetch'd a ſigh,
Alack and a-well-a-day!

Then ſtep'd forth brave Little John,
And Midge the miller's ſon,
Which made the young man bend his bow.
When as he ſee them come.

Stand off, ſtand off, the young man ſaid,
What is your will with me?
You muſt come before our maſter ſtrait,
Under yon green-wood tree.

And when he came bold Robin before,
Robin aſk'd him courteouſly,
O, haſt thou any money to ſpare
For my merry men and me?

I have no money, the young man ſaid,
But five ſhillings and a ring;
And that I have kept this ſeven long years,
To have it at my wedding.

Yeſterday I ſhould have married a maid,
But ſhe ſoon from me was ta'en,
And choſen to be an old knight's delight,
Whereby my poor heart is ſlain.

What is thy name? then ſaid Robin Hood,
Come tell me without any fail.
By the faith of my body, then ſaid the young man,
My name it is Allen-a-Dale.

What wilt thou give me, ſaid Robin Hood,
In ready gold, or fee,
To help thee to thy true love again,
And deliver her up to thee?

I have no money, then quoth the young man,
No ready gold or fee;
But I will ſwear upon a book,
Thy true ſervant to be.

How many miles is it to thy true love?
Come tell me without any guile.
By the faith of my body, then ſaid the young man,
It is but five little miles.

Then Robin he haſted over the plain,
He did neither ſtint or lint,
Until he came unto the church
Where Allen ſhould keep his wedding.

What haſt thou here, the biſhop then ſaid,
I prithee now tell unto me?
I am a bold harper, quoth Robin Hood,
And the beſt in the north country.

O wel-

O welcome, O welcome, the biſhop then ſaid;
That muſic beſt pleaſeth me.
You ſhall have no muſic, quoth Robin Hood,
'Till the bride and the bridegroom I ſee.

With that came in a wealthy knight,
Which was both grave and old;
And after him a ſinikin laſs
Did ſhine like the glittering gold.

This is not a fit match, quoth bold Robin Hood,
That you do ſeem to make here;
For ſince we are come unto the church,
The bride ſhall chuſe her own dear.

Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,
And blew out blaſts two or three:
Then four and twenty bowmen bold
Came leaping over the lee;

And when they came into the church-yard,
Marching all on a row,
The firſt man was Allen-a-Dale,
To give bold Robin his bow.

This is thy true love, Robin he ſaid,
Young Allen, as I hear ſay;
And you ſhall be marry'd at the ſame time
Before we depart away.

That ſhall not be, the biſhop he ſaid,
For thy word ſhall not ſtand;
They ſhall be three times aſk'd in the church,
As the law is of our land.

Robin Hood pull'd off the biſhop's coat,
And put it upon Little John:
By the faith of my body, then Robin he ſaid,
This cloth doth make thee a man.

When Little John went to the choir,
The people began to laugh;
He aſk'd them ſeven times in the church,
Leaſt three times ſhould not be enough.

Who gives this maid? ſaid Little John.
Quoth Robin Hood, That do I;
And he that takes her from Allen-a-Dale,
Full dearly ſhall her buy.

And thus having ended this merry wedding,
The bride ſhe look'd like a queen;
And ſo they return'd to the merry green wood,
Amongſt the leaves ſo green.

XXIV.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE SHEPHERD.

ALL gentlemen, and yeomen good,
I wiſh you to draw near;
For a ſtory of bold Robin Hood
Unto you I will declare.

As Robin Hood walked the foreſt along,
Some paſtime for to 'ſpy,
There he was aware of a jolly ſhepherd,
That on the ground did lie.

Ariſe, ariſe, ſaid jolly Robin,
And now come let me ſee
What's in thy bag and bottle, I ſay?
Come tell it unto me.

What's that to thee, thou proud fellow?
Tell me as I do ſtand;
What haſt thou to do with my bottle and bag?
Let me ſee thy command.

My ſword, that hangeth by my ſide,
Is my command, I know;
Come let me taſte of thy bottle,
Or it may breed thee woe.

The devil a drop, thou proud fellow,
Of my bottle thou ſhalt ſee,
Until thy valour here be try'd,
Whether thou 'lt fight or flee.

What ſhall we fight for? ſaid Robin Hood,
Come tell it unto me;
Here's twenty pounds in good red gold,
Win it and take it thee.

The ſhepherd ſtood all in amaze,
And knew not what to ſay;
I have no money, thou proud fellow,
But bag and bottle I will lay.

I am content, thou ſhepherd ſwain,
Fling them down on the ground;
But it will breed thee mickle pain,
To win my twenty pound.

Come draw thy ſword, thou proud fellow,
That ſtandeſt too long to prate;
This hook of mine ſhall let thee know,
A coward I do hate.

So

So they fell to it full hard and ſore,
It was on a ſummer's day,
From ten to four in the afternoon
The ſhepherd held him in play.

Robin's buckler prov'd his chief defence,
And ſav'd him many a bang;
For every blow the ſhepherd ſtruck
Made Robin's ſword cry twang:

Many a ſturdy blow the ſhepherd gave,
And that bold Robin found,
'Till the blood ran trickling from his head,
Then he fell to the ground.

Ariſe, ariſe, thou proud fellow,
And thou ſhalt have fair play,
If thou wilt yield before thou go,
That I have won the day.

A boon, a boon, cry'd bold Robin;
If that a man thou be,
Then let me have my bugle horn,
And blow out blaſts but three.

Then ſaid the ſhepherd to bold Robin,
To that I will agree,
For if thou ſhould'ſt blow till to-morrow morn,
I ſcorn one foot to flee.

Then Robin he ſet his horn to his mouth,
And he blew with might and main,
Until he 'ſpied Little John
Come tripping over the plain.

Who is yonder, thou proud fellow,
That comes down yonder hill?
Yonder is John, bold Robin Hood's man,
Shall fight with thee thy fill.

What is the matter? ſaid Little John,
Maſter, come tell unto me:
My caſe is ſad, ſaid Robin Hood,
For the ſhepherd hath conquer'd me.

I am glad of that, cries Little John:
Shepherd, turn thou to me;
For a bout with thee I mean to have,
Either come fight or flee.

With all my heart, thou proud fellow;
For it ſhall never be ſaid,
That a ſhepherd's hook at thy ſturdy look
Will one jot be diſmay'd.

So they fell to it full hard and ſore,
Striving for victory.
I will know, ſays John, ere we give o'er,
Whether thou wilt fight or flee.

The ſhepherd gave John a ſturdy blow
With the hook under his chin:
Beſhrew thy heart, ſaid Little John,
Thou baſely doſt begin.

Nay, that is nothing, ſaid the ſhepherd;
Either yield to me the day,
Or I will bang thee back and ſides
Before thou goeſt thy way.

What doſt thou think, thou proud fellow,
That thou can'ſt conquer me?
Nay, thou ſhalt know, before I go,
I'll fight before I'll flee.

Again the ſhepherd laid on him,
The ſhepherd he begun:
Hold thy hand, cry'd jolly Robin;
I will yield the wager won.

With all my heart, ſaid Little John,
To that I will agree;
For he is the flower of ſhepherd ſwains,
The like I ne'er did ſee.

Thus have you heard of Robin Hood,
Alſo of Little John;
How a ſhepherd ſwain did conquer them,
The like was never known.

XXV.

The famous battle between Robin Hood and the curtal fryar, near Fountain-Dale.

IN ſummer time, when leaves grow green,
And flowers are freſh and gay,
Robin Hood and his merry men
Were all diſpos'd to play.

Then ſome would leap, and ſome would run,
And ſome would uſe artillery;
Which of you can a good bow draw,
A good archer to be?

Which of you can kill a buck;
Or, who can kill a doe?
Or who can kill a hart of Greece
Five hundred foot him fro'?

Will. Scarlet, he did kill a buck,
And Midge he did kill a doe;
And Little John kill'd a hart of Greece
Five hundred foot him fro'.

God's

God's bleſſing on thy heart, ſaid Robin Hood,
That ſhot ſuch a ſhot for me;
I would ride my horſe an hundred miles,
To find one could match thee.

That cauſed Will. Scarlet to laugh,
He laughed full heartily:
There lives a friar in Fountain-abbey
Will beat both him and thee.

The curtal fryar in Fountain-abbey
Well can a ſtrong bow draw;
He will beat you and your yeomen,
Set them all on a row.

Robin Hood took a ſolemn oath,
It was by Mary free,
That he would neither eat nor drink
'Till the fryar he did ſee.

Robin Hood put on his harneſs good,
And on his head a cap of ſteel,
Broad ſword and buckler by his ſide;
And they became him weel.

He took his bow into his hand,
It was of a truſty tree,
With a ſheaf of arrows by his ſide,
And to Fountain-dale went he.

And coming to fair Fountain-dale,
No farther would he ride;
There he was aware of a curtal fryar
Walking by the water-ſide.

The fryar had on a harneſs good,
And on his head a cap of ſteel,
Broad ſword and buckler by his ſide;
And they became him weel.

Robin Hood lighted from off his horſe,
And tied him to a thorn;
Carry me over the water, thou curtal fryar,
Or elſe thy life's forlorn.

The fryar took Robin Hood on his back,
Deep water he did betide,
And neither ſpoke good word nor bad,
'Till he came on the other ſide.

Lightly ſtept Robin off the fryar's back:
The fryar ſaid to him again,
Carry me over the water, thou fine fellow,
Or it will breed thy pain.

Robin Hood took the fryar on his back,
Deep water he did betide,
And ſpoke neither good word nor bad,
'Till he came on the other ſide.

Lightly leapt the fryar off Robin Hood's back:
Bold Robin ſaid to him again,
Carry me over the water, thou curtal fryar,
Or it ſhall breed thee pain.

The fryar took Robin on his back again,
And ſtept up to his knee;
And 'till he came to the middle ſtream,
Neither good nor bad ſpoke he;

And coming to the middle ſtream,
Then he threw Robin in;
And chuſe thee, chuſe thee, fine fellow,
Whether thou wilt ſink or ſwim.

Robin Hood ſwam to buſh of broom,
The fryar to the willow wand:
Bold Robin Hood is gone to the ſhore,
And took his bow in his hand.

One of the beſt arrows under his belt
To the fryar he let fly;
The curtal fryar with his ſteel buckler
Did put his arrow by.

Shoot on, ſhoot on, thou fine fellow,
Shoot as thou haſt begun;
If thou ſhoot here a ſummer's day,
Thy mark I will not ſhun.

Robin Hood ſhot on ſo paſſing well,
'Till his arrows all were gone;
They took their ſwords and ſteel buckler,
And fought with might and main,

From ten o'clock that very day,
'Till four in the afternoon;
Then Robin Hood came on his knees,
Of the fryar to beg a boon.

A boon, a boon, thou curtal fryar,
I beg it on my knee;
Give me leave to ſet my horn to my mouth,
And to blow blaſts three.

That I will do, ſaid the curtal fryar,
Of thy blaſts I have no doubt;
I hope thou'lt blow ſo paſſing well,
'Till both thy eyes drop out.

Robin Hood ſet his horn to his mouth,
And blew out blaſts three:
Half an hundred yeomen, with their bows bent,
Came ranging over the lee.

Whoſe men are theſe, ſaid the fryar,
That come ſo haſtily?
Thoſe are mine, ſaid Robin Hood,
Fryar, what's that to thee?

A boon, a boon, ſaid the curtal fryar,
The like I gave to thee;
Give me leave to ſet my fiſt to my mouth,
And to whute whutes three.

That will I do, ſaid Robin Hood,
Or elſe I were to blame;
Three whutes in a fryar's fiſt
Would make me glad a fain.

The fryar he ſet his fiſt to his mouth,
And whuted him whutes three;
Half a hundred good bay dogs
Came running over the lee.

Here is for every man a dog,
And I myſelf for thee:
Nay, by my faith, ſaid Robin Hood,
Fryar, that may not be.

Two dogs at once to Robin did go,
The one behind, the other before;
Robin Hood's mantle of Lincoln green
From off his back they tore.

And whether his men ſhot eaſt or weſt,
Or they ſhot north or ſouth,
The curtal dogs, ſo taught they were,
They caught the arrows in their mouths.

Take

Take up thy dogs, ſaid Little John,
Fryar, at my bidding thee.
Whoſe man art thou, ſaid the curtal fryar,
Comes here to prate to me?

I am Little John, Robin Hood's man,
Fryar, I will not lye:
If thou take not thy dogs anon,
I'll take them up and thee.

Little John had a bow in his hand,
He ſhot with might and main:
Soon half a ſcore of the fryar's dogs
Laid dead upon the plain.

Hold thy hand, good fellow, ſaid the curtal fryar,
Thy maſter and I will agree,
And we will have new orders taken
With all the haſte that may be.

If thou wilt forſake fair Fountain-dale
And Fountain-abbey free,
Every ſunday throughout the year
A noble ſhall be thy fee.

Every ſunday throughout the year
Changed ſhall thy garment be,
And if thou wilt go to fair Nottingham,
And there remain with me.

The

The curtal fryar had kept Fountain-dale,
Seven long years and more:
There was neither knight, lord, nor earl,
Could make him yield before.

XXVI.

Robin Hood newly reviv'd: or, his meeting and fighting with his couſin Scarlet.

COME liſten awhile, you gentlemen all,
That are his bower within;
For a ſtory of gallant Robin Hood
I propoſe now to begin.

What time of day? quoth Robin Hood:
Quoth Little John, 'tis in the prime:
Why then we will to the greenwood gang,
For we have no victuals to dine.

As Robin Hood rode the foreſt along,
It was in the midſt of the day;
There he was aware of a deft young man,
As ever walk'd on the way.

His

His doublet was of ſilk, he ſaid,
His ſtockings like ſcarlet ſhone;
And bravely he walked along the way
To Robin Hood then unknown.

A herd of deer was in the bend,
All feeding before his face:
Now the beſt of you I'll have to my dinner,
And that in a little ſpace.

Now the ſtranger he made no mickle ado,
But he bent a right good bow;
And the beſt of all the herd he ſlew,
Full forty yards him fro'.

Well ſhot, well ſhot, ſaid Robin Hood then,
That ſhot it was in time;
And if thou wilt accept of the place,
Thou ſhalt be a bold yeoman of mine.

Go play the chivan, the ſtranger then ſaid,
Make haſte and quickly go,
Or with my fiſt, be ſure of this,
I'll give thee buffets ſto'.

Thou had'ſt not beſt buffet me, quoth Robin Hood;
For altho' I am forlorn,
Yet I have thoſe will take my part,
If I do blow my horn.

Thou had'ſt not beſt wind thy horn, the ſtranger ſaid,
Be'ſt thou never ſo much in haſte;
For I can draw a good broad ſword,
And quickly cut the blaſt.

Then Robin Hood lent a very good bow,
To ſhoot, and that he would fain;
The ſtranger he bent a very good bow,
To ſhoot at bold Robin again.

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, quoth Robin Hood,
To ſhoot, it would be in vain;
For if we ſhoot the one at the other,
The one of us muſt be ſlain.

But let's take our ſwords and our broad bucklers,
And gang under yonder tree.
As I hope to be fav'd, the ſtranger he ſaid,
One foot I will not flee.

Then Robin Hood lent the ſtranger a blow,
'Moſt ſcared him out of his wits:
Thou never felt blow, the ſtranger he ſaid,
That ſhall be better quits.

The ſtranger then with a good broad ſword
Hit Robin on the crown,
That from every hair of bold Robin Hood's head
The blood it ran trickling down.

God-a-mercy, good fellow, quoth Robin Hood then,
And for this thou haſt done,
Tell me, good fellow, who thou art,
Tell me where thou do'ſt won.

The ſtranger then anſwer'd bold Robin Hood,
I'll tell thee where I do dwell;
In Maxfield-town I was born and bred,
My name is young Gamewell.

For killing of my father's ſteward,
Am forc'd to this Engliſh wood,
And for to ſeek an uncle of mine,
Some call him Robin Hood.

But art thou a couſin of Robin Hood then?
The ſooner we ſhall have done:
As I hope to be ſav'd, the ſtranger then ſaid,
I am his own ſiſter's ſon.

But, lord! what kiſſing and courting was there,
When theſe two couſins did meet!
And they went all that ſummer's day,
And Little John did not meet.

And when they met with Little John,
He then unto him did ſay;
O maſter, pray where have you been,
You have tarry'd ſo long away?

I met

I met with a ſtranger, quoth Robin Hood,
Full ſore he hath beaten me;
Then I'll have a bout with him, quoth Little John,
And try if he can beat me.

O no, O no, quoth Robin Hood then,
Little John, it may not be ſo;
For he is my own dear ſiſter's ſon,
And couſins I have no more.

But he ſhall be a bold yeoman of mine,
My chief man next to thee;
And I Robin Hood, and thou Little John,
And Scarlet he ſhall be.

And we'll be three of the braveſt outlaws
That live in the north country.
If thou wilt hear more of bold Robin Hood,
In the ſecond part it will be.

Then bold Robin Hood to the north he went,
With valour and mickle might,
With ſword by his ſide, which oft had been try'd,
To fight, and recover his right.

The firſt that he met was a bonny bold Scot,
His ſervant he ſaid he would be;
No, quoth Robin Hood, it cannot be good,
For thou wilt prove falſe unto me.

Thou haſt not been true to ſire or cuz,
  Nay, marry, the Scot he ſaid,
As true as your heart, I'll never part,
  Good maſter, be not afraid.

Then Robin Hood turned his face to the eaſt,
  Fight on, my merry men ſtout;
Our caſe is good, quoth brave Robin Hood,
  And we ſhall not be beaten out.

The battle grew hot on every ſide,
  The Scotchmen made great moan;
Quoth Jockey, Geud faith, they fight on each ſide;
  Would I were with my wife Joan.

The enemy compaſs'd brave Robin about,
  'Tis long ere the battle ends;
There's neither will yield, nor give up the field,
  For both are ſupply'd with friends.

This ſong it was made in Robin Hood's days;
  Let's pray unto Jove above,
To give us true peace, that miſchief may ceaſe,
  And war may give place unto love.

XXVII.

Renowned Robin Hood; or, his famous archery truly related, in the worthy exploits he performed before queen Catherine.

GOLD ta'en from the king's harbingers,
As ſeldom hath been ſeen,
And carried by bold Robin Hood,
For a preſent to the queen.

If that I live one year to an end,
Thus did queen Catherine ſay;
Bold Robin Hood, I'll be thy friend,
And all thy yeomen gay.

The queen is to her chamber gone,
As faſt as ſhe could run;
She calls unto her lovely page,
His name was Richard Partington.

Come thou hither to me, thou lovely page,
Come thou hither to me;
For thou muſt poſt to Nottingham,
As faſt as thou can'ſt dree;

And as thou go'ſt to Nottingham,
Search every Engliſh wood,
Enquire of one good yeoman or another,
That can tell thee of bold Robin Hood.

Sometimes he walk'd, ſometimes he ran,
As faſt as he could wen,
And when he came to Nottingham,
There he took up his inn.

He calls for a bottle of Rheniſh wine,
And drinks a health to the queen,
Wiſhing he might now ſpeedily
Find out jolly Robin.

There ſet a yeoman by his ſide,
Who ſaid, Sweet page, tell me
What is thy buſineſs, and thy cauſe,
So far in the north country?

This is my buſineſs and my cauſe,
Sir, I'll tell it you for good,
To enquire of one good yeoman or another,
To tell me of Robin Hood.

I'll get my horſe betimes in the morn,
Be it by the break of day,
And I will ſhew thee bold Robin Hood,
And all his yeomen gay.

When that he came to Robin Hood's place,
He fell down on his knee,
Queen Catherine ſhe does greet you well,
She greets you well by me.

She bids you poſt to fair London court,
Not fearing any thing;
For there ſhall be a little ſport,
And ſhe has ſent you her ring.

Robin Hood took his mantle from his back,
It was of Lincoln green,
And ſent it by this lovely page,
For a preſent to the queen.

In ſummer-time, when leaves grow green,
'Twas a ſeemly ſight to ſee,
How Robin Hood had dreſt himſelf
And all his yeomandree.

He cloathed his men in Lincoln green,
And himſelf in ſcarlet red;
Black hats, white feathers all alike,
Now bold Robin Hood is rid.

And when he came to London court,
He fell down on his knee.
Thou art welcome, Lockſley, ſaid the queen,
And all thy yeomandree.

Come hither, Tepus, ſaid the king,
Bow-bearer after me;
Come meaſure me out with the line,
How long our mark muſt be.

What is this wager? ſaid the queen,
For that I muſt know here;
Three hundred ton of Rheniſh wine,
Three hundred ton of beer,

Three hundred of the fatteſt harts
That run on Dallen lee;
That's a princely wager, ſaid the queen,
That I muſt needs tell thee.

With that beſpoke one Clifton then,
Full quickly and full ſoon,
Meaſure no mark for us, moſt ſovereign liege,
We will ſhoot at ſun and moon.

Full fifteen ſcore your marks ſhall be,
Full fifteen ſcore ſhall ſtand:
I'll lay my bow, ſaid Clifton then,
I'll cleave the willow wand.

With that the king's archers led about,
'Till it was three to one;
With that the ladies began for to ſhout,
Madam, your game is gone.

A boon

A boon, a boon, queen Catherine cries,
I crave it on my knee,
Is there ever a knight of your privy council
On queen Catherine's ſide will be?

Come hither to me, Sir Robert Lee,
Thou art a knight full good;
For I do know by thy pedigree,
Thou ſprung'ſt from Gower's blood.

Come hither to me, thou biſhop of Herefordſhire,
For a noble prieſt was he;
By my ſilver mitre, ſaid the biſhop then,
I'll not bet one penny.

The king has archers of his own
Full ready and full right:
And theſe be ſtrangers every one,
No man knows what they hight.

What wilt thou bet? ſaid Robin Hood,
Thou ſeeſt our game's the worſe.
By my ſilver mitre, then ſaid the biſhop,
All the money within my purſe.

What is in thy purſe? ſaid Robin Hood;
Now throw it on the ground.
Ninety-nine angels, ſaid the biſhop,
It's near an hundred pound.

Robin

Robin Hood took his bag from his ſide,
And threw it on the green;
Will Scarlet then went ſmiling a[illegible]
I know who this money muſt w[illegible]

With that the king's archers led al[illegible]
While it was three to three;
With that the ladies gave a ſhout,
Woodcock, beware thy knee.

It is three to three now, ſaid the king,
The next three pays for all;
Robin Hood went and whiſper'd the queen,
The king's part ſhall be but ſmall.

Then Robin Hood did leap about,
He ſhot it under hand;
And Clifton with a bearing arrow,
He clove the willow wand.

And little Midge, the miller's ſon,
He ſhot not much the worſe;
He ſhot within a finger of the prick;
Now, biſhop, beware thy purſe.

A boon, a boon, queen Catherine cries,
I crave it on my bare knee,
That you will angry be with none
That is of my party.

They

They ſhall have forty days to come,
And forty days to go,
And three times forty to ſport and play;
Then welcome friend or foe.

Thou art welcome, Robin Hood, ſaid the queen,
And ſo is Little John,
And ſo is Midge the miller's ſon:
Thrice welcome every one.

Is this Robin Hood? the king then ſaid,
For it was told to me,
That he is ſlain in the palace gate,
So far in the north country.

Is this Robin Hood? quoth the biſhop then,
As it ſeems well to be;
Had I known it had been that bold outlaw,
I would not have bet one penny.

He took me late one Sunday night,
And bound me faſt to a tree,
And made me ſing a maſs, God wot,
To him and his yeomandree.

What, and if I did, ſays Robin Hood,
Of that maſs I was full fain;
For recompence of that, he ſays,
Here's half thy gold again.

Now

Now nay, now away, ſays Little John,
Maſter, that may not be,
We muſt give gifts to the king's ſelf
That gold will ſerve thee and me.

XXVIII.

Robin Hood's chace; or, a merry progreſs between Robin Hood and king Henry.

COME, you gallants all, to you I call,
That are now in this place;
For a ſong I will ſing of Henry our king,
How he did bold Robin Hood chace.

Queen Catherine ſhe then a match did make,
As plainly doth appear,
For three hundred ton of wine,
And three hundred ton of beer:

But ſhe had her archers to ſeek,
With their bows and arrows ſo good;
But her mind it was bent, with a full intent,
To ſend for bold Robin Hood.

But when bold Robin Hood he came there,
Queen Catherine ſhe did ſay,
Thou art welcome, Lockſley, unto me,
And thou on my part muſt be.

If I miſs the mark, be it light or dark,
And all my yeomen gay,
For a match of ſhooting I have made,
Then hanged will I be.

But when the game came to be play'd,
Bold Robin won it with grace;
But after the king was angry with him,
And vow'd he would him chace.

What tho' his pardon granted was,
While he with him did ſtay;
But yet the king was vex'd at him
When he was gone away.

Soon after the king from court did hie,
In a furious angry mood,
And often enquired both far and near
After bold Robin Hood.

But when the king to Nottingham came,
Bold Robin was in the wood:
O come, ſaid he, and let me ſee
Who can find bold Robin Hood.

But when bold Robin he did hear
The king had him in chace;
Then ſaid Little John, 'Tis time
And that to another place.

And away they went to merry Sherwood,
And into Yorkſhire he did hie;
And the king did follow with a hoop and a hallo,
But could not him come nigh.

Yet jolly Robin he paſſed along,
And went ſtraight to Newcaſtle town;
And there they ſtaid hours two or three,
And then he to Berwick was gone.

When the king did ſee how Robin did flee,
He was vexed wonderous ſore;
With a hoop and a hallo he vowed to follow,
And take him, or never give o'er.

Come now let's away, ſaid Little John,
Let any man follow that dare;
To Carliſle we'll hie, with our company,
And ſo then to Lancaſter.

From Lancaſter then to Cheſter he went,
And ſo did good king Henry;
But Robin went away, for he durſt not ſtay,
For fear of ſome treachery.

Says

Says Robin, Come let us for London go,
To ſee our noble queen's face:
It may be ſhe wants our company,
Which makes the king us chace.

When Robin he came queen Catherine before,
He fell upon his knee;
If it pleaſe your grace, I am come to this place,
To ſpeak with king Henry.

Queen Catherine anſwer'd bold Robin again
The king is gone to merry Sheerwood;
And when he went away, to me he did ſay,
He would go and ſeek Robin Hood.

Then fare you well, my gracious queen,
For to Sheerwood I'll hie apace;
For fain would I ſee what he'd have with me,
If I could but meet with his grace.

But when king Henry he came home,
Full weary, and vex'd in mind;
And that he did hear Robin had been there,
He blamed dame fortune unkind.

You're welcome home, queen Catherine cry'd,
Henry, my ſovereign liege;
Bold Robin Hood, the archer good,
Your perſon hath been to ſeek.

A boon, a boon, queen Catherine cry'd,
I beg it here of your grace,
To pardon his life, and ſeek not ſtrife;
And ſo ends Robin Hood's chaſe.

XXIX.

Robin Hood's golden prize. Shewing how he robb'd two prieſts of five hundred pounds.

I HAVE heard talk of Robin Hood,
And of brave Little John,
Of fryar Tuck, and Will Scarlet,
Locksley, and maid Marrian.

But ſuch a tale as this before,
I think, was never known;
For Robin Hood diſguiſed himſelf,
And from the wood is gone.

Like to a fryar bold Robin Hood
Was accoutred in his array:
With hood, gown, beads, and crucifix,
He paſſed upon the way.

He

He had not gone paſt miles two or three,
But it was his chance to eſpy
Two luſty prieſts clad all in black,
Come riding gallantly.

Benedicite, then ſaid Robin Hood,
Some pity on me take;
Croſs you my hand with a piece of groat,
For our dear lady's ſake:

For I have been wand'ring all this day,
And nothing could I get;
Not ſo much as one poor cup of drink,
Nor bit of bread to eat.

Now by our holy dame, the prieſts reply,
We never a penny have;
For we this morning have been robb'd,
And could no money ſave.

I am much afraid, ſaid bold Robin Hood,
That you do both tell a lye;
And now before you do go hence,
I am reſolv'd to try.

When as the prieſts heard him ſay ſo,
Then they rode away amain;
But Robin Hood betook to his heels,
And ſoon overtook them again.

Then Robin Hood laid hold of them bo[illegible]
And pull'd them down from their [illegible],
O ſpare us, fryar, the prieſt cry'd [illegible]ſe.
On us have ſome remorſe.

You ſaid, you had no mon[illegible];
Wherefore, with[illegible] quoth Robin Hood;
We three will fa[illegible]ay,
And for mone[illegible]upon our knees,
[illegible] will pray.
The prieſts the[illegible]
But down [illegible] could not him gainſay,
Send us, [illegible]hey kneel with ſpeed:
Som[illegible]O ſend us, then quoth they,
T[illegible] money to ſerve our need.

[illegible]he prieſts did pray with mournful chear,
Sometimes their hands did wring;
Sometimes they wept and tore their hair,
Whilſt Robin did merrily ſing.

When they had been praying for an hour's ſpace,
The prieſts did ſtill lament;
Then quoth Robin, Now let us ſee
What money heaven hath us ſent.

We will be ſharers all alike
Of money that we have;
And there is never a one of us
That his fellow ſhall deceive.

The

The prieſts their hands in the pockets put,
But money could find none:
We will ſearch ourſelves, ſaid Robin Hood,
Each other, one by one.

Then Robin Hood took pains to ſearch them,
And found good ſtore of gold;
Five hundred pieces preſently
Upon the graſs he told.

Here is a brave ſhew, ſaid Robin Hood,
Such ſtore of gold to ſee;
And you each one ſhall have a part,
Becauſe you prayed ſo heartily.

He gave them fifty pounds a piece,
And the reſt himſelf did keep:
The prieſts they durſt not ſpeak one word,
But ſighing wond'rous deep.

With that the prieſts roſe from their knees,
Thinking to have parted ſo:
Nay, nay, ſays Robin Hood, one thing more,
I'll have to ſay ere you go:

You ſhall be ſworn, ſays bold Robin Hood,
Upon this holy graſs,
That you will never tell lyes again,
Which way ſoever you do paſs.

The ſecond oath that you here muſt make,
That all the days of your lives,
You never ſhall tempt maids unto ſin,
Nor lie with other men's wives.

The laſt oath you ſhall take, is this,
Be charitable to the poor;
Say you met with a holy fryar,
And I deſire no more.

He ſet them on their horſes again,
And away then they did ride;
And he return'd to the merry green wood,
With great joy, mirth, and pride.

XXX.

Robin Hood reſcuing Will. Stutely from the ſheriff and his men, who had taken him priſoner, and were going to hang him.

WHEN Robin Hood in the green wood ſtood,
Under the green-wood tree,
Tidings there came to him with ſpeed,
Tidings for certainty,

That

Stutely ſurprized was,
That Will. [illegible] priſon lay;
And eke in [illegible]hat the king had hir'd,
Three varlets, [illegible]etray,
Did baſely him b[illegible]

[illegible]ged muſt be,
Ay, and to-morrow han[illegible]is day;
To-morrow as ſoon as [illegible] get,
Before they could the victory
Two of them did Stutely ſlay.

[illegible]s,
When Robin Hood did hear this new
Lord! it did grieve him ſore;
And to his merry men he did ſay,
Who all together ſwore,

That Will. Stutely ſhould reſcu'd be,
And be brought back again;
Or elſe ſhould many a gallant wight
For his ſake there be ſlain:

He cloathed himſelf in ſcarlet then,
His men were all in green;
A finer ſhow throughout the world
In no place could be ſeen.

Good lord! it was a gallant ſight
To ſee them all on a row;
With every man a good broad ſword,
And eke a good yew bow.

Forth of the green wood are they gone,
Yea all courageouſly,
Reſolving to bring Stutely home,
Or every man to die.

And when they came the caſtle
Wherein Will. ſtutely lay
I hold it good, ſaid Rob
We here in ambuſh
And ſend one fo
To yonder
That ſtand
Some
W
Then that ſteps forth a brave young man,
Which was of courage bold:
Thus he did ſpeak to the old man,
I pray thee, palmer old,

Tell me, if thou can rightly ken,
When muſt Will. Stutely die,
Who is one of bold Robin Hood's men,
And here doth priſoner lie.

Alas! alas! the palmer ſaid,
And for ever woe is me!
Will. Stutely hang'd will be this day,
On yonder gallows tree.

O, had

O, had his noble maſter known,
He would ſome ſuccour ſend:
A few of his bold yeomandree
Full ſoon would fetch him hence.

Ay, that is true, the young man ſaid;
Ay, that is true, ſaid he;
Or if they were near to this place,
They ſoon would ſet him free.

But fare thee well, thou good old man,
Farewell, and thanks to thee;
If Stutely hanged be this day,
Reveng'd his death will be.

No ſooner was he from the palmer gone,
But the gates were open'd wide,
And out of the caſtle Will. Stutely came,
Guarded on every ſide.

When he was forth from the caſtle come,
And ſaw no help was nigh;
Thus he did ſay unto the ſheriff,
Thus he ſaid gallantly:

Now ſeeing that I needs muſt die,
Grant me one boon, ſays he;
For my noble maſter ne'er had man
That yet was hang'd on a tree.

Give me a ſword all in my hand,
And let me be unbound,
And with thee and thy men I'll fight,
'Till I lie dead on the ground.

But this deſire he would not grant,
His wiſhes were in vain;
For the ſheriff ſwore he hang'd ſhould be,
And not by the ſword be ſlain.

Do but unbind my hands, he ſays,
I will no weapon crave;
And if I hanged be this day,
Damnation let me have.

O no, no, no, the ſheriff ſaid,
Thou ſhalt on the gallows die;
Ay, and ſo ſhall thy maſter too,
If ever it in me lie.

O daſtard coward, Stutely cries,
Faint-hearted peaſant ſlave!
If ever my maſter do thee meet,
Thou ſhalt thy payment have.

My noble maſter doth thee ſcorn,
And all thy cowardly crew;
Such ſilly imps unable are
Bold Robin to ſubdue.

But when he was to the gallows gone,
And ready to bid adieu,
Out of a bush ſteps Little John,
And comes to Will. Stutely to;

I pray thee, Will. before thou die,
Of thy dear friends take leave:
I needs muſt borrow him awhile;
How ſay you, maſter ſhrieve?

Now, as I live, the ſheriff ſaid,
That varlet will I know:
Some ſturdy rebel is that ſame,
Therefore let him not go.

Then Little John moſt haſtily
Away cut Stutely's bands,
And from one of the ſheriff's men
A ſword twitch'd from his hands.

Here, Will. take thou this ſame,
Thou can'ſt it better ſway;
And here defend thyſelf awhile,
For aid will come ſtraitway.

And there they turn'd them back to back,
In the midſt of them, that day,
'Till Robin Hood approached near,
With many an archer gay.

With

With that an arrow from them flew.
I wiſt from Robin Hood:
Make haſte, make haſte, the ſheriff he ſaid;
Make haſte, for it is not good.

The ſheriff is gone, and his doughty men
Thought it no boot to ſtay;
But, as their maſter had them taught,
They ran full faſt away.

O ſtay, O ſtay, Will. Stutely ſaid,
Take leave ere you depart:
You never will catch bold Robin Hood,
Unleſs you dare him meet.

O ill betide you, ſaid Robin Hood,
That you ſo ſoon are gone;
My ſword may in the ſcabbard reſt,
For here our work is done.

I little thought, Will. Stutely ſaid,
When I came to this place,
For to have met with Little John,
Or ſeen my maſter's face.

Thus Stutely was at liberty ſet,
And ſafe brought from his foe:
O thanks, O thanks to my maſter,
Since here it was not ſo.

And

And once again, my fellows all,
We ſhall in the green wood meet,
Where we will make our bow-ſtrings twang,
Muſic for us moſt ſweet.

XXXI.

The noble Fiſher-man: or, Robin Hood's preferment.

IN ſummer time when leaves grow green,
When they do grow both green and long,
Of a bold outlaw call'd Robin Hood,
It is of him I ſing this ſong.

When the lilly leaf, and cowſlip ſweet
Both bud and ſpring with merry cheer,
This outlaw was weary of the wood ſide,
And a chaſing of the king's deer.

The fiſhermen brave more money have
Than any merchant, two or three;
Therefore I will to Scarborough go,
That I a fiſherman may be.

This

This outlaw call'd his merry men all,
As they ſet under the green-wood tree:
If any of you have gold to ſpend,
I pray you heartily ſpend it with me.

Now, quoth Robin Hood, I'll to Scarborough go,
It ſeems to be a very fine day:
He took up his inn at a widow woman's houſe,
Hard by the waters gray.

Who aſked him, Where wert thou born?
O tell me where thou doſt fare?
I am a poor fiſherman, ſaid he then,
This day intrapped all in care.

What is thy name, thou fine fellow?
I pray thee heartily tell to me.
In mine own country, where I was born,
Men call me Simon over the Lee.

Simon, Simon, ſaid the good wife;
I wiſh thou may'ſt well brook thy name.
The outlaw was aware of her courteſy,
And rejoiced he had got ſuch a dame.

Simon, wilt thou be my man?
And good round wages I'll give thee;
I have a good ſhip of my own,
As any that ſails upon the ſea.

Anchors

Anchors and planks thou ſhalt want none,
Maſts and planks that are ſo long.
And if that thou wilt furniſh me,
Said Simon, nothing ſhall go wrong.

They pluck'd up anchor, and away did ſail,
More of a day than two or three;
When others caſt in their baited hooks,
The bare lines into the ſea caſt he.

It will be long, ſaid the maſter then,
Ere this great lubber do thrive on the ſea;
He ſhall have no ſhare in our fiſh,
For in truth he is in no part worthy.

O woe is me, ſaid Simon then,
This day that I ever came here;
I wiſh I were in Plumpton-park,
Chaſing of the fallow deer:

For every clown laugheth me to ſcorn,
And by me ſets nothing at all;
If I had them in Plumpton-park,
I would ſet as little by them all.

They pluck'd up anchor, and away did ſail,
More of a day than two or three;
But Simon 'ſpy'd a ſhip of war,
That ſail'd toward them vigorouſly.

O woe is me, ſaid the maſter then,
This day that ever I was born;
For all the fiſh that we have got
Is every bit loſt and forlorn!

For theſe French robbers on the ſea
They will not ſpare of us one man,
But carry us to the coaſt of France,
And lay us in a priſon ſtrong.

But Simon ſaid, Do not fear them,
Neither, maſter, take you care;
Give me a bent bow in my hand,
And never a Frenchman will I ſpare.

Hold thy peace, thou long lubber,
For thou art nought but brags and boaſt:
If I ſhould caſt you over board,
There is but a ſimple lubber loſt.

Simon grew angry at theſe words,
And ſo angry then was he:
Then he took his bent bow in his hand,
And in the ſhip hatch goeth he.

Maſter, tye me to the maſt, he ſaid,
That at my mark I may ſtand fair,
And give me my bent bow in my hand,
And never a Frenchman will I ſpare.

He drew his arrow to the head,
And drew it with might and main;
And ſtrait, in the twinkling of an eye,
To the Frenchman's heart the arrow gain.

The Frenchmen fall down on the hatch,
And under the hatches down below;
Another Frenchman that him eſpy'd,
The dead corpſe into the ſea did throw.

O maſter, looſe me from the maſt, he ſaid,
And for them all take you no care;
And give me my bent bow in my hand,
And never a Frenchman will I ſpare.

Then ſtrait he boarded the French ſhip,
They lying all dead in their ſight;
They found within their ſhip of war
Twelve thouſand pounds of money bright.

The one half of the ſhip, ſaid Simon then,
I'll give to my dame and children ſma
The other half of the ſhip I'll give
To you, that are my fellows all.

But now beſpoke the maſter then,
For ſo, Simon, it ſhall not be;
For if you have won it with your hands,
And the owner of it you muſt be;

It ſhall be ſo as I have ſaid,
And with this gold for the oppreſt
An habitation will I build,
Where they ſhall live in peace and reſt.

XXXII.

Robin Hood's delight; or, a new combat fought between Robin Hood, Little John, and Will. Scarlet, with three ſtout keepers in Sheerwood foreſt.

THERE's ſome will talk of lords and knights,
And ſome of yeomen good:
But I will tell you of Will. Scarlet,
Little John and Robin Hood.

They were outlaws, as it was well known,
And men of noble blood;
And many a time their valour was ſhown
In the foreſt of merry Sheerwood.

Upon a time it chanced ſo,
As Robin would have it be,
They all three would a walking go,
The paſtime for to ſee.

And as they walked the foreſt along;
Upon a midſummer's day,
There was he aware of three foreſters,
Clad all in green array.

With brave long achions by their ſides,
And foreſt bills in their hands,
They called aloud to theſe outlaws,
And charged them to ſtand.

Why, who are you? cry'd bold Robin,
That ſpeak ſo boldly here;
We three belong to king Henry,
And keepers of his deer.

The devil you are, ſays Robin Hood,
I am ſure it is not ſo;
We be the keepers of this foreſt,
And that you ſoon ſhall know.

Your coats of green lay on the ground,
And ſo we will all three,
And take your ſwords and bucklers round,
And try the victory.

We be content, the keepers ſaid,
We be three and no leſs;
Then why ſhould we of you be afraid,
As we never did tranſgreſs?

Why, if you be keepers in this foreſt,
We be three rangers good,
And will make you know, before you do go,
You met with bold Robin Hood.

We be content; thou bold outlaw,
Our valour here to try,
And will make you know, before you do go,
We will fight before we fly.

Then, come draw your ſwords, you bold outlaws,
No longer ſtand to prate,
But let us try it ſtrait with blows,
For cowards we do hate.

Here is one for Will. Scarlet,
And another for Little John,
And I myſelf for Robin Hood,
Becauſe he is ſtout and ſtrong.

So they fell to it full hard and ſore,
It was on a midſummer day;
From eight of the clock, 'till two and paſt,
They all ſhew'd gallant play.

There Robin, Will. and Little John,
They fought moſt manfully,
'Till all their wind was ſpent and gone,
Then Robin aloud did cry:

O hold,

O hold, O hold, cries bold Robin,
I ſee you be ſtout men;
Let me blow one blaſt on my bugle horn,
Then I'll fight with you again.

That bargain is to make, Robin Hood,
Therefore we it deny;
Thy blaſt upon the bugle horn
Cannot make us fight or fly.

Therefore fall on, or elſe be gone,
And yield to us the day:
It never ſhall be ſaid that we are afraid
Of thee, or thy yeomen gay.

If that be ſo, cries Robin Hood,
Let me but know your names,
And in the foreſt of merry Sheerwood,
I ſhall extol your fames.

And with our names, one of them ſaid,
What haſt thou here to do?
Except thou will now fight it out,
Our names thou ſhalt not know.

We'll fight no more, ſays bold Robin Hood,
You be men of valour ſtout;
Come and go with me to Nottingham,
And there we will fight it out.

With a but of ſack we will bang it about,
To ſee who wins the day;
And for the coſt make you no doubt,
I have gold enough to pay:

And ever hereafter as long as we live,
We all will brethren be;
For I love thoſe men with heart and hand,
That will fight and never flee.

So away they went to Nottingham,
With ſack to make amends;
In three days they the wine did chace,
And drank themſelves good friends.

XXXIII.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BEGGAR.

COME light and liſten, you gentlemen all,
That mirth do love for to hear,
And a ſtory true I'll tell to you,
If that you will but draw near.

In elder times when merriment were,
And archery was holden good,
There was an outlaw, as many do know,
Which men call Robin Hood.

Upon a time it chanced ſo,
Bold Robin was merry diſpos'd,
His time for to ſpend he did intend,
Either with friends or foes.

Then he got up on a gallant ſteed,
The which was worth angels ten,
With a mantle of green, moſt brave to be ſeen,
He left all his merry men.

And riding towards Nottingham,
Some paſtime for to 'ſpy,
There was he aware of a jolly beggar
As e'er he beheld with his eye.

An old patch'd coat the beggar had on,
Which he daily did uſe for to wear;
And many a bag about him did wag,
Which made Robin Hood to him repair.

God ſpeed, God ſpeed, ſaid Robin Hood then,
What countryman? tell unto me.
I am Yorkſhire, ſir, but ere you go far,
Some charity give unto me.

I have no money, ſaid Robin Hood then,
But a ranger within the wood;
I am an outlaw, as many do know,
My name is Robin Hood.

But yet I muſt tell thee, bonny beggar,
That a bout with thee I muſt try;
Thy coat of grey lay down, I ſay,
And my mantle of green ſhall lie by.

Content, content, the beggar he cry'd,
Thy part it will be the worſe;
For I hope this bout to give thee the rout,
And then have at thy purſe.

The beggar he had a mickle long ſtaff,
And Robin he had a nut-brown ſword;
The beggar drew nigh, and at Robin let fly,
But gave him never a word.

Fight on, fight on, ſaid Robin Hood then,
This game well pleaſeth me;
For every blow that Robin gave,
The beggar gave buffets three.

And fighting there full hardy and fore,
Not far from Nottingham town,
They never fled 'till from Robin Hood's head
The blood it run trickling down.

O hold

O hold thy hand, ſaid Robin Hood,
And thou and I will agree:
If that be true, the beggar he ſaid,
Thy mantle come give unto me.

Now a change, a change, ſaid Robin Hood,
Thy bags and coat give me;
And this mantle of mine I'll to thee reſign,
My horſe and my bravery.

Then Robin had got the beggar's cloaths,
He looked round about;
Methinks, ſaid he, I ſeem to be
A beggar brave and ſtout.

For now I have a bag for my bread,
So I have another for my corn:
I have one for ſalt, and another for malt,
And one for my little horn.

And now I will a begging go,
Some charity for to find;
And if any more of Robin you'll know,
In the ſecond part it's behind.

Now Robin he is to Nottingham bound,
With his bag hanging down to his knee,
His ſtaff and his coat ſcarce worth a groat,
Yet merrily paſſed he.

As Robin he paſſed the ſtreets along,
He heard a pitiful cry;
Three brethren dear, as he did hear,
Condemned were to die.

Then Robin he hied to the ſheriff's houſe,
Some relief for to ſeek:
He ſkipt and leap'd and caper'd full high,
As he went along the ſtreet.

But when to the ſheriff's houſe he came,
There a gentleman fine and brave,
Thou beggar, ſaid he, come tell unto me
What is it thou would'ſt have.

No meat, nor drink, ſaid Robin Hood then,
That I come here to crave;
But to get the lives of yeomen three,
And that I fain would have.

That cannot be, thou bold beggar,
Their fact it is ſo clear;
I tell to thee, they hang'd muſt be,
For ſtealing our king's deer.

But when to the gallows they did come,
There was many a weeping eye;
O hold your peace, ſaid Robin Hood then,
For certain they ſhall not die.

Then

Then Robin he ſet his horn to his mouth,
And he blew out blaſts three,
'Till a hundred bold archers brave
Came kneeling down to his knee.

What is your will, maſter? ſaid they,
We are at thy command:
Shoot eaſt, ſhoot weſt, ſaid Robin then,
And ſee you ſpare no man.

Then they ſhot eaſt, and they ſhot weſt,
Their arrows were ſo keen;
The ſheriff he, and his company,
No longer could be ſeen.

Then he ſtept to thoſe brethren three,
And away he has them ta'en;
The ſheriff he was croſt, and many a man loſt,
That lay dead on the plain.

And away they went to the merry green wood,
And ſung with a merry glee,
And Robin Hood took theſe three brethren good,
To be of his yeomandree.

XXXIV.

Robin Hood, Will. Scarlet, and Little John; or, a narrative of the victory obtained againſt the prince of Arragon and the two giants; and how Will. Scarlet married the princeſs.

NOW Robin Hood, Will. Scarlet and Little John,
Are walking over the plain,
With a good fat buck, which Will. Scarlet
With his ſtrong bow had ſlain.

Jog on, jog on, cries Robin Hood,
The day it runs full faſt;
For tho' my nephew me a breakfaſt gave,
I have not broke my faſt.

Then to yonder lodge let us take our way,
I think it wond'rous good,
Where my nephew, my bold yeomen,
Shall be welcom'd unto the green wood.

With that he took the bugle horn,
Full well he could it blow;
Strait from the woods came marching down
One hundred tall fellows and mo.

Stand, ſtand to your arms, cries Will. Scarlet,
Lo the enemies are within ken:
With that Robin Hood he laughed aloud,
Crying, they are my bold yeomen.

Who when they arriv'd, and Robin eſpy'd,
Crying, Maſter, what is your will?
We thought you had in danger been,
Your horn did ſound ſo ſhrill.

Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin Hood,
The danger is paſt and gone;
I would have you welcome, my nephew here,
That has paid me two for one.

In feaſting and ſporting they ſpent the day,
'Till Phœbus ſunk into the deep;
Then each one to his quarters hy'd,
His guard there for to keep.

Long had they not walked within the green wood
But Robin he was eſpy'd
Of a beautiful damſel all alone,
That on a black palfrey did ride.

Her riding-ſuit was of ſable-hue black,
Cyprus over her face,
Through which her roſe-like cheeks did bluſh,
All with a comely grace.

Come

Come tell me the cauſe, thou pretty one,
Quoth Robin, and tell me right,
From whence thou com'ſt, and whither thou go'ſt,
All in this mournful plight?

From London I came, the damſel reply'd,
From London upon the Thames,
Which circuled is, O grief to tell!
Beſieg'd with foreign arms,

By the proud prince of Arragon,
Who ſwears by his martial hand,
To have the princeſs to his ſpouſe,
Or elſe to waſte this land.

Except the champion can be found,
That dare fight three to three,
Againſt the prince and giants twain,
Moſt horrid for to ſee;

Whoſe griſly looks, and eyes like brands,
Strike terror where they come,
With ſerpents hiſſing on their helms,
Inſtead of feather'd plume.

The princeſs ſhall be the victor's prize,
The king hath vow'd and ſaid;
And he that ſhall the conqueſt win,
Shall have her to his bride.

Now

Now we are four damſels ſent abroad,
To the eaſt, weſt, north, and ſouth,
To try whoſe fortune is ſo good,
To bring theſe champions forth:

But all in vain we have ſought about;
But none ſo bold there are,
That dare adventure life and blood,
To free a lady fair.

When is the day? quoth Robin Hood;
Tell me this, and no more.
On midſummer next, the damſel ſaid,
Which is in June, twenty-four.

With that the tears trickled down her cheeks,
And ſilent was her tongue;
With ſighs and ſobs ſhe took her leave,
And away her palfrey ſprung.

This news ſtruck Robin to the heart,
He fell down on the graſs;
His actions, and his troubled mind,
Shew'd he perplexed was.

Where lies your grief? quoth Will. Scarlet,
O maſter, tell to me;
If the damſel's eyes have pierc'd your heart,
I'll fetch her back to thee.

Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin Hood,
She does not cauſe my ſmart;
But 'tis the poor diſtreſs'd princeſs
That wounds me to the heart:

I'll go and fight the giants all,
To ſet the lady free.
The d—l take my ſoul, quoth Little John,
If I part with thy company.

Muſt I ſtay behind? quoth Will. Scarlet,
No, no, that muſt not be;
I'll make the third man in the fight,
So we ſhall be three to three.

Theſe words cheer'd Robin to the heart,
Joy ſhone upon his face;
Within his arms he hugg'd them both,
And kindly did embrace.

Quoth he, We'll put on motley grey,
With long ſtaves in our hands,
A ſcrip and bottle by our ſides,
As come from the Holy Lands.

So may we paſs along the highway,
None will aſk us from whence we came,
But take us pilgrims for to be,
Or elſe ſome holy men.

Now they are on their journey gone,
As faſt as they may ſped;
Yet for all their haſte, ere they arriv'd,
The princeſs forth was led,

To be deliver'd to the prince,
Who in the liſt did ſtand,
Prepar'd to fight, or elſe receive
His lady by the hand.

With that he walk'd about the liſt,
With giants by his ſide;
Bring forth, ſaid he, your champions,
Or bring me forth my bride:

This is the four and twentieth day,
The day prefix'd upon;
Bring forth my bride, or London burns,
I ſwear by Alcaron.

Then cries the king, and queen likewiſe,
Both weeping as they ſpake,
Lo! we have brought our daughter dear,
Whom we are forc'd to forſake.

With that ſtept out bold Robin Hood,
Cries, My liege, it muſt not be ſo;
Such beauty as the fair princeſs
Is not for a tyrant's mow.

The prince he then begun to ſtorm,
Cries, Fool, fanatick, baboon!
How dare you ſtop my valour's prize?
I'll kill thee with a frown.

Thou tyrant, Turk, thou infidel,
Thus Robin began to reply,
Thy frowns I ſcorn; lo! here's my gage,
And thus I thee defy.

And for thoſe two Goliahs there,
That ſtand on either ſide,
Here are two little Davids by
That ſoon can tame their pride.

Then the king did for armour ſend,
For lances, ſwords, and ſhields;
And thus all three in armour bright
Came marching into the field.

The trumpets began to ſound a charge,
Each ſingled out his man;
Their arms in pieces ſoon were hew'd,
Blood ſprang from every vein.

The prince reach'd Robin Hood a blow,
He ſtruck with might and main,
Which made him reel about the field,
As though he had been ſlain.

God-

God-a-mercy, quoth Robin, for that blow
The quarrel ſhall ſoon be try'd;
This ſtroke ſhall ſhew a full divorce
Betwixt thee and thy bride.

So from his ſhoulders he cut his head,
Which on the ground did fall,
And grumbled ſore at Robin Hood,
To be ſo dealt withal.

The giants then began to rage
To ſee their prince lie dead;
Thou wilt be the next, ſays Little John,
Unleſs thou guard thy head.

With that his falchion he whirl'd about,
It was both keen and ſharp;
He clave the giant to the belt,
And cut in twain his heart.

Will. Scarlet well had play'd his part,
The giant he brought to his knee;
Quoth Will. The devil cannot break his faſt,
Unleſs he have you all three.

So with his falchion he run him through,
A deep and ghaſtly wound;
Who damn'd and foam'd, curs'd and blaſphem'd,
And then fell to the ground.

Now all the liſts with ſhouts were fill'd,
The ſkies they did reſound,
Which brought the princeſs to herſelf,
Who had fallen into a ſwoon.

The king and queen, and princeſs fair,
Came walking to the place,
And gave the champions many thanks,
And did them farther grace.

Tell me, quoth the king, whence you are,
That thus diſguiſed came,
Whoſe valour ſpeaks that noble blood
Doth run through every vein.

A boon, a boon, quoth Robin Hood,
On my knees I beg and crave.
By my crown, quoth the king, I grant;
Aſk what, and thou ſhalt have.

Then pardon I beg for my merry men,
Which are in the green wood,
For Little John and Will. Scarlet,
And for me, bold Robin Hood.

Art thou Robin Hood? quoth the king;
For thy valour thou haſt ſhewn,
Your pardon I do freely grant,
And welcome every one.

The princeſs I promiſe the victor's prize;
She cannot have you all three.
She ſhall chuſe, quoth Robin; ſaid Little John,
Then little ſhare falls to me.

Then did the princeſs view all three,
With a comely lovely grace,
And took Will. Scarlet by the hand,
Saying, Here I make my choice.

With that a noble lord ſtept forth,
Of Maxfield earl was he,
Who look'd Will. Scarlet in the face,
Then wept moſt bitterly.

Quoth he, I had a ſon like thee,
Whom I lov'd wond'rous well;
But he is gone, or rather dead,
His name it is young Gamewell.

Then did Will. Scarlet fall on his knees,
Cries, Father, father, here,
Here kneels your ſon, your young Gamewell,
You ſaid, you lov'd ſo dear.

But, lord, what embracing and kiſſing was there
When all theſe friends were met!
They are gone to the wedding, and ſo to the bedding,
And ſo I bid you good night.

XXXV.

LITTLE JOHN AND THE FOUR BEGGARS.

ALL you that delight for to ſpend ſome time,
A merry ſong for to ſing,
Unto me draw near, and you ſhall hear
How Little John went a begging.

As Robin Hood walked the foreſt along,
And all his yeomandree,
Says Robin, Some of you a begging muſt go,
And, Little John, it muſt be thee.

Says John, If I muſt a begging go,
I will have a palmer's weed,
With a ſtaff and a coat, and bags of all ſorts,
The better then ſhall I ſpeed.

Come now, give me a bag for my bread,
And another for my cheeſe,
And one for a penny, if I get any,
That nothing I may leeſe.

Now

Now Little John is a begging gone,
Seeking for ſome relief;
But of all the beggars he met on the way,
Little John he was the chief.

But as he was walking himſelf alone,
Four beggars he chanced to ſpy,
Some deaf, ſome blind, ſome came behind;
Says John, Here is a brave company.

Good-morrow, ſaid John, my brethren dear,
Good fortune I had you to ſee;
Which way do you go? pray let me know,
For I want ſome company.

O, what is here to do? ſaid Little John:
Why ring all theſe bells? ſaid he,
What dog is hanging? Come let us be ganging,
That we the truth may ſee.

Here is no dog, one of them ſaid,
Good fellow, I tell unto thee;
But here is one dead, that will give us cheeſe and bread,
And it may be one ſingle penny.

We have brethren in London, another ſaid,
So we have at Coventry,
In Berwick and Dover, and all the wood over,
But ne'er a crook'd carl like thee.

Therefore ſtand thee back, thou crooked carl,
And take that knock on the crown:
Nay, ſays Little John, I'll not be gone,
For a bout I will have of you round.

Now have at you all, ſaid Little John,
If you be ſo full of your blows;
Fight on all four, and never give o'er,
Whether you be friends or foes.

John nipped the dumb, and made him to roar,
And the blind that could not ſee;
And he that a cripple had been for ſeven years,
He made run faſter than he;

And flinging them all againſt the wall,
With many a ſturdy bang,
It made John to ſing, to hear the gold ring,
And againſt the walls cry twang.

Then he got out of the beggar's cloak
Three hundred pounds in gold;
Good fortune had I, ſaid Little John,
Such a ſight for to behold.

But found he in the beggar's bag
But three hundred and three:
If I drink water while this doth laſt,
Then an ill death may I die!

And my begging trade I will now give o'er,
My fortune hath been ſo good:
Therefore I will not ſtay, but I will away
To the foreſt of merry Sheerwood.

And when to the foreſt of Sheerwood he came,
He quickly there did ſee
Bold Robin Hood, his maſter good,
And all his company.

What news? what news? ſaid Robin Hood,
Come, Little John, tell unto me,
How haſt thou ſped with thy beggar's trade,
For that I fain would ſee?

No news, but good, ſaid Little John,
With begging full well have I ſped;
Three hundred and three I have here for thee,
In ſilver, and gold ſo red.

When Robin Hood took Little John by the hand,
And danced about the oak-tree:
If we drink water while this doth laſt,
Then an ill death may we die!

So to conclude my merry new ſong,
All you that delight to ſing,
'Tis of Robin Hood, that archer good,
And how Little John went a begging.

XXXVI.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE RANGER.

WHEN Phœbus had melted the ſickles of ice,
And likewiſe the mountains of ſnow,
Bold Robin Hood he would ramble to ſee,
To frolick abroad with his bow.

He left all his merry men waiting behind,
Whilſt through the green vallies he paſs'd,
Where did he behold a foreſter bold,
Who cry'd out, Friend, whither ſo faſt?

I am going, quoth Robin, to kill a fat buck,
For me and my merry men all;
Beſides, ere I go, I'll have a fat doe,
Or elſe it ſhall coſt me a fall.

You'd beſt have a care, ſaid the foreſter then,
For theſe are his majeſty's deer;
Before you ſhall ſhoot, the thing I'll diſpute,
For I am head foreſter here.

These thirteen long ſummers, ſaid Robin, I'm ſure,
My arrows I here have let fly,
Where freely I range; methinks it is ſtrange
You ſhould have more power than I.

This foreſt, quoth Robin, I think is my own,
And ſo are the nimble deer too;
Therefore I declare, and ſolemnly ſwear,
I'll not be affronted by you.

The foreſter he had a long quarter-ſtaff,
Likewiſe a broad ſword by his ſide;
Without more ado, he preſently drew,
Declaring the truth ſhould be try'd.

Bold Robin Hood had a ſword of the beſt:
Thus, ere he would take any wrong,
His courage was fluſh, he'd venture a bruſh,
And thus they went to it ding-dong.

The very firſt blow that the foreſter gave,
He made his broad weapon cry twang:
'Twas over the head, he fell down for dead;
O, that was a damnable bang!

But Robin he ſoon did recover himſelf,
And bravely fell to it again;
The very next ſtroke their weapons they broke,
Yet never a man there was ſlain.

At quarter-ſtaff then they reſolved to play,
Becauſe they would have the other bout;
And brave Robin Hood right valiantly ſtood
Unwilling he was to give out.

Bold Robin he gave him very hard blows,
The other return'd them as faſt;
At every ſtroke their jackets did ſmoke;
Three hours the combat did laſt.

At length in a rage the bold foreſter grew,
And cudgell'd bold Robin ſo ſore,
That he could not ſtand; ſo ſhaking his hand,
He ſaid, Let us freely give o'er:

Thou art a brave fellow; I needs muſt confeſs
I never knew any ſo good:
Thou art fit to be a yeoman for me,
And range in the merry green-wood:

I'll give thee this ring as a token of love,
For bravely thou haſt acted thy part;
That man that can fight, in him I delight,
And love him with all my whole heart.

Then Robin Hood ſetting his horn to his mouth,
A blaſt he merrily blew;
His yeomen did hear, and ſtrait did appear,
A hundred with truſty long bows.

Now

Now Little John came at the head of them all,
Cloath'd in a rich mantle of green;
And likewiſe the reſt were glorioufly dreſt,
A delicate ſight to be ſeen!

Lo! theſe are my yeomen, ſays Robin Hood,
Thou ſhalt be one of the train:
A mantle and bow, and quiver alſo,
I give them whom I entertain.

The foreſter willingly enter'd the liſt,
They were ſuch a beautiful ſight.
Then with a long bow they ſhot a fat doe,
And made a rich ſupper that night.

What ſinging and dancing was in the green wood,
For joy of another new mate!
With might and delight they ſpent all the night,
And liv'd at a plentiful rate.

The foreſter ne'er was ſo merry before,
As then he was with theſe brave ſouls,
Who never would fail, in wine, beer, or ale,
To take off theſe cheriſhing bowls.

Then Robin Hood gave him a mantle of green,
Broad arrows, and a curious long bow:
This done, the next day, ſo gallant and gay,
He marched them all on a row.

Quoth

Quoth he, My bold yeomen, be true to your truſt,
And then we may range the woods wide;
They all did declare, and ſolemnly ſwear,
They'd conquer, or die by his ſide.

XXXVII.

ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN.

WHEN Robin Hood was about twenty years old,
He happened to meet Little John,
A jolly briſk blade, right fit for the trade,
For he was a luſty young man.

Tho' he was call'd Little, his limbs they were large,
And his ſtature was ſeven foot high:
Where ever he came, they quak'd at his name,
For ſoon he would make them to fly.

How they came acquainted I'll tell you in brief,
If you would but liſten awhile;
For this very jeſt, among all the reſt,
I think, may cauſe you to ſmile.

For

For Robin Hood ſaid to his jolly bowmen,
Pray tarry you here in this grove,
And ſee that you all obſerve well his call,
While thorough the foreſt I rove.

We have had no ſport theſe fourteen long days,
Therefore now abroad will I go;
Now ſhould I be beat, and cannot retreat,
My horn I will preſently blow.

Then did he ſhake hands with his merry men all,
And bid them at preſent good-bye;
Then as near a brook his journey he took,
A ſtranger he chanc'd to eſpy.

They happen'd to meet on a long narrow bridge,
And neither of them would give way;
Quoth bold Robin Hood, and ſturdily ſtood,
I'll ſhew you right Nottingham play.

With that from his quiver an arrow he drew,
A broad arrow with a gooſe wing:
The ſtranger reply'd, I'll liker thy hide,
If thou offer to touch the ſtring.

Quoth bold Robin Hood, Thou doſt prate like an aſs,
For, were I to bend but my bow,
I could ſend a dart quite through thy proud heart,
Before thou could'ſt ſtrike me one blow.

Thou talk'ſt like a coward, the ſtranger reply'd,
Well arm'd with a long bow you ſtand,
To ſhoot at my breaſt, while I, I proteſt,
Have nought but a ſtaff in my hand.

The name of a coward, quoth Robin, I ſcorn,
Therefore my long bow I'll lay by;
And now, for thy ſake, a ſtaff I will take,
The truth of thy manhood to try.

Then Robin Hood ſtept to a thicket of trees,
And choſe him a ſtaff of ground oak;
Now this being done, away he did run
To the ſtranger, and merrily ſpoke:

Lo! ſee my ſtaff is luſty and tough:
Now, here on this bridge we will play;
Whoever falls in, the other ſhall win
The battle, and ſo we'll away.

With all my whole heart, the ſtranger reply'd,
I ſcorn in the leaſt to give out.
This ſaid, they fell to't without more diſpute,
And their ſtaffs they did flouriſh about.

At firſt Robin gave the ſtranger a bang,
So hard that he made his bones ring:
The ſtranger he ſaid, This muſt be repaid,
I'll give you as good as you bring.

So long as I'm able to handle a ſtaff,
To die in your debt, friend, I ſcorn:
Then to it both goes, and follow their blows,
As if they had been threſhing of corn.

The ſtranger gave Robin a crack on the crown,
Which cauſed the blood to appear;
Then Robin enrag'd more fiercely engag'd,
And follow'd his blows more ſevere.

So thick and ſo faſt he did lay it on him,
With a paſſionate fury and ire;
At every ſtroke he made him to ſmoke,
As if he had been all on fire.

O then in a fury the ſtranger he grew,
And gave him a damnable look;
And with a blow, which laid him full low,
And tumbled him into the brook,

I prithee, good fellow, where art thou now?
The ſtranger, in laughter, he cry'd:
Quoth bold Robin Hood, Good faith, in the flood,
And floating along with the tide:

I needs muſt acknowledge thou art a brave ſoul,
With thee I'll no longer contend;
For needs muſt I ſay thou haſt got the day,
Our battle ſhall be at an end.

Then

Then unto the bank he did preſently wade,
And pull'd him out by a thorn;
Which done, at the laſt he blew a loud blaſt
Straitway on his fine bugle horn:

The echo of which through the vallies did ring,
At which his ſtout bowmen appear'd,
All cloathed in green, moſt gay to be ſeen;
So up to their maſter they ſteer'd.

O what is the matter? quoth Will. Stutely,
Good maſter, you are wet to ſkin:
No matter, quoth he, the lad that you ſee,
In fighting hath tumbled me in.

He ſhall not go ſcot-free, the others reply'd;
So ſtrait they were ſeizing him there,
To duck him likewiſe: but Robin Hood cries,
He is a ſtout fellow, forbear.

There's no one ſhall wrong thee, friend, be not afraid;
Theſe bowmen upon me do wait:
There's threeſcore and nine; if thou wilt be mine,
Thou ſhalt have my livery ſtrait,

And other accoutrements fitting alſo:
Speak up, jolly blade, never fear;
I'll teach you alſo the uſe of the bow,
To ſhoot at the fat fallow deer.

O here

O here is my hand, the ſtranger reply'd,
I'll ſerve you with all my whole heart:
My name is John Little, a man of good mettle;
Ne'er doubt me, for I'll play my part.

His name ſhall be alter'd, quoth Will. Stutely,
And I will his godfather be;
Prepare then a feaſt, and none of the leaſt,
For we will be merry, quoth he.

They preſently fetch'd him a brace of fat does,
With humming ſtrong liquor likewiſe:
They lov'd what was good; ſo in the green wood
This pretty ſweet babe they baptiz'd.

He was, I muſt tell you, but ſeven feet high,
And may be an ell in the waiſt;
He was a ſweet lad; much feaſting they had,
Bold Robin the chriſtening grac'd,

With all his bowmen, which ſtood in a ring,
And were of the Nottingham breed.
Brave Stutely came then with ſeven yeomen,
And did in this manner proceed:

This infant was called John Little, quoth he,
Which name ſhall be changed anon:
The words we'll tranſpoſe; ſo wherever he goes,
His name ſhall be call'd Little John.

They all with a ſhout made the elements ring,
So ſoon as the office was o'er;
To feaſting they went, with true merriment,
And tippled ſtrong liquors gillore.

Then Robin he took the pretty ſweet babe,
And cloath'd him from top to toe
In garments of green moſt gay to be ſeen,
And gave him a curious long bow.

Thou ſhalt be an archer as well as the beſt,
And range in the green wood with us,
Where we will not want gold nor ſilver, behold,
While biſhops have ought in their purſe.

We live here like 'ſquires or lords of renown,
Without e'er a foot of free land;
We feaſt on good cheer, with wine, ale, and beer,
And every thing at our command.

Then muſick and dancing did finiſh the day:
At length, when the ſun waxed low,
Then all the whole train the grove did refrain,
And unto their caves they did go.

And ſo ever after, as long as they liv'd,
Although he be proper and tall,
Yet nevertheleſs, the truth to expreſs,
Still Little John they did him call.

XXXVIII.

The biſhop of Hereford's entertainment by Robin Hood and Little John, &c. in merry Barnſdale.

SOME they will talk of bold Robin Hood,
And ſome of barons bold;
But I'll tell you how they ſerv'd the biſhop of Hereford.
When he robb'd him of his gold.

As it befell in merry Barnſdale,
And under the green-wood tree,
The biſhop of Hereford was to come by,
With all his company.

Come kill a ven'ſon, ſaid bold Robin Hood,
Come kill me a good fat deer;
The biſhop of Hereford is to dine with me to-day,
And he ſhall pay well for his cheer.

We'll kill a fat ven'ſon, ſaid bold Robin Hood,
And dreſs it by the highway ſide;
And we will watch the biſhop narrowly,
Leſt ſome other way he ſhould ride.

Robin Hood dreſs'd himſelf in ſhepherd's attire,
With ſix of his men alſo;
And when the biſhop of Hereford came by,
They about the fire did go.

O what is the matter? then ſaid the biſhop,
Or for whom do you make this ado?
Or why do you kill the king's ven'ſon,
When your company is ſo few?

We are ſhepherds, ſaid bold Robin Hood,
And we keep ſheep all the year;
And we are diſpoſed to be merry this day,
And to kill of the king's fat deer.

You are brave fellows, ſaid the biſhop,
And the king of your doings ſhall know;
Therefore make haſte, and come along with me,
For before the king you ſhall go.

O pardon, O pardon, ſaid bold Robin Hood,
O pardon, I thee pray;
For it becomes not your lordſhip's coat
To take ſo many lives away.

No pardon, no pardon, ſays the biſhop,
No pardon I thee owe;
Therefore make haſte, and come along with me,
For before the king you ſhall go.

Then

Then Robin he ſet his back againſt a tree,
And his foot againſt a thorn;
And from underneath his ſhepherd's coat
He pull'd out a bugle horn.

He put the little end to his mouth,
And a loud blaſt he did blow,
'Till threeſcore and ten of bold Robin's men
Came running all on a row;

All making obeyſance to bold Robin Hood,
'Twas a comely ſight to ſee.
What is the matter, maſter, ſaid Little John,
That you blow ſo haſtily?

O here is the biſhop of Hereford,
And no pardon we ſhall have.
Cut off his head, maſter, ſaid Little John,
And throw him into his grave.

O pardon, O pardon, ſaid the biſhop,
O pardon, I thee pray;
For if I had known it had been you,
I'd have gone ſome other way.

No pardon, no pardon, ſaid Robin Hood,
No pardon I thee owe;
Therefore make haſte, and come along with me,
For to merry Barnſdale you ſhall go.

Then Robin he took the biſhop by the hand,
And led him to merry Barnſdale;
He made him to ſtay and ſup with him that night,
And to drink wine, beer, and ale.

Call in a reckoning, ſaid the biſhop,
For methinks it grows wond'rous high.
Lend me your purſe, maſter, ſaid Little John,
And I'll tell you bye and bye.

Then Little John took the biſhop's cloak,
And ſpread it upon the ground,
And out of the biſhop's portmanteau
He told three hundred pound.

Here's money enough, maſter, ſaid Little John,
And a comely ſight 'tis to ſee;
It makes me in charity with the biſhop,
Tho' he heartily loveth not me.

Robin Hood took the biſhop by the hand,
And he cauſed the muſic to play;
And he made the biſhop to dance in his boots,
And glad he could ſo get away.

XXXIX.

Robin Hood reſcuing the three ſquires from Nottingham gallows.

BOLD Robin Hood ranging the foreſt all round,
The foreſt all round ranged he;
O there did he meet with a gay lady,
She came weeping along the highway.

Why weep you, why weep you? bold Robin, he ſaid,
What weep you for, gold or fee?
Or do you weep for your maidenhead,
That is taken from your body?

I weep not for gold, the lady reply'd,
Neither do I weep for fee;
Nor do I weep for my maidenhead,
That is taken from my body.

What weep you for then? ſaid Jolly Robin,
I prithee come tell unto me.
Oh! I do weep for my three ſons,
For they are all condemned to die.

What church have they robb'd, ſaid jolly Robin,
Or pariſh prieſt have they ſlain?
What maids have they forced againſt their will,
Or with other men's wives have lain?

No church have they robb'd, this lady reply'd,
Nor pariſh prieſt have they ſlain;
No maids have they forced againſt their will,
Nor with other men's wives have lain.

What have they done then? ſaid jolly Robin,
Come tell me moſt ſpeedily;
Oh! it is for killing the king's fallow deer,
And they are all condemned to die.

Get you home, get you home, ſaid jolly Robin,
Get you home moſt ſpeedily;
And I will unto fair Nottingham go,
For the ſake of the 'ſquires all three.

Then bold Robin Hood for Nottingham goes,
For Nottingham town goes he:
O there did he meet with a poor beggar-man,
He came creeping along the highway.

What news, what news? thou old beggar-man,
What news, come tell unto me.
O there's weeping and wailing in Nottingham,
For the death of the 'ſquires all three.

This

This beggar-man had a coat on his back,
'Twas neither green, yellow, nor red;
Bold Robin Hood thought 'twas no diſgrace
To be in the beggar-man's ſtead.

Come pull of thy coat, thou old beggar-man,
And thou ſhalt put on mine;
And forty good ſhillings I'll give thee to boot,
Beſides brandy, good beer, ale, and wine.

Bold Robin Hood then unto Nottingham came,
Unto Nottingham town came he;
O there did he meet with great maſter ſheriff,
And likewiſe the 'ſquires all three.

One boon, one boon, ſays jolly Robin,
One boon I beg on my knee,
That as for the death of theſe three 'ſquires,
Their hangman I may be.

Soon granted, ſoon granted, ſays maſter ſheriff,
Soon granted unto thee;
And you ſhall have all their gay cloathing,
Ay, and all their white money.

O I will have none of their gay cloathing,
Nor none of their white money;
But I'll have three blaſts on my bugle horn,
That their ſouls to heaven may flee.

Then

Then Robin Hood mounted the gallows ſo high,
Where he blew loud and ſhrill,
'Till an hundred and ten of Robin Hood's men
Came marching down the green hill.

Whoſe men are theſe? ſays maſter ſheriff,
Whoſe men are they, tell unto me?
O they are mine, but none of thine,
And are come for the 'ſquires all three.

O take them, O take them, ſays great maſter ſheriff,
O take them along with thee;
For there's never a man in fair Nottingham,
Can do the like of thee.

XL.

The King's diſguiſe, and friendſhip with Robin Hood.

KING Richard hearing of the pranks
Of Robin Hood and his men,
He much admir'd, and more deſir'd
To ſee both him and them.

Then

Then with a dozen of his lords,
To Nottingham he rode:
When he came there, he made good cheer,
And took up his abode.

He having ſtaid there ſome time,
But had no hopes to ſpeed,
He and his lords, with one accord,
All put on monks weeds.

From Fountain-abbey they did ride,
Down to Barnſdale;
Where Robin Hood prepared ſtood
All company to aſſail.

The king was higher than the reſt;
And Robin thought he had
An abbot been whom he had ſeen;
To rob him he was glad.

He took the king's horſe by the head:
Abbot, ſays he, abide;
I am bound to rue ſuch knaves as you,
That live in pomp and pride.

But we are meſſengers from the king,
The king himſelf did ſay;
Near to this place, his royal grace
To ſpeak with thee does ſtay.

God

God ſave the king, ſaid Robin Hood,
And all that wiſh him well;
He that does deny his ſovereignty,
I wiſh he was in hell.

Thyſelf thou curſeſt, ſaid the king,
For thou a traitor art:
Nay, but that you are his meſſenger,
I ſwear you lie in heart;

For I never yet hurt any man
That honeſt is and true;
But thoſe who give their minds to live
Upon other men's due.

I never hurt the huſbandman,
That uſe to till the ground;
Nor ſpill their blood, that range the wood,
To follow hawk or hound.

My chiefeſt ſpite to clergy is,
Who in theſe days bear ſway;
With fryars and monks, with their fine ſprunks,
I make my chiefeſt prey.

But I am very glad, ſays Robin Hood,
That I have met you here;
Come, before we end, you ſhall, my friend,
Taſte of our green wood cheer.

The king he then did marvel much,
And ſo did all his men;
They thought with fear, what kind of cheer
Robin would provide for them.

Robin took the king's horſe by the head,
And led him to the tent:
Thou would not be ſo us'd, quoth he,
But that my king thee ſent:

Nay, more than that, quoth Robin Hood,
For good king Richard's ſake,
If you had as much gold as ever I told,
I would not one penny take.

Then Robin ſet his horn to his mouth,
And a loud blaſt he did blow,
'Till an hundred and ten of Robin Hood's men
Came marching all of a-row.

And when they came bold Robin before,
Each man did bend his knee:
O, thought the king, 'tis a gallant thing,
And ſeemly ſight to ſee.

Within himſelf the king did ſay,
Theſe men of Robin Hood's
More humble be, than mine to me;
So the court may learn of the woods.

So then they all to dinner went,
Upon a carpet green;
Black, yellow, red, finely mingled,
Moſt curious to be ſeen.

Veniſon and fowls were plenty there,
With fiſh out of the river:
King Richard ſwore, on ſea or ſhore,
He never was feaſted better.

Then Robin takes a cann of ale:
Come let us now begin;
And every man ſhall have a cann,
Here's a health unto the king.

The king himſelf drank to the king,
So round about it went;
Two barrels of ale, both ſtout and ſtale,
To pledge that health was ſpent.

And after that a bowl of wine
In his hand took Robin Hood:
Until I die, I'll drink wine, ſaid he,
While I live in the green wood.

Bend all your bows, ſaid Robin Hood,
And with the grey gooſe wing
Such ſport now ſhow, as you would do
In the preſence of the king.

They

They ſhewed ſuch brave archery,
By cleaving ſtick and wands,
That the king did ſay, ſuch men as they
Live not in many lands.

Well, Robin Hood, then ſays the king,
If I could thy pardon get,
To ſerve the king in every thing,
Would'ſt thou thy mind firm ſet?

Yes, with all my heart, bold Robin ſaid:
So they flung off their hoods;
To ſerve the king in every thing,
They ſwore they would ſpend their blood.

For a clergyman was firſt my bane,
Which makes me hate them all;
But if you'll be ſo kind to me,
Love them again I ſhall.

I am the king, thy ſovereign king,
That appears before you all.
When Robin ſaw that it was he,
Strait then he down did fall.

Stand up again, then ſaid the king,
I'll thee thy pardon give:
Stand up, my friend, who can contend,
When I give leave to live?

So

So they are all gone to Nottingham,
All ſhouting as they came;
But when the people them did ſee,
They thought the king was ſlain.

And for that cauſe the outlaws were come,
To rule all as they liſt;
And for to ſhun, which way to run,
The people did not wiſt.

The plowman left the plow in the fields,
The ſmith ran from his ſhop;
Old folks alſo, that ſcarce could go,
Over their ſticks did hop.

The king ſoon did let them underſtand
He had been in the green wood,
And from that day for evermore
He'd forgiven Robin Hood.

Then the people they did hear,
And the truth was known;
They all did ſing, God ſave the king,
Hang care, the town's our own.

What's that Robin Hood? then ſaid the ſheriff,
That varlet I do hate;
Both me and mine he cauſed to dine,
And ſerv'd all with one plate.

He,

Ho, ho, ſaid Robin Hood, I know what you mean;
Come take your gold again:
Be friends with me, and I with thee,
And ſo with every man.

Now, maſter ſheriff, you are paid;
And ſince you are beginner,
As well as you give me my due,
For you ne'er paid for that dinner.

But if that it ſhould pleaſe the king,
So much your houſe to grace;
To ſup with you for to ſpeak true,
Know you ne'er was baſe.

The ſheriff could not gainſay,
For a trick was put upon him;
A ſupper was dreſt, the king was a gueſt,
But he thought 'twould have undone him.

They are all gone to London court,
Robin Hood with all his train;
He once was there a noble peer,
And now he's there again.

XLI.

ROBIN HOOD and the GOLDEN ARROW.

WHEN as the ſheriff of Nottingham
Was come with mickle grief,
He talk'd no good of Robin Hood,
That ſtrong and ſturdy thief.

So unto London road he paſt,
His loſſes to unfold
To king Richard, who did regard
The tale that he had told.

Why, quoth the king, what ſhall I do?
Art thou not ſheriff for me?
The law is in force, to take thy courſe
Of them that injure thee.

Go, get thee gone, and by thyſelf
Deviſe ſome tricking game,
For to enthral yon rebels all;
Go, take thy courſe with them.

So

So away the ſheriff he return'd,
And by the way he thought
Of th'words of the king, and how the thing
To paſs might well be brought.

For within his mind he imagined,
That when ſuch matches were,
Thoſe outlaws ſtout, without all doubt,
Would be the bowmen there.

So an arrow with a golden head,
And ſhaft of ſilver white,
Who won the day ſhould bear away
For his own proper right.

Tidings came to bold Robin Hood,
Under the green-wood tree;
Come prepare you then, my merry men,
We'll go yon ſport to ſee.

With that ſtept forth a brave young man,
David of Doncaſter:
Maſter, ſaid he, be rul'd by me,
From the green wood we'll not ſtir.

To tell truth, I'm well inform'd,
You match it is a wile;
The ſheriff I wiſs deviſes this,
Us archers to beguile.

Thou ſmells of a coward, ſaid Robin Hood;
Thy words do not pleaſe me;
Come on't what will, I'll try my ſkill
At yon brave archery.

O then beſpoke brave Little John:
Come let us thither gang;
Come liſten to me how it ſhall be,
That we need not be ken'd.

Our mantles all of Lincoln green
Behind us we will leave;
We'll dreſs us all, ſo ſeveral,
They ſhall not us perceive:

One ſhall wear white, another red,
One yellow, another blue;
Thus in diſguiſe, in the exerciſe
We'll gang, whate'er inſue.

Forth from the green wood they are gone,
With hearts all firm and ſtout,
Reſolving with the ſheriff's men
To have a hearty bout.

So themſelves they mixed with the reſt,
To prevent all ſuſpicion;
For if they ſhould together hold,
They thought it no diſcretion.

So the ſheriff looked round about,
Amongſt eight hundred men,
But could not ſee the ſight that he
Had long ſuſpected then.

Some ſaid, if Robin Hood was here,
And all his men to boot,
Sure none of them could paſs theſe men,
So bravely they do ſhoot.

Ay, quoth the ſheriff, and ſcratch'd his head,
I thought he would have been here;
I thought he would; but tho' he's bold,
He durſt not now appear.

O, that word griev'd Robin Hood to the heart;
He vexed in his blood:
Ere long, thought he, thou ſhalt well ſee
That here was Robin Hood.

Some cried blue Jacket, another cried brown,
And a third cried brave yellow;
But the fourth man ſaid, Yon man in red
In this place has no fellow.

For that was Robin Hood himſelf,
For he was cloath'd in red;
At every ſhot the prize he got,
For he was both ſure and dead.

So the arrow with the golden head,
And ſhaft of ſilver white,
Brave Robin Hood won, and bore with him
For his own proper right.

Theſe outlaws there that very day,
To ſhun all kinds of doubt,
By three or four, no leſs nor more,
As they went in came out;

Until they all aſſembled were,
Under the green-wood ſhade,
Where they relate in pleaſent ſport
What brave paſtime they made.

Says Robin Hood, All my care is
How that yon ſheriff may
Know certainly that it was I
That bore his arrow away.

Says Little John, My counſel good
Did take effect before;
So therefore now, if you'll allow,
I will adviſe once more.

This I adviſe, ſaid Little John,
That a letter ſhall be penn'd,
And when it is done, to Nottingham
You to the ſheriff ſhall ſend.

That

That is well adviſed, ſaid Robin Hood;
But how muſt it be ſent?
Pugh! when you pleaſe, it's done with eaſe,
Maſter, be you content.

I'll ſtick it on my arrow's head,
And ſhoot it into the town;
The mark muſt ſhow where it muſt go,
Whenever it lights down.

The project it was well perform'd;
The ſheriff the letter had,
Which when he read, he ſcratch'd his head,
And rav'd like one that's mad.

So we'll leave him chafing in the greaſe,
Which will do him no good:
Now, my friends, attend, and hear the end
Of honeſt Robin Hood.

XLII.

ROBIN HOOD and the VALIANT KNIGHT;

Together with an Account of his Death and Burial, &c.

WHEN Robin Hood, and his merry men all,
Had reigned many years,
The king was then told that they had been bold
To his biſhops and noble peers.

Therefore they called a council of ſtate,
To know what was to be done,
For to quell their pride, or elſe, they reply'd,
The land would be over-run.

Having conſulted a whole ſummer's day,
At length it was agreed,
That one ſhould be ſent to try the event,
And fetch him away with ſpeed.

Therefore a truſty and worthy knight
The king was pleaſed to call,
Sir William by name: when to him he came,
He told him his pleaſure all.

Go from thence to bold Robin Hood,
And bid him, without more ado,
Surrender himſelf, or elſe the proud elf
Shall ſuffer with all his crew.

Take here an hundred bowmen brave,
All choſen men of might,
Of excellent art for to take thy part,
In glittering armour bright.

Then ſaid the knight, My ſovereign liege,
By me they ſhall be led;
I'll venture my blood againſt Robin Hood,
And bring him alive or dead.

One hundred men were choſen ſtrait,
As proper as ever men ſaw:
On mid-ſummer day they marched away,
To conquer that brave outlaw.

With long yew bows, and ſhining ſpears,
They marched in mickle pride,
And never delay'd, or halted, or ſtay'd
'Till they came to the green-wood ſide.

Said he to his archers, Tarry here,
Your bows make ready all,
That if need ſhould be, you may follow me,
And ſee that you obſerve my call.

I'll go in perſon firſt, he cry'd,
With the letters of my good king,
Well ſign'd and ſeal'd; and if he will yield,
We need not draw one ſtring.

He wander'd about 'till at length he came
To the tent of Robin Hood:
The letter he ſhows; bold Robin aroſe,
And there on his guard he ſtood.

They'd have me ſurrender, quoth bold Robin Hood,
And lie at their mercy then?
But tell them from me, that never ſhall be,
While I have full ſeven ſcore men.

Sir William the knight, both hardy and bold,
Did offer to ſeize him then,
Which William Lockſley by fortune did ſee,
And bid him that trick to forbear.

Then Robin Hood ſet his horn to his mouth,
And blew a blaſt or twain;
And ſo did the knight, at which there in ſight
The archers came all amain.

Sir William with care he drew up his men,
And plac'd them in battle array;
Bold Robin, we find, he was not behind;
Now this was a bloody fray:

The

The archers on both ſides bent their bows,
And the clouds of arrows flew;
The very firſt flight that honour'd knight
Did there bid the world adieu.

Yet nevertheleſs their fight did laſt
From morning till almoſt noon;
Both parties were ſtout, and loth to give out:
This was on the laſt of June.

At length they went off; one party they went
For London with right good will;
And Robin Hood he to the green wood,
And there he was taken ill.

He ſent for a monk, to let him blood,
Who took his life away:
Now this being done, his archers they run,
It was not time to ſtay.

Some went on board, and croſs'd the ſeas,
To Flanders, France and Spain,
And others to Rome, for fear of their doom,
But ſoon return'd again.

Thus he that never fear'd bow nor ſpear,
Was murder'd by letting of blood;
And ſo, loving friends, the ſtory doth end
Of valiant bold Robin Hood.

There's

There's nothing remains but his epitaph now,
Which, reader, here you have.
To this very day read it you may,
As it was upon his grave.

ROBIN HOOD's EPITAPH.

Set on his TOMB

By the Prioreſs of Birkſlay Monaſtery, in Yorkſhire.

ROBIN, Earl of Huntingdon,
Lies under this little ſtone;
No archer was like him ſo good;
His wildneſs nam'd him ROBIN HOOD.
Full thirteen years, and ſomething more,
Theſe northern parts he vexed ſore.
Such outlaws as he and his men
May England never know again.

XLIII.

A WARNING-PIECE to ENGLAND, againſt Pride and Wickedneſs:

Being the fall of queen Eleanor, wife to Edward the firſt, king of England; who, for her pride, by God's judgments, ſunk into the ground at Charing-croſs, and roſe at Queenhithe.

It can ſcarce be neceſſary to obſerve, that no one circumſtance in the life of queen Eleanor affords the leaſt ground for the charges brought againſt her memory in this ballad. Her character, by the teſtimony of every hiſtorian, appears to have been truly amiable; and what induced the writer to fix theſe groundleſs aſperſions on her fame is difficult to account for, unleſs we admit the conjectures of a former editor, which we ſhall give the reader in his own words.

"*I look upon this ſong as a ſevere ſatyr, written in the* "*days of queen Mary the firſt. Nor is this barely a con-* "*jecture; for every circumſtance which I have advanc'd,* "*to prove that it could not be meant of queen Eleanor,* "*ſeems to confirm its relation to queen Mary. As, the* "*invention of coaches, which is recorded to have been in* "*her time; her jealouſy of a woman who was brought to* "*bed; for queen Mary never had a child, notwithſtand-* "*ing that it had been given out in all churches that ſhe* "*was big, and publick prayers made for her ſafe delivery.* "*Nor can it be thought abſurd, that ſhe ſhould be call'd a* "*Spaniard; for ſhe was daughter to Katherine, an in-*

"*fanta*

" fanta of Spain, and (after her coronation) marry'd to " Philip, prince of Spain. I do not know what particu- " lar fact is meant, by her uſage of the mayor of London's " wife; but I am apt to think it ſpoken of her cruelties " in general: And her being ſwallow'd up, ſeems to be " a threat of the poet's, that unleſs ſhe amended, ven- " geance would overtake her. A plan for this ſatyr " being thus form'd, I am apt to think, our poet look'd " back for a Spaniſh queen, that he might the better diſ- " guiſe his ſatyr, and not lay himſelf ſo open to cenſure, as " he would otherwiſe have been: And, probably Eleanor " was the firſt Spaniſh princeſs whoſe name he met with. " Probably, he choſe out this pious queen, that people might " eaſily ſee, tho' it was ſaid, it could not be meant of her; " and, perhaps, he was glad to mention one ſo good and " virtuous, that people might look back upon her hiſtory, " and ſee the difference between her and the bigotted queen, " who then ſway'd the Engliſh ſceptre."

WHEN Edward was in England king,
The firſt of all that name,
Proud Ellinor he made his queen,
A ſtately Spaniſh dame:
Whoſe wicked life, and ſinful pride,
Thro' England did excel;
To dainty dames, and gallant maids,
This queen was known full well.

She was the firſt that did invent
In coaches brave to ride;
She was the firſt that brought this land
To deadly ſin of pride.

No

No Engliſh taylor here could ſerve
To make her rich attire;
But ſent for taylors into Spain,
To feed her vain deſire.

They brought in faſhions ſtrange and new,
With golden garments bright;
The farthingale, and mighty ruff,
With gowns of rich delight:
The London dames, in Spaniſh pride,
Did flouriſh every where;
Our Engliſh men, like women then,
Did wear long locks of hair.

Both man and child, both maid and wife,
Were drown'd in pride of Spain;
And thought the Spaniſh taylors then
Our Engliſh men did ſtain:
Whereat the queen did much deſpight,
To ſee our Engliſh men
In veſtures clad, as brave to ſee,
As any Spaniard then.

She crav'd the king, that ev'ry man
That wore long locks of hair,
Might then be cut and polled all,
Or ſhaved very near.

Whereat

Whereat the king did ſeem content,
And ſoon thereto agreed;
And firſt commanded, that his own
Should then be cut with ſpeed;

And after that, to pleaſe his queen,
Proclaimed thro' the land,
That ev'ry man that wore long hair,
Should poll him out of hand.
But yet this Spaniard, not content,
To women bore a ſpite,
And then requeſted of the king,
Againſt all law and right,

That ev'ry womankind ſhould have
Their right breaſt cut away;
And then with burning irons ſear'd,
The blood to ſtanch and ſtay!
King Edward then perceiving well
Her ſpite to womankind,
Deviſed ſoon by policy,
To turn her bloody mind;

He ſent for burning irons ſtrait,
All ſparkling hot to ſee;
And ſaid, "O queen, come on thy way;
"I will begin with thee."

Which

Which words did much diſpleaſe the queen,
That penance to begin;
But aſk'd him pardon on her knees;
Who gave her grace therein.

But afterwards ſhe chanc'd to paſs
Along brave London ſtreets,
Whereas the mayor of London's wife
In ſtately ſort ſhe meets;
With muſic, mirth, and melody,
Unto the church they went,
To give God thanks, that to th' lord mayor
A noble ſon had ſent.

It grieved much this ſpiteful queen,
To ſee that any one
Should ſo exceed in mirth and joy,
Except herſelf alone:
For which, ſhe after did deviſe
Within her bloody mind,
And practis'd ſtill moſt ſecretly
To kill this lady kind.

Unto the mayor of London then
She ſent her letters ſtraight,
To ſend his lady to the court,
Upon her grace to wait.

But when the London lady came
Before proud El'nor's face;
She ſtript her from her rich array,
And kept her vile and baſe.

She ſent her into Wales with ſpeed,
And kept her ſecret there;
And us'd her ſtill more cruelly
Than ever man did hear.
She made her waſh, ſhe made her ſtarch,
She made her drudge alway;
She made her nurſe up children ſmall,
And labour night and day.

But this contented not the queen,
But ſhew'd her moſt deſpite;
She bound this lady to a poſt,
At twelve a clock at night.
And as, poor lady, ſhe ſtood bound,
The queen (in angry mood)
Did ſet two ſnakes unto her breaſt,
That ſuck'd away her blood.

Thus dy'd the mayor of London's wife,
Moſt grievous for to hear:
Which made the Spaniard grow more proud,
As after ſhall appear.

The wheat that daily made her bread,
  Was bolted twenty times;
The food that fed this ſtately dame,
  Was boil'd in coſtly wines.

The water that did ſpring from ground,
  She would not touch at all;
But waſh'd her hands with the dew of heav'n,
  That on ſweet roſes fall.
She bath'd her body many a time
  In fountains fill'd with milk;
And ev'ry day did change attire,
  In coſtly Median ſilk.

But coming then to London back,
  Within her coach of gold,
A tempeſt ſtrange within the ſkies
  This queen did there behold:
Out of which ſtorm ſhe could not go,
  But there remain'd a ſpace;
Four horſes could not ſtir the coach
  A foot out of the place.

A judgement lately ſent from heav'n,
  For ſhedding guiltleſs blood,
Upon this ſinful queen, that ſlew
  The London lady good!

King Edward then, as wiſdom will'd,
Accus'd her of that deed;
But ſhe deny'd, and wiſh'd that God
Would ſend his wrath with ſpeed:

If that upon ſo vile a thing
Her heart did ever think,
She wiſh'd the ground might open wide,
And ſhe therein might ſink!
With that at Charing-croſs ſhe ſunk
Into the ground alive;
And after roſe with life again,
In London, at Queenhithe.

When, after that, ſhe languiſh'd ſore
Full twenty days in pain,
At laſt confeſs'd the lady's blood
Her guilty hand had ſlain:
And likewiſe, how that by a fryar
She had a baſe-born child;
Whoſe ſinful luſts, and wickedneſs,
Her marriage-bed defil'd.

Thus have you heard the fall of pride;
A juſt reward of ſin;
For, thoſe that will forſwear themſelves,
God's vengeance daily win.

Beware of pride, ye courtly dames,
Both wives and maidens all;
Bear this imprinted on your mind,
That pride muſt have a fall.

XLIV.

AN HEROIC BALLAD.

On the memorable battle of Bannockburn, fought on the 25th of June, 1314.

The chronological order in which this collection of ballads is formed, requires that the following performance ſhould be inſerted here, though written by a modern hand. It is printed from a magazine lately publiſhed in Scotland. The event upon which it is founded, ſo truly fatal to the Engliſh forces, is related in Hume's hiſtory of England, vol. 2, p. 351, 8vo. edit.

FROM the ocean emerged bright Phœbus's ray,
Big with the importance of Bannockburn's day;
To deck out the pomp of the broad ſhining field,
Which now a glittering harveſt of launces did yield.
Reſolv'd on a conqueſt of Scotia's plains,
To annex them for ever to England's domains,
Bold Edward, with the hugeſt hoſt e'er England did produce,
With haughty ſtrides advanced to dethrone Robert Bruce.

From an army compos'd of an hundred thouſand men,
Well ſerv'd in every article to fight upon the plain;
Where the whole ſtrength of England collected you might ſee,
Who could not dream of any thing but certain victory.
So confident of ſucceſs, a bard they brought along,
To celebrate the glory of their actions in a ſong;
And in their retinue they brought ſome waggon loads of chains,
To lead their Scottiſh captives in triumph o'er the plains.

An Aſiatic luxury their camp did overſpread,
Up from the meaneſt centinel to Edward their head;
Of diſcipline regardleſs, the deſpicable few,
They dreamt the very ſight of their numbers would ſubdue.
Whilſt Engliſh oaths from line to line did like to mildew flee,
The little Scottiſh army was found upon their knee,
The aid of heav'n imploring for a diſtreſſed land;
Then ſtarting to their feet, they graſp'd their weapons in their hand.

Towards Stirling a march the lord Clifford did ſteal,
But the bold earl of Murray upon him did wheel;
Their ſpears made ſuch havock, tho' with foes encompaſs'd round,
That many gallant Engliſhmen lay gaſping on the ground.

The

The ſacred love of liberty did like a god inſpire,
And made their haughty num'rous foes moſt prudently retire;
Precipitate inglorious flight was all they could attempt,
While th' hardy Scots harraſs'd their rear almoſt to Edward's camp.

King Robert gave his orders in front of the line,
Where in refulgent armour he royally did ſhine,
Which pointed him out to a bold Engliſh knight,
Who from the reſt detach'd himſelf with Robert for to fight;
With ardour on the wings of hope, advancing with his ſpear,
But Robert with his battle-axe met him in full career,
And thro' the temper'd ſhining helm did cleave his head in two,
Till reeling to the earth with a thudd he did go.

Such two ſucceſsful precludes did raiſe king Robert's heart,
And fir'd each Scottiſh warrior his courage to exert;
Then brazen trumpets flouriſhing with peals of death did ring,
Each army join'd in loud huzza's, and cry'd, Long live our king!
The hurricane of doubtful war began on ev'ry ſide;
And death in every awful form did o'er the field preſide.

O muſe! thy kind aſſiſtance lend to paint the warlike
ſcene,
Elſe deſcription will be loſt in ſo lofty a theme.

From twanging ſtrings the deadly ſhafts did fly as thick
as hail,
The jav'lins, ſpears, and faulchions, as fiercely did
prevail.
Each combatant on either ſide ſuch valour did diſplay,
As on his ſingle arm had hung the ſucceſs of the day.
Renowned chiefs in ſhining ſteel beſtrow'd the goryplain,
Till room was hardly left to fight for mountains of the
ſlain;
The limpid ſtream of Bannockburn, which wont
ſo ſmooth to glide,
Was totally converted to a ſanguinary tide.

As a rock in the ocean with fortitude braves
Th' impetuous aſſault of the proud ſwelling waves,
When with formidable efforts they beat the ſolid ſtone,
Which repels the angry ſurges in white laſhing foam;
Thus the hardy Scots intrepidly their num'rous foes
repell'd,
On right and left with total rout their boaſted courage
quell'd.
This Edward in the center ſaw, and grieved at the ſight,
To find no other ſafety left but in a ſpeedy flight.

On

On a hill a little diſtant unarmed ſwains beheld
The huge devaſtation and carnage of the field;
Exulting they gave a ſhout which made the hills reſound,
And the fluctuating enemy did totally confound.
A gen'ral panic then prevail'd, inglorious flight enſu'd,
Lord Douglas with light-armed horſe moſt vigorouſly purſu'd,
Till Edward reached to Dunbar, where joyouſly he ſaw
A ſcurvy fiſhing-boat, in which he meanly ſneak'd awa'.

Thus ended the dread campaign of Edward the great,
Thus vaniſh'd into ſmoke every formidable threat;
While the riches of his camp did repay the victors toil,
Who glorioufly expos'd their lives to guard the Scottiſh ſoil.
The generous love of liberty, our country and our laws,
Thus fir'd our noble anceſtors to fight in freedom's cauſe;
They boldly fought for liberty, for honour and applauſe,
And defy'd the power of England's king to alter their laws.

G. WILSON.

XLV.

XLV.

A ſong of queen Iſabel, wife to king Edward II. with the downfall of the Spencers.

PROUD were the Spencers, and of condition ill:
All England, and the king likewiſe,
They ruled at their will:
And many lords and nobles of the land,
Through their occaſions loſt their lives,
And none did them withſtand:

And at the laſt they did increaſe much grief
Between the king and Iſabel,
His queen and faithful wife:
So that her life ſhe dreaded wondrous ſore,
And caſt within her ſecret thoughts
Some preſent help therefore.

Then ſhe requeſts with count'nance grave and ſage,
That ſhe to Thomas Becket's tomb
Might go in pilgrimage.
Then being joyful to have the happy chance;
Her ſon and ſhe took ſhips with ſpeed,
And ſailed into France:

And

And royally ſhe was received then
By the king and all the reſt
  Of peers and noblemen :
And unto him at laſt ſhe did expreſs
The cauſe of her arrival there,
  Her care and heavineſs.

When as her brother her grief did underſtand,
He gave her leave to gather men
  Throughout his famous land ;
And made a promiſe to aid her evermore,
As oft as ſhe ſhould ſtand in need
  Of gold and ſilver ſtore :

But when indeed ſhe did require the ſame,
He was as far from doing it,
  As when ſhe thither came ;
And did proclaim, whilſt matters were ſo,
That none on pain of death ſhould go
  To aid the Engliſh queen.

This alteration did greatly grieve the queen,
That down along her comely face
  The bitter tears were ſeen :
When ſhe perceiv'd her friends forſook her ſo,
She knew not, for her ſafety,
  Which way to turn or go.

But

But through good hap, at laſt ſhe then decreed,
To ſeek in fruitful Germany
Some ſuccour to this need:
And to Sir John Hainault then went ſhe,
Who entertain'd this woful queen
With great ſolemnity.

And with great ſorrow to him ſhe then complain'd
Of all her griefs and injuries,
Which ſhe of late ſuſtain'd:
So that with weeping ſhe dim'd her princely ſight;
The cauſe whereof did greatly grieve
That noble courteous knight;

Who made an oath he would her champion be,
And in her quarrel ſpend his blood,
From wrong to ſet her free:
And all my friends with whom I may prevail,
Shall help for to advance your ſtate,
Whoſe truth no time ſhall fail.

And in his promiſe moſt faithful he was found,
And many lords of great account
Were in his voyage bound.
So ſetting forward with a goodly train,
At length through God's ſpecial grace,
Into England they came:

At

At Harwich then, when they were aſhore,
Of Engliſh lords and barons bold,
There came to her great ſtore:
Which did rejoice the queen's afflicted heart,
That Engliſh lords in ſuch ſort
Came for to take her part.

When as king Edward thereof did underſtand,
How that the queen with ſuch a power
Was enter'd on his land;
And how his nobles were gone to take her part;
He fled from London preſently,
Even with a heavy heart:

And with the Spencers unto Briſtol did go,
To fortify that gallant town,
Great coſt he did beſtow;
Leaving behind, to govern London town,
The ſtout biſhop of Exeter,
Whoſe pride was ſoon pull'd down.

The mayor of London, with citizens great ſtore,
The biſhop and the Spencers both
In heart they did abhor;
Therefore they took him without fear or dread,
And at the ſtandard in Cheapſide
They ſoon ſmote off his head.

Unto

Unto the queen this meſſage then they ſent,
The city of London was
At her commandement:
Wherefore the queen, with all her company,
Did ſtrait to Briſtol march amain,
Wherein the king did lie:

Then ſhe beſieg'd the city round about,
Threatning ſharp and cruel death
To thoſe that were ſo ſtout;
Wherefore the townſmen, their children and their wives,
Did yield the city to the queen
For ſafeguard of their lives:

Where was took, the ſtory plain doth tell,
ir Hugh Spencer, and with him
The earl of Arundel.
This judgment juſt the nobles did ſet down,
They ſhould be drawn and hanged both,
In ſight of Briſtol town.

Then was king Edward in the caſtle there,
And Hugh Spencer ſtill with him,
In dread and deadly fear;
And being prepar'd from thence to ſail away,
The winds were found contrary,
They were enforc'd to ſtay:

But at laſt Sir John Beaumont, knight,
Did bring his ſailing ſhip to ſhore,
And ſo did ſtay their flight:
And ſo theſe men were taken ſpeedily,
And brought as priſoners to the queen,
Which did in Briſtol lie.

The queen, by counſel of the lords and barons bold,
To Barkley ſent the king,
There to be kept in hold:
And young Hugh Spencer, that did much ill procure,
Was to the marſhal of the hoſt
Sent unto keeping ſure.

And then the queen to Hereford took her way,
With all her warlike company,
Which late in Briſtol lay:
And here behold how Spencer was
From town to town, even as the queen
To Hereford did paſs;

Upon a jade, which they by chance had found,
Young Spencer mounted was,
With legs and hands faſt bound:
A writing-paper, along as he did go,
Upon his head he had to wear,
Which did his treaſon ſhow:

And to deride this traytor lewd and ill,
Certain men with reeden-pipes
  Did blow before him ſtill.
Thus was he led along in every place,
While many people did rejoice
  To ſee his ſtrange diſgrace.

When unto Hereford our noble queen was come,
She did aſſemble all the lords
  And knights, both all and ſome;
And in their preſence young Spencer judgment had,
To be both hang'd and quartered,
  His treaſons were ſo bad.

Then was the king depoſed of his crown;
From rule and princely dignity
  The lords did caſt him down:
And in his life, his ſon both wiſe and ſage,
Was crowned king of fair England,
  At fifteen years of age.

XLVI.

King Edward the Second, being ſent priſoner to Barkley-caſtle by queen Iſabel his wife, was depoſed by his nobles, and his ſon Edward made king in his ſtead; the queen cauſing letters to be written to make him away.

Reprinted from The Garland of Delight.

WHEN Iſabella, fair England's queen,
In woful wars victorious had been,
Our comely king, her huſband dear,
Subdu'd by ſtrength, as did appear,
By her was ſent to priſon ſtrong,
For having done his country wrong.
In Barkley caſtle caſt was he,
Depriv'd of royal dignity:
Where he was kept in woful wiſe;
His queen did him ſo much deſpiſe.
There did he live in woful ſtate,
Such is women's deadly hate,
When fickle fancy follows change,
And luſtful thoughts begin to range.
Lord Mortimer was ſo in mind,
The ſweet king's love was left behind

And none was known a greater foe
Unto king Edward in his woe,
Than Iſabel his crowned queen,
As by the ſequel ſhall be ſeen.
While he in priſon poorly lay,
A parliament was held ſtraightway
What time apace his foes did bring
Bills of complaint againſt the king:
So that the nobles of the land,
When they the matter throughly ſcann'd,
Pronounced then theſe ſpeeches plain,
He was not worthy for to reign:
Therefore they made a flat decree,
He ſhould forthwith depoſed be;
And his ſon Edward, young of years,
Was judged by his noble peers
Moſt meet to wear the princely crown,
His father being thus pull'd down.
Which word then when the queen did hear,
(Diſſemblingly as did appear)
She wept, ſhe wail'd, and rung her hands,
Before the lords whereas ſhe ſtands;
Which when the prince her ſon did ſee,
He ſpake theſe words moſt courteouſly:
My ſweet queen mother, weep not ſo,
Think not your ſon will ſeek your woe;
Though Engliſh lords chuſe me their king,
My own dear father yet living,
Think not therefore I will conſent,
Except my father be content,

And

And with good will his crown reſign,
And grant it freely to be mine:
Therefore, queen mother, think no ill
In me or them for their good will.
Then divers lords, without delay,
Went to the king, where as he lay,
Declaring how the matter ſtood,
And how the peers did think it good
To chuſe his ſon their king to be,
If that he would thereto agree,
For to reſign the princely crown,
And all the titles of renown:
If otherwiſe, they told him plain,
A ſtranger ſhould the ſame attain.
Theſe doleful tidings moſt unkind
Did ſore afflict king Edward's mind:
But when he ſaw no remedy,
He did unto their wills agree;
And bitterly he did lament,
Saying, the Lord that plague had ſent
For his offence and vanity,
Which he would ſuffer patiently,
Beſeeching all the lords at laſt,
For to forgive all that was paſt.
When thus he was depoſed quite
Of that which was his lawful right,
In priſon was he kept full cloſe
Without all pity or remorſe;
And thoſe that ſhewed him favour ſtill
Were taken from him with ill will;

Which when the earl of Kent did hear,
Who was in blood to him full near,
He did intreat moſt earneſtly
For his releaſe and liberty.
His words did much the queen diſpleaſe,
Who ſaid he liv'd too much at eaſe;
Unto the biſhop ſhe did go,
Of Hereford, his deadly foe,
And cruel letters made him write
Unto his keepers with deſpite:
You are too kind to him (quoth ſhe)
Henceforth more ſtricter look you be.
And in their writing ſubtilly
They ſent them word that he ſhould dye:
The lord Matrevers all diſmaid,
Unto Sir Thomas Gurney ſaid:
The queen is much diſpleas'd (quoth he)
For Edward's too much liberty,
And by her letters doth bewray
That ſoon he ſhall be made away.
'Tis beſt (Sir Thomas then reply'd)
The queen's will ſhould not be deny'd;
Whereby we ſhall have her good will,
And keep ourſelves in credit ſtill.

XLVII.

On the lamentable and cruel murther of king Edward the ſecond; who, being in priſon, had poiſon mingled with his meat, and eſcaped that with other wicked practices; and afterwards was lamentably murthered in his bed with a hot burning ſpit.

Reprinted from The Garland of Delight.

THE king's curſt keepers aiming at reward,
Hoping for favour of the furious queen,
On wretched Edward had they no regard;
Far from their hearts was mercy moved clean;
Wherefore they mingled poiſon with his meat,
Which made the man moſt fearful for to eat:

For, by the taſte, he oftentimes ſuſpected
The venom couched in a dainty diſh;
That his fair body was full ſore infected,
So ill they ſpiced both his fleſh and fiſh:
But his ſtrong nature all their craft beguiles,
The poiſon breaking forth in blains and biles.

An ugly ſcab o'er-ſpreads his lilly ſkin,
Foul blotches break upon his manly face;
Thus ſore without, and ſorrowful within,
The deſpis'd man doth live in woful caſe:
Like to a lazar did he then abide,
That ſhews his ſores along the high-way ſide.

But when this prov'd not to their mind,
And that they ſaw he liv'd in their deſpight,
Another damn'd device then did they find,
By ſtinking ſavours for to choak him quite:
In an odd corner did they lock him faſt,
Hard by the which the carrion they did caſt.

The ſtench thereof might be compared nigh
To that foul lake where curſed Sodom ſtood,
That poiſon'd birds that over it did flye,
Even by the ſavours of that filthy mud:
Then ſo the ſtink of that corrupted den
Was able for to choak ten thouſand men.

But all in vain, it would not do (God wot)
His good complexion ſtill drove out the ſame,
Like to the boiling of a ſeething pot,
That caſts the ſcum into the fiery flame:
Thus ſtill he liv'd, and living thus they ſought
His death, whoſe downfall was already wrought.

Loathing

Loathing his life, at length his keepers came
Into his chamber in the dead of night,
And without noiſe they entered ſoon the ſame,
With weapons drawn and torches burning bright
Where the poor priſoner, faſt aſleep in bed,
Lay on his belly, nothing under's head.

The which advantage when the murderers ſaw,
A heavy table on him they did throw;
Wherewith awak'd, his breath he ſcarce could draw
With weight whereof kept him under ſo;
Then turning up the clothes above his hips,
To hold his legs a couple quickly ſkips.

Then came the murtherers, who a horn had got,
Which far into his fundament they thruſt:
Another with a ſpit red burning hot,
Quite through the horn then he ſtrongly puſht,
Among his intrails in moſt cruel wiſe,
Forcing thereby moſt lamentable crys:

And while within his body they did keep
The burning ſpit, ſtill rouling up and down,
Moſt mournfully the murthered man did weep,
Whoſe doleful noiſe wak'd many in the town;
Who, gueſſing by his cries his death drew near,
Took great compaſſion on this noble peer.

And at each bitter ſhriek which he did make,
They pray'd to God for to receive his ſoul:
His ghaſtly groans inforc'd their hearts to ake,
Yet none durſt go to cauſe the bell to toul.
Ah me! wo me! alack, alack, he cry'd;
And long it was before the time he dy'd.

Strong was his heart, and long it was, God knows,
Ere he could ſtoop unto the ſtroke of death;
Firſt was it wounded with a thouſand woes,
Before he did reſign his vital breath.
And being murthered thus, as you did hear,
No outward hurt upon him did appear.

This cruel murther being brought to paſs,
The lord Matrevers to the court did hie,
To ſhew the queen her will performed was;
Great recompence he thought to get thereby;
But when the queen the ſequel underſtands,
Diſſemblingly ſhe weeps, and wrings her hands.

Accurſed traytor! haſt thou ſlain (quoth ſhe)
My noble wedded lord in ſuch a ſort?
Shame and confuſion ever light on thee:
Oh how I grieve to hear this vile report!
Peace, curſed villain, from my ſight, ſhe ſaid,
That haſt of me a woful widow made.

Then

Then all abaſh'd, Matrevers goes his way,
The ſaddeſt man that ever life did bear;
And to Sir Thomas Gurney did bewray
What bitter ſpeech the queen did give him there.
Then did the queen outlaw them both together,
And baniſh'd them fair England's bounds for ever.

Thus the diſſembling queen did ſeek to hide
The heinous act by her own means effected:
The knowledge of the deed ſhe ſtill deny'd,
That ſhe of murther might not be ſuſpected
But yet for all the ſubtlety ſhe wrought,
The truth unto the world was after brought.

XLVIII.

The doleful lamentation of the lord Matrevers and ſir Tho. Gurney, being baniſhed the realm; and after three years baniſhment, ſir Tho. Gurney coming towards England to his lady and children, was beheaded on the ſea.

Reprinted from The Garland of Delight.

ALAS, that ever this day we did ſee,
That falſe ſmiling fortune ſo fickle ſhould be;
Our miſeries are many, our woes without end,
To purchaſe us favour we both did offend.

Our

Our deeds have deſerved both ſorrow and ſhame,
  But wo worth the perſons procured the ſame,
Alack and alack, with grief we may cry;
  That ever we forced king Edward to dye.

The biſhop of Hereford ill may he fare,
  He wrote us a letter full cunning and rare;
To kill princely Edward fear not, it is good;
  Thus much by the letter we then underſtood:

But curſt be the time we took it in hand,
  To follow ſuch counſel and wicked command:
Alack and alack, with grief we may cry,
  That ever we forced king Edward to dye.

Forgive us, ſweet Saviour, that damnable deed,
  Which cauſeth with ſorrow our hearts for to bleed,
And taking compaſſion upon our diſtreſs,
  Put far from thy preſence our great wickedneſs;

With tears all bedewed for mercy we cry,
  And do not thy penitent mercy deny.
Alack and alack, with grief we may ſay,
  That ever we made king Edward away:

For this we have loſt our goods and our land,
  Our caſtles and towers ſo ſtately do ſtand,
Our ladies and babies are turn'd out of door,
  Like comfortleſs captives both naked and poor;

Both friendleſs and fatherleſs do they complain,
For gone are their comforts that ſhould them maintain.
Alack and alack, and alas, may we cry,
That ever we forced king Edward to dye.

And while we go wringing our hands up and down,
In ſeeking for ſuccour from town unto town,
All wrapped in wretchedneſs do we remain,
Tormented, perplexed with dolour and pain:

Deſpiſed, diſdained, and baniſhed quite
The coaſt of our country ſo ſweet in our ſight,
Alack and alack, and alas, may we cry,
That ever we forced king Edward to dye.

Then farewell, fair England, wherein we were born;
Our friends and our kindred do hold us in ſcorn;
Our honours and dignities quite have we loſt,
Both profit and pleaſure our fortune hath croſt;

Our parks and our chaſes, our manſions ſo fair,
Our gems and our jewels moſt precious and rare.
Alack and alack, and alas, we may cry,
That ever we forced king Edward to dye.

Then farewell, dear ladies, and moſt loving wives,
Might our miſeries end with loſs of our lives;
Then our ſilly children, that beg at your hand,
In grief and calamities long ſhould not ſtand;

For

For yet in their country deſpiſed ſhould be,
That lately were honoured of every degree.
Alack and alack, with grief may we cry,
That ever we forced king Edward to dye.

In countrys unknown we range to and fro,
Cloying men's ears with reports of our woe;
Our food wild berries, green banks are our beds,
The trees ſerve for houſes to cover our heads:

Brown bread to our taſte is moſt dainty and ſweet
Our drink is cold water took up at our feet.
Alack and alack, with grief we may cry,
That ever we forced king Edward to dye.

Thus having long wandred in hunger and cold,
Deſpiſing life's ſafety, moſt deſperate bold,
Sir Thomas Gurney towards England doth go,
For love of his lady diſtreſſed with woe.

Saying, How happy and bleſſed were I,
To ſee my ſweet children and wife ere I dye!
Alack and alack, with grief may we cry,
That ever we made king Edward to dye.

But three years after this woful exile,
Behold how falſe fortune his thoughts did beguile,
Coming towards England, was took by the way:
And leſt he ſhould the chief murtherers betray,

Com-

Commandment was ſent by one called Lea,
He ſhould be beheaded forthwith on the ſea.
Alack and alack, and alas, may we cry,
That ever we forced king Edward to dye.

Thus was Sir Thomas diſpatched of life,
In coming to viſit his ſorrowful wife;
Who was cut off from his wiſhed deſire,
Which he in his heart ſo much did require.

And never again his lady did he ſee,
Nor his poor children in their miſery.
Alack and alack, and alas, may we cry,
That ever we forced king Edward to dye!

The lord Matrevers (the ſtory doth tell)
In Germany after long time did he dwell,
In ſecret manner, for fear to be ſeen
By any perſon that favour'd the queen:

And there at laſt in great miſery,
He ended his life moſt penitently.
Alack and alack, and alas, did he cry,
That ever he forced king Edward to dye.

XLIX.

Of king Edward the third and the fair counteſs of Saliſbury, ſetting forth her conſtancy and endleſs glory.

In Mr. Capell's proluſions, or ſelect pieces of ancient poetry, is printed a dramatic performance, the ſubject of which is, the amour between king Edward and the counteſs of Saliſbury. This play he ſuppoſed to have been the production of Shakeſpeare. The circumſtances in the ballad and the play are alike, but whether either was taken from the other we are unable to determine.

WHEN as Edward the third did live,
That valiant king,
David of Scotland to rebel
Did then begin:
The town of Berwick ſuddenly
From us he won,
And burnt Newcaſtle to the ground;
Thus ſtrife began:
To Roxbury caſtle march'd he then,
And by the force of warlike men,
Beſieg'd therein a gallant fair lady,
While that her huſband was in France,
His country's honour to advance,
The noble and famous earl of Saliſbury.

Brave

Brave ſir William Montague
  Rode then in haſte;
Who declared unto the king,
  The Scottiſh men's boaſt:
Who, like a lion in his rage,
  Did ſtraitway prepare
For to deliver that fair lady
  From woful care:
But when the Scottiſh men did hear ſay,
Edward our king was come that day,
  They rais'd their ſiege, and ran away with fear.
So when that he did thither come,
With warlike trumpet, fife and drum,
  None but a gallant lady met he there

Whom when he did with greedy eyes
  Behold and ſee,
Her peerleſs beauty did enthrall
  His majeſty:
And ever the longer that he look'd,
  The more he might;
For in her only beauty was
  His heart's delight.
And humbly then upon her knee
She thank'd his royal majeſty,
  That he had driven danger from her gate.
Lady, quoth he, ſtand up in peace,
Altho' my war doth now increaſe.
  Lord keep (quoth ſhe) all hurt from your ſtate.

Now

Now is the king full ſad in ſoul,
And wots not why;
And for the love of the fair counteſs
Of Saliſbury.
She little knowing his cauſe of grief,
Did come to ſee
Wherefore his highneſs ſate alone
So heavily:
I have been wrong'd, fair dame, quoth he,
Since I came hither unto thee.
No, God forbid, my ſovereign, ſaid ſhe;
If I were worthy for to know
The cauſe and ground of this your woe,
You ſhould be help'd, if it did lie in me.

Swear to perform thy word to me,
Thou lady gay;
To thee the ſorrows of my heart
I will betray.
I ſwear by all the ſaints in heaven
I will, quoth ſhe;
And let my lord have no miſtruſt
At all in me.
Then take thyſelf aſide, he ſaid;
For why, thy beauty hath betray'd;
Wounded a king with thy bright ſhining eye:
If thou do then ſome mercy ſhow,
Thou ſhalt expel a princely woe;
So ſhall I live; or elſe in ſorrow die.

You have your wiſh, my ſovereign lord,
Effectually;
Take all the leave that I can give
Your majeſty.
But on thy beauty all my joys
Have their abode.
Take thou my beauty from my face,
My gracious lord.
Did'ſt thou not ſwear to grant my will?
That I may, I will fulfil.
All then for my love, let my true love be ſeen.
My lord, your ſpeech I might reprove;
You cannot give to me your love,
For that belongs unto your queen.

But I ſuppoſe your grace did this
Only to try,
Whether a wanton tale might tempt
Dame Saliſbury.
Not from yourſelf therefore, my liege,
My ſteps do ſtray;
But from your wanton tempting tale
I go my way.
O turn again, my lady bright!
Come unto me, my heart's delight!
Gone is the comfort of my penſive heart;
Here comes the earl of Warwick, he
The father of this fair lady;
My mind to him I mean for to impart.

Why is my lord and ſovereign king
So griev'd in mind?
Becauſe that I have loſt the thing
I cannot find.
What thing is that, my gracious lord,
Which you have loſt?
It is my heart, which is near dead
Betwixt fire and froſt.
Curs'd be that fire and froſt too,
That cauſed this your highneſs woe.
O Warwick! thou doſt wrong me very ſore;
It is thy daughter, noble earl,
That heav'n-bright lamp! that peerleſs pearl!
Which kills my heart; yet do I her adore.

If that be all (my gracious king)
That works your grief;
I will perſuade the ſcornful dame
To yield relief:
Never ſhall ſhe my daughter be,
If ſhe refuſe.
The love and favour of a king
May her excuſe.
Thus wiſe Warwick went away,
And quite contrary he did ſay,
When as he did the beauteous counteſs meet;
Well met, my daughter, (then quoth he)
A meſſage I muſt do to thee;
Our royal king moſt kindly doth thee greet.

The king will die, if thou to him
  Do grant thy love.
To love the king, my huſband's love
  I muſt remove.
It is right charity to love,
  My daughter dear;
But no true love charitable
  For to appear.
His greatneſs may bear out the ſhame,
But his kingdom cannot buy out the blame:
  He craves thy love, that may bereave thy life.
It is my duty to move this,
But not thy honeſty to yield, I wis.
  I mean to die a true unſpotted wife.

Now haſt thou ſpoken, my daughter dear,
  As I would have:
Chaſtity bears a golden name
  Unto the grave:
And when to thy wedded lord
  Thou proveſt untrue,
Then let my bitter curſes ſtill
  Thy ſoul purſue:
Then with a ſmiling chear go thou,
As right and reaſon doth allow:
  Yet ſhew the king thou bear'ſt no ſtrumpet's mind.
I go, dear father, in a trice;
And by a ſlight of fine device,
  I'll cauſe the king to confeſs I'm not unkind.

Here comes the lady of my life,
The king did ſay.
My father bids me, ſovereign lord,
Your will obey;
And I conſent, if you will grant
One boon to me.
I grant it thee, my lady fair,
Whate'er it be.
My huſband is alive, you know,
Firſt let me kill him ere I go;
And at your command I will ever be.
Thy huſband now in France doth reſt.
No, no, he lies within my breaſt;
And ſeeing ſo nigh, he will my falſhood ſee.

With that ſhe ſtarted from the king,
And took her knife,
And deſperately ſhe thought to rid
Herſelf of life.
The king he ſtarted from his chair,
Her hand to ſtay.
O noble king, you have broke your word
With me this day.
Thou ſhalt not do this deed, quoth he.
Then never will I lie with thee.
No; then live ſtill, and let me bear the blame;
Live in honour and high eſtate,
With thy true lord, and wedded mate;
I never will attempt this ſuit again.

L.

The Winning of the Iſle of Man, by the noble earl of Saliſbury.

Reprinted from The Garland of Delight.

THE noble earl of Saliſbury,
With many a hardy knight,
Moſt valiantly prepar'd himſelf
Againſt the Scots to fight.
With his ſpear and his ſhield
Making his proud foes to yield,
Fiercely on them all he ran,
To drive them from the Iſle of Man,
Drums ſtriking on a row,
Trumpets ſounding as they go,
Tan ta ra ra ra tan.

Their ſilken enſigns in the field
Moſt glorioufly were ſpread,
The horſe-men on their prancing ſteeds,
Struck many Scotchmen dead;
The brown bill on their corſlets ring,
The bow-men with their gray-gooſe wing,

The luſty lance, the piercing ſpear,
The ſoft fleſh of their foes do tear;
Drums beating on a row,
Trumpets ſounding as they go,
Tan ta ra ra ra tan.

The battle was ſo fierce and hot,
The Scots for fear did flie,
And many a famous knight and 'ſquire
In gory blood did lie.
Some, thinking for to 'ſcape away,
Did drown themſelves within the ſea;
Some, with many a bloody wound,
Lay gaſping on the clayey ground
Drums beating on a row,
Trumpets ſounding as they go,
Tan ta ra ra ra tan.

Thus after many a brave exploit,
That day perform'd and done,
The noble earl of Saliſbury
The Iſle of Man had won:
Returning then moſt gallantly
With honour, fame, and victory,
Like a conqueror of fame,
To Court this warlike champion came:
Drums beating in a row,
Trumpets ſounding as they go,
Tan ta ra ra ra tan.

Our

Our king, rejoicing at this act,
Incontinent decreed
To give the earl this pleaſant iſle,
For his moſt valiant deed;
And forthwith did cauſe him then
For to be crowned king of Man,
Earl of Saliſbury,
King of Man by dignity:
Drums beating on a row,
Trumpets ſounding as they go,
Tan ta ra ra ra tan.

This was the firſt king of Man,
That ever bore that name,
Knight of the princely garter blue,
An order of great fame,
Which brave king Edward did deviſe,
And with his perſon royalize:
Knights of the Garter are they call'd,
And eke at Windſor ſo inſtall'd,
Which princely royalty,
Great fame, and dignity,
This knighthood ſtill is held.

LI.

The rebellion of Wat Tyler, Jack Straw and others, againſt king Richard the ſecond: how Sir William Walworth, lord mayor of London, ſtabbed Wat Tyler in Smithfield, for which the king knighted Sir William, with five aldermen more, cauſing a dagger to be added in the ſhield of the city arms.

Reprinted from The Garland of Delight.

WAT Tyler is from Dartford gone
And with him many proper men;
And he a captain is become,
Marching in field with fife and drum:

Jack Straw, another in like caſe,
From Eſſex flocks a mighty pace:
Hob Carter with his ſtragling train,
Jack Shepherd comes with him amain;

So doth Tom Miller in like ſort,
As if he meant to take ſome fort:
With bows and bills, with ſpear and ſhield,
On Black-heath have they pitcht their field.

An

An hundred thouſand men in all,
Whoſe force is not accounted ſmall;
And for King Richard did they ſend,
Much evil to him they did intend,

For the war, which our noble king
Upon the commons then did bring:
And now, becauſe his royal grace
Denied to come, with their chaſe

They ſpoiled Southwark round about,
And took the marſhal's priſoners out;
All thoſe that in the king's-bench lay,
At liberty they ſet that day;

And then they marcht with one conſent
Through London with a rude intent;
And to fulfil their leud deſire,
They ſet the Savoy all on fire:

And for the hate that they did bear
Unto the duke of Lancaſhire,
Therefore his houſe they burned quite,
Through envy, malice, and deſpite.

Then to the Temple did they turn,
The lawyers books eke did they burn,
And ſpoil'd their lodgings one by one,
And all they laid their hands upon.

Then unto Smithfield did they hie,
To St. John's place that ſtands thereby,
And ſet the ſame on fire flat,
Which burned ſeven days after that.

Unto the Tower of London then
Faſt trooped theſe rebellious men,
And having entred ſoon the ſame,
With divers cries and mickle ſhame;

The grave lord chancellor then they took,
Amaz'd with fearful piteous look.
The lord high treaſurer likewiſe they
Took from that place that preſent day;

And with their hooting, loud and ſhrill,
Cut off their heads on Tower-hill.
Into the city came they then,
Like lewd, diſordered, frantick men.

They robb'd the churches every where,
And put the prieſts in deadly fear.
Into the counters then they get,
Where men in priſon lay for debt;

They broke the doors, and let them out,
And threw the counter-books about,
Tearing and ſpoiling them each one,
And records all they light upon.

The doors of Newgate broke they down;
The priſoners ran about the town,
Forcing all the ſmiths they meet
To knock the irons from their feet;

And then, like villains void of awe,
Followed Wat Tyler and Jack Straw.
Although this outrage was not ſmall,
The king gave pardon to them all,

So they would part home quietly:
But they his pardon did defie.
And being all in Smithfield then,
Even threeſcore thouſand fighting men,

Which there Wat Tyler then did bring,
Of purpoſe for to meet the king;
And therewithall his royal grace,
Sent Sir John Newton to that place,

Unto Wat Tyler, willing him
To come and ſpeak with our royal king.
But the proud rebel, in deſpight,
Did pick a quarrel with the knight.

The mayor of London being by,*
When he beheld this villainy,

* Sir Wm. Walworth, Citizen and Fiſhmonger.

Unto

Unto Wat Tyler he rode then,
Being in th'midſt of all his men:

Saying, Traytor, yield; 'tis beſt:
In the king's name I thee arreſt.
And therewith to his dagger ſtart,
He thruſt the rebel to the heart;

Who falling dead upon the ground,
The ſame did all the hoſt confound:
So down they threw their weapons all,
And humbly they for mercy call.
Thus did the proud rebellion ceaſe,
And after followed joyful peace.

LII.

The baniſhment of the dukes of Hereford and Norfolk, in the time of king Richard the ſecond.

TWO noble dukes of great renown,
That long had liv'd in fame,
Thro' hateful envy were caſt down,
And brought to ſudden ſhame.

The duke of Hereford was one,
A prudent prince, and wiſe;
'Gainſt whom ſuch malice oft was ſhown,
Which ſoon in fight did riſe.

The duke of Norfolk, moſt untrue,
Declar'd unto the king,
The duke of Hereford greatly grew
In hatred of each thing,

Which by his grace was acted ſtill
Againſt both high and low;
And how he had a trait'rous will,
His ſtate to overthrow.

The duke of Hereford then, in haſte,
Was ſent for to the king;
And, by the lords in order plac'd,
Examin'd of each thing:

Who being guiltleſs of this crime,
Which was againſt him laid,
The duke of Norfolk, at that time,
Theſe words unto him ſaid:

How canſt thou, with a ſhameleſs face,
Deny a truth ſo ſtout;
And here, before his royal grace,
So falſly face it out?

Did

Did not theſe wicked treaſons paſs,
When we together were;
How that the king unworthy was
The royal crown to bear?

Wherefore, my gracious lord, quoth he,
And you his noble peers,
To whom I wiſh long life to be,
With many happy years:

I do pronounce before you all,
This treach'rous lord, that's here,
A traytor to our noble king;
As time ſhall ſhew it clear.

The duke of Hereford hearing that,
In mind was grieved much;
And did return this anſwer flat,
Which did duke Norfolk touch:

The term of traitor, truthleſs duke,
With ſcorn and great diſdain,
With flat defiance to thy face,
I do return again:

And therefore, if it pleaſe your grace
To grant me leave (quoth he)
To combat with my deadly foe,
That here accuſeth me;

I do

I do not doubt but plainly prove,
That, like a perjur'd knight,
He hath moſt falſly fought my ſhame,
Againſt all truth and right.

The king did grant this juſt requeſt,
And did therewith agree,
At Coventry, in Auguſt next,
This combat fought ſhould be.

The dukes on ſturdy ſteeds full ſtout,
In coats of ſteel moſt bright,
With ſpears in reſts, did enter liſts,
This combat fierce to fight.

The king then caſt his warden down,
Commanding them to ſtay;
And with his lords he counſel took,
To ſtint that mortal fray.

At length unto theſe noble dukes
The king of heralds came,
And unto them with lofty ſpeech
This ſentence did proclaim:

Sir Henry Bolingbroke, this day,
The duke of Hereford here,
And Thomas Moubray, Norfolk duke,
Valiantly did appear;

And having, in honourable ſort,
Repaired to this place;
Our noble king, for ſpecial cauſe,
Hath alter'd thus the caſe:

Firſt, Henry duke of Hereford,
Ere fifteen days be paſt,
Shall 'part the realm on pain of death,
While ten years ſpace doth laſt.

And Thomas duke of Norfolk, now,
That hath begun this ſtrife,
And thereof no good proof can bring;
I ſay, for term of life,

By judgment of our ſovereign lord,
Which now in place doth ſtand,
For evermore I baniſh thee
Out of thy native land;

Charging thee, on pain of death,
When fifteen days are paſt,
Thou never tread on Engliſh ground,
So long as life doth laſt.

Thus they were ſworn before the king,
Ere they did farther paſs,
The one ſhould never come in place
Where as the other was.

Then

Then both the dukes, with heavy hearts,
Were parted preſently,
Their uncouth ſtreams of froward chance
In foreign lands to try.

The duke of Norfolk coming then
Where he could ſhipping take,
The bitter tears fell down his cheeks,
And thus his moan did make:

Now let me ſigh and ſob my fill,
Ere I from hence depart,
That inward pangs with ſpeed may burſt
My ſore afflicted heart.

Oh curſed man! whoſe loathed life
Is held ſo much in ſcorn;
Whoſe company is clean deſpis'd,
And left as one forlorn!

Now take thy leave, and laſt adieu,
Of this thy country dear;
Which never more thou muſt behold,
Nor yet approach it near.

Now happy ſhould I count myſelf,
If death my heart had torn;
That I might have my bones entomb'd,
Where I was bred and born:

Or that by Neptune's wrathful rage
I might be forc'd to dye,
Whilſt that ſweet England's pleaſant banks
Did ſtand before mine eye:

How ſweet a ſcent hath Engliſh ground
Within my ſenſes now!
How fair unto my outward ſight
Seems ev'ry branch and bough!

The fields and flow'rs, the ſtreets and ſtones,
Seem ſuch unto my mind,
That in all other countries, ſure,
The like I ne'er ſhall find.

O that the ſun, with ſhining face,
Would ſtay his ſteeds by ſtrength;
That this ſame day might ſtretched be
To twenty years in length!

And that the true-performing tide
Her haſty courſe would ſtay;
That Æolus would never yield
To bear me hence away!

That by the fountain of my eyes
The fields might water'd be;
That I might grave my grievous plaint
Upon each ſpringing tree.

But time, I ſee, with eagle's wings
So ſwift doth fly away;
And duſky clouds begin to dim
The brightneſs of the day:

The fatal hour draweth on,
The winds and tides agree;
And now, ſweet England, over ſoon
I muſt depart from thee.

The mariners have hoiſted ſail,
And call to catch me in:
And now, in woful heart, I feel
My torments to begin.

Wherefore, farewell for evermore,
Sweet England, unto thee;
And farewell, all my friends, which I
Again ſhall never ſee.

O England, here I kiſs the ground
Upon my bended knee!
Whereby to ſhew to all the world
How dearly I love thee.

This being ſaid, away he went,
As fortune did him guide;
And at the length, thro' grief of heart,
In Veniſe there he dy'd.

The noble duke, in doleful ſort,
Did lead his life in France;
And, at the laſt, the mighty Lord
Did him full high advance.

The lords of England afterwards
Did ſend for him again,
While that king Richard at the wars
In Ireland did remain;

Who, by the vile and great abuſe
Which thro' his deeds did ſpring,
Depoſed was; and then the duke
Was truly crowned king.

LIII.

Sir Richard Whittington's advancement: being an hiſtorical account of his education, unexpected fortune, charity, &c.

There is ſomething ſo fabulous, or at leaſt, that has ſuch a romantic appearance in the hiſtory of Whittington, that we ſhall not relate it; but refer our readers to common tradition, or to the hiſtories which are without any difficulty to be met with. Certain it is, that there was ſuch a man; a citizen of London, by trade a mercer; and one who has left public edifices, and charitable works enough behind him, to tranſmit his name to poſterity. Amongſt others, he founded a houſe

a houſe of prayer; with an allowance for a maſter, fellows, choriſters, clerks, &c. and an alms-houſe for thirteen poor men, called Whittington college. He entirely rebuilt the loathſome priſon, which then was ſtanding at the weſt gate of the city, and call'd it Newgate. He built the better half of St. Bartholemew's hoſpital, in Weſt Smithfield; and the fine library in Grey-Fryars, now called Chriſt's Hoſpital: as alſo a great part of the eaſt end of Guildhall, with a chapel and a library; in which the records of the city might be kept. He was choſen ſheriff in the ſeventeenth year of the reign of king Richard the ſecond, and of the Chriſtian æra 1393; William Stondon, by trade a grocer, being then mayor of London. After which he was knighted; and in the one and twentieth year of the ſame reign, he was choſen mayor. Which honour was again conferr'd on him in the eighth year of king Henry the fourth, and the ſeventh of king Henry the fifth. 'Tis ſaid of him, that he advanc'd a very conſiderable ſum of money towards carrying on the war in France, under the laſt monarch. He marry'd Alice, the daughter of Hugh and Molde Fitzwarren: at whoſe houſe, traditions ſay, Whittington lived a ſervant, when he got his immenſe riches by venturing his cat in one of his maſter's ſhips. However, if we may give credit to his own will, he was a knight's ſon; and more obliged to an Engliſh king, and prince, than to any African monarch, for his riches. For when he founded Whittington college, and left a maintenance for ſo many people, as above related, they were, as Stow records it, (for this maintenance) bound to pray for the good eſtate of Richard Whittington, and Alice his wife, their founders; and for Sir William Whittington, and dame [illegible] his wife; and for Hugh Fitzwarren, and dame Molde his wife, the fathers and mothers of the ſaid Richard Whittington and Alice his wife: For king Richard the ſecond, and Thomas of Woodſtock, duke of Glouceſter, ſpecial lords and promoters of the ſaid Richard Whittington, &c.

HERE muſt I tell the praiſe
Of worthy Whittington,
Known to be in his days
Thrice lord-mayor of London.

But of poor parentage
Born was he, as we hear,
And in his tender age
Bred up in Lancaſhire.

Poorly to London then
Came up this ſimple lad;
Where, with a merchant-man,
Soon he a dwelling had;

And in a kitchen plac'd,
A ſcullion for to be;
Where a long time he paſs'd
In labour drudgingly.

His daily ſervice was
Turning at the fire;
And to ſcour pots of braſs,
For a poor ſcullion's hire:

Meat and drink all his pay,
Of coin he had no ſtore;
Therefore to run away,
In ſecret thought he bore.

So

So from the merchant-man,
Whittington ſecretly
Towards his country ran,
To purchaſe liberty.

But as he went along,
In a fair ſummer's morn,
London's bells ſweetly rung
Whittington's back return;

Evermore ſounding ſo,
Turn again, Whittington;
For thou, in time, ſhalt grow
Lord-mayor of London.

Whereupon, back again
Whittington came with ſpeed,
A ſervant to remain,
As the Lord had decreed.

Still bleſſed be the bells,
This was his daily ſong;
This my good fortune tells,
Moſt ſweetly have they rung.

If God ſo favour me,
I will not prove unkind;
London my love ſhall ſee,
And my large bounties find.

But, ſee his happy chance!
This ſcullion had a cat,
Which did his ſtate advance,
And by it wealth he gat.

His maſter ventur'd forth,
To a land far unknown,
With merchandize of worth,
As is in ſtories ſhown:

Whittington had no more
But this poor cat as then,
Which to the ſhip he bore,
Like a brave valiant man.

Vent'ring the ſame, quoth he
I may get ſtore of gold,
And mayor of *London be*,
As the bells *have me told*.

Whittington's *merchandiſe*,
Carried to a land
Troubled with rats and *mice*,
As they did underſtand;

The king of the country there,
As he at dinner ſat,
Daily remain'd in fear
Of many mouſe and rat.

Meat

Meat that on trenchers lay,
No way they could keep ſafe;
But by rats bore away,
Fearing no wand or ſtaff;

Whereupon, ſoon they brought
Whittington's nimble cat;
Which by the king was bought,
Heaps of gold given for that.

Home again came theſe men,
With their ſhip laden ſo;
Whittington's wealth began
By this cat thus to grow:

Scullion's life he forſook,
To be a merchant good,
And ſoon began to look
How well his credit ſtood.

After that, he was choſe
Sheriff of the city here,
And then full quickly roſe
Higher, as did appear:

For, to the city's praiſe,
Sir Richard Whittington
Came to be in his days
Thrice mayor of London.

More

More his fame to advance,
Thouſands he lent the king,
To maintain war in France,
Glory from thence to bring.

And after, at a feaſt
Which he the king did make,
He burnt the bonds all in jeſt,
And would no money take.

Ten thouſand pounds he gave
To his prince willingly;
And would no penny have
For this kind courteſy.

As God thus made him great,
So he would daily ſee
Poor people fed with meat,
To ſhew his charity:

Priſoners poor cheriſh'd were,
Widows ſweet comfort found:
Good deeds, both far and near,
Of him do ſtill reſound.

Whittington's college is
One of his charities;
Record reporteth this
To laſting memories.

New-

Newgate he builded fair,
For priſoners to lye in;
Chriſt-church he did repair,
Chriſtian love for to win.

Many more ſuch like deeds
Were done by Whittington;
Which joy and comfort breeds,
To ſuch as look thereon.

LIV.

A Song of the depoſing of king Richard II. and how after many miſeries he was murder'd in Pomfret caſtle.

WHEN Richard the Second in England was king,
And reign'd with honour and ſtate,
Six uncles he had, his grandfather's ſons,
King Edward that ruled of late:
All counſellors noble and ſage;
Yet would he not hear
Their precepts dear,
So wilful he was, in this his young age.

A ſort

A ſort of brave gallants he kept in his court,
That train'd him to wanton delights,
Which paraſites pleaſed him better in mind,
Than all his beſt nobles and knights:
Ambition and avarice grew
So great in this land,
That ſtill from his hand
A maſs of rich treaſure his paraſites drew.

His peers and his barons diſhonoured were;
And upſtarts thus mounted on high:
His commons ſore tax'd, his cities oppreſs'd,
Good ſubjects were nothing ſet by;
And what to his coffers did come,
He wantonly ſpent,
To pleaſe with content
His flattering upſtarts, ſtill ſporting at home.

When thus unto ruin this kingdom began
To fall from the higheſt eſtate,
The nobles of England their prince's amiſs,
By parliament ſoon did rebate:
And likewiſe thoſe flatterers all,
They baniſh'd the court,
That made but a ſport
To ſee this ſo famous a kingdom to fall.

But

But after theſe gallants degraded were thus,
Kind Richard himſelf was put down,
And Bullinbrook, Lancaſter's noble-born duke,
By policy purchas'd his crown.
Thus civil wars here begun,
That could have no end,
By foe nor by friend,
Till ſeven kings reigns, with their lives were out-run.

But Richard, the breeder of all theſe ſame broils,
In priſon was wofully caſt,
Where long he complained, in ſorrowful ſort,
Of kingly authority paſt:
No lords nor no ſubjects had he,
No glory, no ſtate,
That early and late
Upon him attending had wont for to be.

His robes were converted to garments ſo old,
That beggars would hardly them wear;
His diet no comfort at all to him brought,
For he fed upon ſorrow and care.
And from priſon to priſon was ſent,
Each day, and each night,
To work him deſpight,
That, wearied with ſorrows, he ſtill might lament.

Poor

Poor king thus abuſed, he was at the laſt
To Pomfret in Yorkſhire convey'd,
And there in a dungeon, full low in the ground,
Unpitied, he nightly was laid:
Not one for his miſery grieved,
That late was in place
Of royalleſt grace,
Where ſtill the diſtreſſed he kindly relieved.

King Henry, uſurping then all his eſtate,
Could never in heart be content,
Till ſome of his friends in ſecreſy ſought
To kill him by cruel conſent;
Who ſoon to Pomfret hied,
Whereas the fear,
That touch'd him ſo near,
They finiſh'd as ſoon as king Richard there died.

There dy'd this good king, for murther'd he was,
That might well have lived full long,
Had not ill counſel betray'd his beſt good,
And done his high fortunes this wrong:
But blood for blood ſtill calls,
No bloody-ſtain'd hand
Can long in this land
Stand ſurely, but ſoon into miſery falls.

Lancaſter

Lancaſter thus the diadem gain'd,
And won his title by blood,
Which afterwards, by heaven's high power,
Not three generations ſtood,
But yielded to York again:
Thus fortune ſhows
Their proud overthrows,
That cunningly climb an imperial reign.

LV.

The battel of Agincourt, between the French and Engliſh.

A Council grave our king did hold,
With many a lord and knight;
That they might truly underſtand,
That France did hold his right.

Unto the king of France therefore
Ambaſſadors were ſent,
That he might fully underſtand
His mind and his intent;

Deſiring

Deſiring him, in friendly wiſe,
His lawful right to yield;
Or elſe he vow'd, by dint of ſword
To win the ſame in field.

The king of France with all his lords,
Which heard his meſſage plain,
Unto our brave ambaſſadors
Did anſwer in diſdain;

And feign'd our king was yet too young,
And of too tender age;
Therefore we weigh not of his war,
Nor fear we his courage.

His knowledge is in feats of arms
As yet but very ſmall:
His tender joints much fitter were
To toſs a tennis ball.

A tun of tennis balls therefore,
In pride and great diſdain,
He ſent unto our noble king,
To recompence his pain.

Which anſwer when our king did hear,
He waxed wroth in heart;
And ſaid, he would ſuch balls provide,
Should make all France to ſmart.

An army then our king did raiſe,
Which was both good and ſtrong;
And from Southampton is our king
With all his navy gone.

In France he landed ſafe and found,
With all his warlike train;
And to the town of Harfleur ſtrait
He marched up a-main:

But when he had beſieg'd the ſame,
Againſt their fenced walls,
To batter down their ſtately towers,
He ſent his Engliſh balls.

This done, our noble Engliſh king
March'd up and down the land;
And not a Frenchman for his life
Durſt once his force withſtand,

Until he came to Agincourt;
Where as it was his chance
To find the king in readineſs
With all his power of France.

A mighty hoſt he had prepar'd
Of armed ſoldiers then;
Which were no leſs, by juſt account,
Than forty thouſand men.

Which ſight did much amaze our king;
For he and all his hoſt
Not paſſing fifteen thouſand had,
Accounted at the moſt.

The king of France, which well did know
The number of our men,
In vaunting pride unto our prince
Did ſend a herald then;

To underſtand what he would give
For ranſom of his life,
When he in field ſhould taken be
Amidſt their bloody ſtrife.

And then our king, with chearful heart,
This anſwer ſoon did make;
And ſaid, Before this comes to paſs,
Some of their hearts ſhall quake.

And to their proud preſumptuous prince
Declare this thing, quoth he,
Mine own heart's blood ſhall pay the price;
None elſe he gets of me.

With that beſpoke the duke of York;
O noble king, quoth he,
The leading of this battle brave
Vouchſafe to give to me.

God

God a mercy, couſin York, quoth he,
I grant thee thy requeſt;
Then march thou on courageouſly,
And I will lead the reſt.

Then came the bragging Frenchmen down
With greater force and might;
With whom our noble king began
A hard and cruel fight.

The archers they diſcharg'd their ſhafts,
As thick as hail from ſky;
That many a Frenchman in the field
That happy day did die.

Ten thouſand men that day were ſlain
Of enemies in the field;
And as many priſoners
That day were forc'd to yield.

Thus had our king a happy day,
And victory over France;
And brought them quickly under foot,
That late in pride did prance.

The Lord preſerve our noble king,
And grant to him likewiſe
The upper hand and victory
Of all his enemies.

LVI.

A ſong of the wooing of queen Catherine, widow of Henry V, by Owen Tudor, a young gentleman of Wales; tranſlated out of the Welſh.

Owen Tudor.

I Salute thee, ſweet princeſs, with title of grace;
For Cupid commands me in heart to embrace
Thy honours, thy virtues, thy favour, and beauty,
With all my true ſervice, my love and my duty.

Queen Catherine.

Courteous kind gentleman, let me requeſt,
How comes it that Cupid hath wounded thy breaſt,
And chain'd thy heart's liking my ſervant to prove,
That am but a ſtranger in this thy kind love?

Tudor.

If but a ſtranger, yet love hath ſuch power,
To lead me here kindly into the queen's bower;
Then do not, ſweet princeſs, my good-will forſake,
When nature commands thee a true love to take.

Queen.

So royal of calling and birth am I known,
That matching unequal, my ſtate's overthrown:
My titles of dignity thereby I loſe,
To wed me and bed me my equal I'll chuſe.

Tudor.

Tudor.

No honours are loſt (queen) in chuſing of me,
For I am a gentleman born by degree;
And favours of princes my ſtate may advance,
In making me noble and fortunate chance.

Queen.

My robes of rich honours, moſt brave to behold,
Are all o'er imboſſed with ſilver and gold;
Not therewith adorned, I loſe my renown,
With all the brave titles that wait on a crown.

Tudor.

My country, ſweet princeſs, more pleaſure affords,
Than can be expreſſed by me here in words;
Such kindly contentment by nature there ſprings,
That hath been well liked of queens and of kings.

Queen.

My courtly attendants are trains of delight,
Like ſtars of fair heaven all ſhining moſt bright:
And thoſe that live daily ſuch pleaſures to ſee,
Suppoſe no ſuch comfort in country can be.

Tudor.

In Wales we have fountains, no cryſtals more clear,
Where murmuring muſick we daily may hear,
With gardens of pleaſure, and flowers ſo ſweet,
Where true love with true love may merrily meet.

Queen.

But there is no tilting nor tournaments bold,
Which gallant young ladies deſire to behold,
No maſks, nor no revels, where favours are worn,
By knights or by barons without any ſcorn.

Tudor.

Our May-pole at Whitſontide maketh good ſport,
And moves as ſweet pleaſures as yours do in court,
Where, on the green dancing for garland and ring,
Maidens make paſtime and ſports for a king.

Queen.

But when your brave young men and maidens do meet,
Whilſt ſilver-like melody murmuring keeps,
Your muſick is clowniſh, and ſoundeth not ſweet,
And locks up your ſenſes in heavenly ſleeps.

Tudor.

Our harps and our tabors, and ſweet humming drones,
For thee, my ſweet princeſs, make muſical moans:
Our Morris maid-marrians deſire to ſee
A true-love knot tied between thee and me.

Queen.

No pleaſure in country by me can be ſeen,
That have been maintain'd ſo long here a queen,
And fed on the bleſſings that daily were given
Into my brave palace, by angels from heaven.

Tudor.

Tudor.

Our green-leav'd trees will dance with the wind,
Where birds ſit rejoicing according to kind:
Our ſheep with our lambs will ſkip and rebound,
To ſee thee come tripping along on the ground.

Queen.

What if a kind princeſs ſhould ſo be content,
By meekneſs thus moved to give her conſent,
And humble her honours, imbaſe her degree,
To tye her beſt fortunes, brave Tudor, to thee?

Tudor.

If to a kingdom I born were by birth,
And had at commandment all nations on earth,
Their crowns and their ſcepters ſhould lye at thy feet,
And thou be my empreſs, my darling ſo ſweet.

Queen.

I fear not to fancy thy love-tempting tongue,
For Cupid is coming, his bow very ſtrong;
Queen Venus, once miſtreſs of heart-wiſhing pleaſure,
We over-kind women repent us at leiſure.

Tudor.

May never fair morning ſhew forth his bright beams,
But cover my falſhood with greateſt extremes,
If not as the turtle I lye with my dove,
My gentle kind princeſs, my lady, my love.

Queen.

Hie then into Wales, and our wedding provide,
For thou art my bridegroom, and I'll be thy bride;
Get gloves and fine ribbons, with bride-laces fair,
Of ſilk and of ſilver, for ladies to wear.

Tudor.

With garlands of roſes our houſewifely wives,
To have them adorn'd moſt lovingly ſtrives;
Their bride-cakes be ready, our bag-pipes do play,
Whilſt I ſtand attending to lead thee the way.

Both together.

Then mark how the notes of our merry town-bells,
Our ding-dong of pleaſures moſt chearfully tells;
Then ding-dong, fair ladies, and lovers all true,
This ding-dong of pleaſure may ſatisfy you.

LVII.

CUPID's REVENGE.

The former editor of the collection of Old Ballads is of opinion, that this piece was written upon the marriage of king Henry VI. The reaſons by which he ſupports this idea we ſhall give the reader in his own words.

"*There is no one ſo very ignorant of hiſtory, as not to* "*know that this monarch (Henry VI.) was betrothed to* "*the count of Arminiac's daughter, a fine lady, with* "*whom*

" whom he was to have a conſiderable portion, beſides " ſeveral towns and caſtles in Aquitain, which belong'd " to king Henry's anceſtors. But the duke of Suffolk, " without orders, negotiated a marriage between his " maſter and the daughter of Rayner, duke of Anjou, a " mighty titular prince; for he ſtiled himſelf king of " Jeruſalem, Sicily, and Naples; but, with all his " titles, ſo very poor, that he could not give his daugh- " ter a dowry: And king Henry was obliged, in favour " of this marriage, to renounce his beſt dominions in " France; which our poet (I ſuppoſe) hints at, in his " throwing a purſe of gold to the beggar.

Her fame thro' all the realms did ring,
Altho' ſhe came of parents poor;
She, by her ſovereign lord the king,
Did bear one ſon, and eke no more.

" 'Tis very well known, that no woman ſupported " the royal character with more courage and dignity " than queen Margaret did. If any one would ſee her " character at large, I would refer 'em to Mr. Philips's " tragedy of duke Humphrey. This queen had but one " child, prince Henry; who was ſlain at Tewkeſbury, " by Richard duke of Glouceſter, brother to king Ed- " ward the fourth: So that the laſt ſtanza is not con- " ſiſtent with hiſtory. But we muſt remember, that a " poet, who is writing on a ſubject which he dares not " own, muſt ſo diſguiſe the truth, as not to let his ſong " be entirely applicable to a prince on the throne, or to " one who had ſtill potent friends living: And for that " reaſon our poet begun with telling us, that he was " writing of a foreign monarch; and concludes with " ſetting the prince on the throne."

A king

A King once reign'd beyond the ſeas,
As we in ancient ſtories find,
Whom no fair face could ever pleaſe;
He cared not for womankind:

He deſpis'd the ſweeteſt beauty,
And the greateſt fortune too:
At length he married to a beggar;
See what Cupid's dart can do!

The blinded boy that ſhoots ſo trim,
Did to his cloſet-window ſteal;
And drew a dart, and ſhot at him,
And made him ſoon his power to feel.

He that never car'd for women,
But did females ever hate,
At length was ſmitten, wounded, ſwooned,
For a beggar at his gate.

For mark what happen'd on a day,
As he look'd from his window high,
He ſpy'd a beggar all in grey,
With two more in her company:

She his fancy ſoon enflamed,
And his heart was grieved ſore;
What! muſt I have her, court her, crave her?
I, that never lov'd before?

This

This noble prince of high renown,
Did to his chamber ſtrait repair,
And on his couch he laid him down,
Oppreſs'd with love-ſick grief and care.

Ne'er was a monarch ſo ſurpriz'd;
Here I lye her captive ſlave!
But I'll to her, court her, wooe her;
She muſt heal the wound ſhe gave.

Then to his palace-gate he goes:
The beggars crave his charity;
A purſe of gold to them he throws;
With thankful hearts away they hye.

But the king he call'd her to him,
Tho' ſhe was but poor and mean:
His hand did hold her, while he told her,
She ſhould be his ſtately queen.

At this ſhe bluſhed ſcarlet red,
And on this mighty king did gaze!
Then ſtrait again as pale as lead;
Alas, ſhe was in ſuch amaze!

Hand in hand they walk'd together;
And the king did kindly ſay,
That he'd reſpect her: ſtrait they deck'd her
In moſt ſumptuous rich array.

He did appoint the wedding-day;
And likewiſe then commanded ſtrait
The noble lords and ladies gay
Upon his gracious queen to wait.

She appear'd a ſplendid beauty,
All the court did her adore;
And in a marriage, with a carriage,
As if ſhe'd been a queen before.

Her fame thro' all the realms did ring,
Altho' ſhe came of parents poor:
She, by her ſov'reign lord the king,
Did bear one ſon, and eke no more.

All the nobles were well pleaſed,
And the ladies frank and free;
For her behaviour always gave her
Title to her dignity.

At length the king and queen were laid
Together in a ſilent tomb;
Their royal ſon their ſceptre ſway'd,
Who govern'd in his father's room.

Long in glory did he flouriſh,
Wealth and honour to increaſe;
Still poſſeſſing ſuch a bleſſing,
That he liv'd and reign'd in peace.

LVIII.

The lamentable Fall of the dutcheſs of Glouceſter, wife to good duke Humphry, with the manner of her doing penance in London ſtreets, and of her exile in the Iſle of Man, where ſhe ended her days.

I. Once a dutcheſs was of great renown,
My huſband near ally'd to England's crown;
The good duke Humphry 'titled was his name,
Till fortune frown'd upon his glorious fame.

Henry the fifth, that king of gallant race,
Of whom my huſband claim'd a brother's place;
And was protector made of his young ſon,
When princely Henry's thread of life was ſpun.

Henry the ſixth, a child of nine months old,
Then rul'd this land with all our barons bold;
And in brave Paris crown'd was king of France,
Fair England with more honour to advance.

Then ſway'd duke Humphry like a glorious king,
And was protector over every thing:
Even as he would pleaſe to his heart's deſire,
But envy ſoon extinguiſh'd all his fire.

In height of all his pompal majeſty,
From Cobham's houſe with ſpeed he marry'd me;
Fair Ellinor, the pride of ladies all,
In court and city people did me call.

Then flaunted I in Greenwich ſtately towers,
My winter's manſions, and my ſummer's bowers:
Which gallant houſe, e'er ſince thoſe days, hath been
The palace brave of many a king and queen.

The ſilver Thames, that ſweetly pleas'd mine eye,
Procur'd me golden thoughts of majeſty;
The kind content and murmurs of the water,
Made me forget the woes that would come after.

No gallant dame, nor lady in this land,
But much deſired in my love to ſtand:
My golden pride increaſed day by day,
As though ſuch pleaſures never would decay.

On gold and ſilver looms my garments fair
Were woven ſtill by women ſtrange and rare;
Embroider'd variouſly with Median ſilk,
More white than thiſtle-down, or morning's milk.

My coaches and my ſtately pamper'd ſteeds,
Well furniſh'd in their gold-bewrapped weeds,
With gentle glidings in the ſummer nights,
Still yielded me the evening's ſweet delights.

An hundred gentlemen in purple chains,
As many virgin maids were ſtill in trains.
The queen of Egypt, with her pomp and glory,
For treaſure could not equal this my ſtory.

But yet at laſt my golden ſun declin'd,
And England's court at theſe my joys repin'd;
For ſoon my huſband, in his honour'd place,
Amongſt the barons reaped ſome diſgrace:

Which grudge being grown, and ſpringing up to height,
Unto his charge they laid ſome crime of weight;
And then in priſon caſt good royal duke,
Without miſdeed he ſuffer'd vile rebuke.

They took from him their great protector's name,
Thro' cauſes which thoſe peers did falſly frame;
And after, overcome with malice deep,
My noble lord they murther'd in his ſleep.

The young king having thus his uncle loſt,
Was, day by day, with troubles vex'd and croſs'd:
And treaſons in the land were daily bred,
That from the factious houſe of York took head.

Of kingly Lancaſter my huſband's line;
Whoſe death not only prov'd his fall, but mine:
For being dead, his livings and his lands
They ſeized all into king Henry's hands:

And

And after turn'd me friendleſs out of door,
To ſpend my days like to a woman poor:
Diſcharging me from all my pompal train;
But Ellianor would a lady ſtill remain.

The noble ſpirit of a woman's will,
Within my breaſt did burn in fury ſtill;
And ranging ſo in my revengeful mind,
Till I the murtherers of my lord did find.

But knowing them to be of power and might,
Of whom no juſtice could by law take right;
And yet to nouriſh up my thoughts in evil,
I crav'd the help of hell, and of the devil.

To practiſe witchcraft then was my intent,
And therefore for the witch of Ely ſent;
And for old Bullingbroke of Lancaſhire,
Of whom, for charms, the land ſtood much in fear.

We ſlept by day, and walk'd at midnight hours;
The time that ſpells have force, and greateſt pow'rs:
The twilights and the dawning of the morns,
When elves and fairies take their gliding forms.

Red ſtreaming blood fell down my azur'd veins,
To make characters in round circled ſtrains;
With dead men's ſkulls, by brimſtone burned quite,
To raiſe the dreadful ſhadows of the night.

All

All this by black enchanting arts to ſpill
Their hated blood, that did duke Humphry kill.
My royal lord, untimely ta'en from me,
Yet no revengement for him could I ſee.

For by the hand of juſtly-dooming heaven,
We were prevented all, and notice giv'n;
How we by witchcraft ſought the ſpoil of thoſe
That ſecretly had been duke Humphry's foes.

Wherefore my two companions for this crime
Did ſuffer death ere nature ſpent its time.
Poor El'nor I, becauſe of noble birth,
Endur'd a ſtranger puniſhment than death.

It pleaſed ſo the council of my king,
To diſrobe me of every gorgeous thing:
My chains, and rings, and jewels of ſuch price,
Were chang'd to rags more baſe than rugged frize.

And by command along each London ſtreet,
To go in penance wrapped in a ſheet;
Barefooted, with a taper in my hand!
The like did never lady in this land.

My feet that lately trod the ſteps of pleaſure,
Now flinty ſtones ſo ſharp were forc'd to meaſure.
Yet none alive where I did come or go,
Durſt ſhed one trickling tear at this my woe.

Break heart, and die! here ended not my pain;
I judged was an exile to remain;
And go a baniſh'd lady from this place,
Where in my blooming youth I liv'd in grace.

The remnant of thoſe years which God me gave,
Poor El'nor ſpent to find her out a grave;
And left this land, where ſhe was bred and born,
In foreign ſoils for her miſdeeds to mourn.

The Iſle of Man, encompaſs'd by the ſea,
Near England, named ſo unto this day,
Impriſon'd me within the watry round,
Till time and death found me a burying-ground.

Full nineteen years in ſorrow thus I ſpent,
Without one hour or minute of content:
Rememb'ring former joys of modeſt life,
Whilſt I bore name of good duke Humphry's wife.

The loſs of Greenwich tow'rs did grieve me ſore,
But the hard fate of my dear lord, much more.
Yea, all the joys once in my bow'r and hall,
Are darts of grief to wound me now withal.

Farewel, dear friends; farewel, my courtly trains;
My late renown is turn'd to ling'ring pains:
My melody of muſic's ſilver ſound,
Are ſnakes and adders, hiſſing on the ground;

The

The downy bed whereon I lay full oft,
Are ſun-burnt heaps of moſs, now ſeeming ſoft;
And waxen tapers lighting to my bed,
Are ſtars about the ſilver moon beſpread.

Inſtead of wine, I drink of waters clear,
Which pays for my delightful banquets dear.
Thus changeth ſtately pomp, and courtly joys,
When pleaſure endeth with ſuch deep annoys.

My beauteous cheeks, where Cupid danc'd and play'd,
Are wrinkled grown, and quite with grief decay'd;
My hair turn'd white, my yellow eyes ſtark blind;
And all my body alter'd from its kind.

Ring out my knell, you birds in top of ſky;
Quite tir'd with woes, here Ellinor muſt dye.
Receive me, earth, into thy gentle womb;
A baniſh'd lady craves no other tomb.

Thus dy'd the famous dutcheſs of our land,
Controll'd by changing fortune's ſtern command.
Let thoſe that ſit in place of high degree,
Think on their ends, that like to her's may be.

LIX.

KING EDWARD AND JANE SHORE.

Dr. Percy, in his Reliques of Antient Poetry, vol. 2, has given ſo ample and accurate an account of the lady celebrated in this ballad, that we ſhall again, as heretofore, refer our readers to that ingenious work for further information on this ſubject.

WHY ſhould we boaſt of Laius and his knights,
Knowing ſuch champions entrapt by whoriſh lights?
Or why ſhould we ſpeak of Thais' curled locks,
Or Rhodope, that gave ſo many men the p—x?
Read in old ſtories, and there you will find,
How Jane Shore, Jane Shore, ſhe pleas'd king Edward's mind.
Jane Shore, ſhe was for England, queen Frederick was for France.
Sing, Honi ſoit qui mal y penſe.

Of the old Amazons it were too long to tell,
And likewiſe of the Thracian girls how far they did excel.

Thoſe

Thoſe with Scythian lads engag'd in ſeveral fights,
And in the brave Venerean wars did foil advent'rous knights;
Meſſalina and Julia were veſſels wond'rous brittle;
But Jane Shore, Jane Shore, took down king Edward's mettle.

Jane Shore ſhe was for England, &c.

Thaleſtris of Thermodon, ſhe was a doubty wight,
She conquer'd Pallas' king in th'exerciſe of night;
Hercules ſlew the dragon, whoſe teeth were all of braſs,
Yet he himſelf became a ſlave unto the Lydian laſs;
The Theban Semele lay with Jove, not dreading all his thunder;
But Jane Shore overcame king Edward, altho' he had her under.

Jane Shore ſhe was for England, &c.

Helen of Greece, ſhe came of Spartan blood;
Agricola and Creſſida they were brave whores and good;
Queen Clytemneſtra boldly ſlew old Arthur's mighty ſon,
And fair Heſione pull'd down the ſtrength of Telamon.
Thoſe were the ladies that caus'd the Trojan ſack;
But Jane Shore, Jane Shore, ſhe ſpoil'd king Edward's back.

Jane Shore ſhe was for England, &c.

For this the ancient fathers did great Venus deify,
Becauſe with her own father Jove ſhe feared not to lye:
Hence Cupid came, who afterwards reveng'd his loving mother,
And made kind Bibilis do the like with Caunus, her own brother;
And afterwards the goddeſs kept Adonis for reſerve;
But Jane Shore, Jane Shore, ſhe ſtretch'd king Edward's nerve.
Jane Shore ſhe was for England, &c.

The Colchan dame Medea her father did betray,
And taught her lover Jaſon the vigilant bull to ſlay;
And after thence convey'd her father's golden fleece,
She with her lover fail'd away in Argos' ſhip to Greece;
But finding Jaſon falſe, ſhe burnt his wife and court,
But Jane Shore, Jane Shore, ſhe ſhew'd king Edward ſport.
Jane Shore ſhe was for England, &c.

Romix of Saxony, the Welch ſtate overthrew;
Igerne of Cornwall, Pendragon did ſubdue;
Queen Vanora with Arthur fought ſingly hand to hand
In bed, tho' afterwards ſhe made horns on his head to ſtand;
And to Sir Modredus Pictiſh Prince a paramour became;
But Jane Shore, Jane Shore, ſhe made king Edward tame.
Jane Shore ſhe was for England, &c.

Mareſia

Mareſia of Italy, ſee how ſhe ſtoutly copes,
With Jeſuits, prieſts, cardinals, and triple-crowned popes;
And with king Henry Roſamond ſpent many a dallying hour,
'Till laſtly poiſon'd by the queen in Woodſtock fatal bower;
And Joan of Arc play'd in the dark with the knights of Languedock;
But Jane Shore met king Edward, and gave him knock for knock.
Jane Shore ſhe was for England, &c.

Paſiphaë we know play'd feats with the Cretan bull;
And Proſerpine, tho' ſo divine, became black Pluto's trull;
The Spaniſh bawd her ſtrumpets taught to lay their legs aſtride;
But theſe, and all the courtezans Jane Shore did them deride;
Pope Joan was right, altho' ſhe did the papal ſcepter wield;
But Jane Shore, Jane Shore, ſhe made king Edward yield.
Jane Shore ſhe was for England, &c.

Agathocle and Æthea did govern Ægypt's king;
The witty wench of Andover ſhe was a pretty thing;
She freely took her lady's place, and with great Edgar dally'd,
And with main force ſhe foil'd him quite, altho' he often rally'd.

For which brave act, he that her rackt, gave her his lady's land;
But Jane Shore, Jane Shore, king Edward did command.
Jane Shore, ſhe was for England, &c.

Of Phryne and of Laïs hiſtorians have related,
How their illuſtrious beauties two generals captivated,
And they that in the days of yore kill'd men, and ſack'd their cities,
In honour of their miſtreſſes compoſed amorous ditties:
Let Flora gay, with Romans play, and be a goddeſs call'd;
But Jane Shore, Jane Shore, king Edward ſhe enthrall'd.
Jane Shore ſhe was for England, &c.

The jolly tanner's daughter, harlot of Normandy,
She only had the happineſs to pleaſe duke Robert's eye;
And Roxalina, tho' a ſlave, and born a Grecian,
Could with a nod command and rule grand ſeignor Soliman;
And Naples Joan would make them groan, that ardently did love her;
But Jane Shore, Jane Shore, king Edward he did ſhove her.
Jane Shore ſhe was for England, &c.

Aſpatia

Aſpatia doth of the Perſian brothers boaſt;
Tho' Cynthia joy in the Lapthian boy, Jane Shore
ſhall rule the roaſt.
Cleopatra lov'd Mark Antony, and Brownall ſhe did
feats;
But, compar'd to our Virago, they were but merely
cheats:
Brave carpet-knights, in Cupid's fights, their milk
white rapiers drew;
But Jane Shore, Jane Shore, king Edward did ſubdue.
Jane Shore, ſhe was for England, &c.

Hamlet's inceſtuous mother was Gathermard, Den-
mark's queen;
And Circe, that inchanting witch, the like was ſcarcely
ſeen;
Warlike Penthefila was an Amazonian whore
To Hector and young Troilus, both which did her adore;
But brave king Edward, who before had gain'd nine
victories,
Was like a bond-ſlave fetter'd within Jane Shore's all-
conquering thighs.
Jane Shore ſhe was for England, queen Frederick
was for France;
Sing, Honi ſoit qui mal y penſe.

LX.

A courtly new ballad of the princely Wooing of the fair Maid of London, by king Edward.

Reprinted from an old black letter copy, printed for Hen. Goſſom.

FAIR angel of England, thy beauty moſt bright,
Is all my heart's pleaſure, my joy and delight;
Then grant me, fair lady, thy true love to be,
That I may ſay, Welcome good fortune to me.

The turtle, ſo true and chaſte in her love,
By gentle perſuaſions her fancy will move;
Then be not intreated, ſweet lady, in vain,
For nature requireth what I would obtain.

The phœnix ſo famous, that liveth alone,
Is vowed to chaſtity, being but one:
But be not, my darling, ſo chaſte in deſire,
Leſt thou, like the phœnix, do penance in fire.

But alas! gentle lady, I pity thy ſtate,
In being reſolved to live without mate;
For if of our courting the pleaſure you knew,
You would have a liking the ſame to enſue.

Long

Long time have I ſued the ſame to obtain,
Yet I am requited with ſcornful diſdain;
But if you will grant your good-will unto me,
You ſhall be advanced to princely degree.

Promotions and honour may often entice
The chaſteſt that liveth, tho' never ſo nice;
What woman ſo worthy but will be content,
To live in the palace where princes frequent?

Two brides young and princely, to church I have led;
Two ladies moſt lovely have decked my bed:
Yet hath thy love taken more root in my heart,
Than all their contentments, whereof I had part.

Your gentle heart cannot men's hearts much abide,
And women leaſt angry when moſt they do chide;
Then yield to me kindly, and ſay that at length,
Men they want mercy, and poor women ſtrength.

I grant that fair ladies may poor men reſiſt,
But princes may conquer and love when they liſt;
A king may command her to lye by his ſide,
Whoſe features deſerveth to be a king's bride.

In granting your love, you ſhall purchaſe renown;
Your head ſhall be deckt with England's fair crown;
Thy garments moſt gallant with gold ſhall be wrought,
If true love for treaſure of thee may be bought.

Great

Great ladies of honour ſhall 'tend on thy train;
Moſt richly attired with ſcarlet in grain;
My chamber moſt princely thy perſon ſhall keep,
Where virgins with muſic ſhall rock thee to ſleep.

If any more pleaſures thy heart can invent,
Command them, ſweet lady, thy mind to content;
For kings gallant courts, where princes do dwell,
Afford ſuch ſweet paſtimes as ladies love well.

Then be not reſolved to die a true maid,
But print in thy boſom the words I have ſaid,
And grant a king favour, thy true love to be,
That I may ſay, Welcome ſweet virgin to me.

The VIRGIN's ANSWER.

O Wanton king Edward, thy labour is vain,
To follow the pleaſure thou canſt not attain;
With getting thou loſeſt, and having doſt waſte it,
The which if thou purchaſe is ſpoil'd if thou haſt it.

But if thou obtain'ſt it, thou nothing haſt won,
And I, loſing nothing, yet quite am undone;
But if of that jewel a king does deceive me,
No king can reſtore, tho' a kingdom he give me.

My

My colour is changed ſince you ſaw me laſt;
My favour is vaniſh'd, my beauty is paſt;
The roſy-red bluſhes that ſat in my cheeks,
To paleneſs is turn'd, which all men miſlikes.

I paſs not what princes for love do proteſt,
The name of a virgin contenteth me beſt;
I have not deſerved to lie by thy ſide,
Nor yet to be counted for king Edward's bride.

The name of a princeſs I never did crave,
No ſuch type of honour thy hand-maid will have;
My breaſt ſhall not harbour ſo lofty a thought,
Nor be with rich proffers to wantonneſs brought.

If wild wanton Roſamond, one of our ſort,
Had never frequented king Henry's brave court,
Such heaps of deep ſorrow ſhe never had ſeen,
Nor taſted the rage of ſo jealous a queen.

All men have their freedom to ſhew their intent,
They win not a woman, except ſhe conſent.
Who then can impute to a man any fault,
Who ſtill does go upright while women do halt?

'Tis counted a kindneſs in men for to try,
And virtue in women the ſame to deny:
For women inconſtant can never be prov'd,
Untill by their betters therein may be mov'd.

If

If women and modeſty once do but ſever,
Then farewel good name and credit for ever;
And, royal king Edward, let me be exil'd,
Ere any man knows my body's defil'd.

No, no, my old father's reverend tears
Too deep an impreſſion within my ſoul bears;
Nor ſhall his bright honour that blot by me have,
To bring his grey hairs with grief to the grave.

The heavens forbid that when I ſhall die,
That any ſuch thing ſhould upon my ſoul lie;
If I have kept me from doing this ſin,
My heart ſhall not yield with a prince to begin.

Come rather with pity to weep on my tomb,
Than for my birth curſe my dear mother's womb,
That brought forth a bloſſom that ſtained the tree,
With wanton deſires to ſhame her and me.

Leave, moſt noble king, me tempt not in vain
My milk-white affections with lewdneſs to ſtain;
Tho' England will give me no comforts at all,
Yet England will give me a ſad burial.

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M DCC LXXXIV.

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A

COLLECTION

OF

OLD BALLADS.

I.

The Execution of Sir CHARLES BAWDIN.

The following piece is the production of Thomas Rowlie, a prieſt in the 15th century; and is ſuppoſed to have been written ſome time after the event which is the ſubject of it, and which happened in Briſtol, in the year 1461, when Edward IV, and the duke of Glouceſter (afterwards Richard III.) were in that city.

THE featherde ſongſterre Chaunticleer
Hanne wounde hys bugle horne,
And tolde the earlie villagers
The commynge of the morne:

Kynge Edward ſawe the ruddie ſtreakes
Of lyghte eclypſe the greie;
And hearde the ravenn's crokynge throte
Proclayme the fatedd daie.

Thou'rt ryghte, quod hee, for, bye the Godde,
That ſyttes enthron'd on hyghe!
Charles Bawdin, and hys fellowes twaine,
To-daie ſhalle ſurelie die.

Thenne wythe a jugge of nappy ale
Hys knyghtes dydd onne hymm waite;
Goe tell the traytor, thatt to-daie
Hee leaves thys mortalle ſtate.

Syrr Canterlone thenne bendedd lowe,
Wythe harte brymm fulle of woe;
Hee journey'd to the caſtle-gate,
And to ſyrr Charles dydd goe.

Butt whenne he came, hys children twaine,
And eke hys lovynge wyfe,
Wythe brinie teare dydd wett the ſtoore,
For goode ſyrr Charles's lyfe.

O goode ſyrr Charles! ſayd Canterlone,
Badde tydyngs I doe brynge.
Speek boldlie, manne, ſayd brave ſyrr Charles,
Whatte ſays thie traytor kynge?

I greeve to telle, before yonne ſonne
Does fromme the welkinn flye,
Hee hath uponne hys honorr ſayde,
Thatt thou ſhalt ſurelie die.

Wee all muſt die, quod brave ſyrr Charles;
Of thatte I 'm not affeard;
Whatte bootes to lyve a little ſpace?
Thanke Jeſu [redacted] prepar'd:

Butt telle thye kynge, for myne hee 's not,
I 'de ſoonerr die to-daie
Thanne lyve hys ſlave, as manie are,
Tho' I ſhould lyve for aie.

Thenne Canterlone hee dydd goe out,
To telle the maior ſtraite
To gett all thynges ynne readyneſs
Forre goode ſyrr Charles's fate.

Thenne maiſterr Canynge ſaughte the kynge,
And felle down onne hys knee;
I 'm comme, quod hee, unto your grace
To move your clemencye.

Thenne quod the kynge, Youre tale ſpeeke out,
You have been much oure friende;
Whateverr youre requeſt may bee,
Wee wylle to ytte attende.

Mye noble leige! alle mye requeſt
Ys for a nobile knyghte,
Whoe, tho' mayhap hee has donne wronge,
Hee thoughte ytte ſtylle was ryghte;

Hee has a ſpouſe and childrenne twaine,
Alle rewyn'd are forr aie;
Yff that you are reſolv'd to lett
Charles Bawdin die to-daie.

Speek nott of ſuch a traytorr vile,
The kynge ynne furie ſayde;
Before the evening ſtarre ſhalle ſheene,
Bawdin ſhalle looſe hys hedde:

Juſtice does loudlie for hymm calle,
And hee ſhalle have hys meede:
Speeke, maiſterr Canynge! whatte thynge elſe
Att preſent doe you neede?

Mye nobile leige! goode Canynge ſayde,
Leave juſtice to our Godde,
And laye the yronne rule aſyde;
Bee thyne the olyve rodde.

Was Godde to ſerche our hertes and reines,
The beſt were ſynners grete;
Chriſt's vycarr only knowes ne ſynne,
Ynne alle this mortalle ſtate.

Lette Mercie rule thyne ynnfante reigne,
'Twylle faſte thye crowne fulle ſure;
From race to race thye familie
Alle ſov'reigns ſhalle endure;

Butt

Butt yff wythe bloode and ſlaughter thou
Beginne thye [illegible]nnfante reigne,
Thye crowne upo[illegible]e thye childrennes brows
Wylle neverr [illegible] remayne.

Canynge, awaie! thys traytorr vile
Has ſcorn'd my powerr and mee;
Howe canſt thou thenne forr ſuch a manne
Intreate my clemencye?

Mye nobile leige! the trulie brave
Wylle val'rous actions prize,
Reſpect a brave and nobile mynde,
Altho' ynne enemies.

Canynge, awaie! by Godde ynne heav'nne,
Thatt dydd mee beinge gyve,
I wylle nott taſte a bitt of breade
Whilſt thys ſyrr Charles dothe lyve!

Bye Marie, and alle ſeinctes ynne heav'nne,
Thys ſunne ſhalle bee hys laſte!
Thenne Canynge dropt a brinie teare,
And from the preſence paſte.

Wythe herte brymm fulle of gnawynge grief,
Hee to ſyrr Charles dydd goe,
And ſatt hymm downe uponne a ſtoole,
And teares beganne to flowe.

Wee all muſt die, quod brave ſyrr Charles;
Whatte boottes ytte howe or whenne;
Dethe ys the ſure, the certaine fate
Of all we mortalle menne.

Saye whye, mye friend, thie noneit ioull
Runns overr att thyne eye;
Is ytte forr mye moſt welcomme doome
That thou doſt child-lyke crye?

Quod godlie Canynge, I doe weepe,
Thatt thou ſoe ſoone muſt dye,
And leave thye helpleſs ſonnes behynde;
'Tys thys thatt wettes myne eye.

Thenne drie the tears thatt out thyne eye
Fromme godlie fountains ſprynge;
Dethe I deſpiſe, and alle the powerr
Of Edwarde, traytorr kynge.

Whenne thro' the tyrant's welcomme meanes,
I ſhalle reſigne mye lyfe,
The Godde I ſerve wylle ſoone provyde
For bothe mye ſonnes and wyfe.

Before I ſawe the lyghtſome ſunne,
Thys was appointed mee;
Shalle mortal manne repyne and grudge
Whatte Godde ordaynes to bee?

Howe

Howe oft ynne battaile have I ſtoode,
Whenne thouſands dy'd arounde;
Whenne ſmokyng ſtreemes of crymſon bloode
Imbrew'd the [redacted]n'dde grounde:

Howe dydd I knowe thatt ev'ry darte,
Thatt cutte the airie waie,
Myghte nott fynde paſſage toe mye herte,
And cloſe myne eyes for aie?

And ſhalle I nowe, forr feare of dethe,
Looke wanne and bee diſmayde?
Ne! fromme my herte flie childiſh feere,
Bee alle the manne diſplay'd.

Ah, goddelyke Henrie! Godde forefende,
And guarde thee and thye ſonne,
Yff 'tis hys wylle; and yff 'tis nott,
Whye thenne hys wylle bee donne

Mye honeſt friende, mye faulte has beene
To ſerve Godde and mye prynce;
And thatt I no tyme-ſerverr amm,
Mye dethe wylle ſoon convynce.

Ynne Londonne citye was I borne,
Of parents of grete note,
My fader dydd a nobile armes
Emblazenn onne his cote:

I make ne doubte butt hee ys gone
Where ſoone I hope to goe;
Where wee forr everr bleſt ſhalle be
Fromme oute the reech of woe:

Hee taughte mee juſtice and ſtie laws
Wythe pitie to unite;
And eke hee taughte mee howe to knowe
The wronge cauſe fromme the ryghte;

Hee taughte mee wythe a prudent hande
To feede the hungrie poore,
Ne lett mye ſarvants dryve awaie
The hungrie fromme mye doore;

And none canne ſ[illegible]tt alle mye lyſe
I have hys w[illegible]yes [illegible];
And ſumm'd [illegible] actyon[illegible] of the daie
Eche nyghte be[illegible]

I have a ſpouſe, goe aſke of her,
Yff I defyl'd herr bedde?
I have a kynge, and none canne laie
Blacke treaſonn onne mye hedde.

Ynne Lent, and onne the holie eve,
Fromme fleſhe I did refrayne;
Whie ſhould I thenne appeare diſmay'd
To leave thys worlde of payne?

Ne

Ne! hapleſs Henrie I rejoyce,
I ſhalle ne ſee thye dethe;
Moſte willynglie in thye juſt cauſe
Doe I reſign mye brethe.

Oh, fickle people! rewyn'd londe!
Thou wylt kenne peace ne moe;
Whyle Richard's ſonnes exalt themſelves,
Thye brookes wythe bloude wylle flowe

Saie, were ye tyr'd of godlie peace,
And godlie Henrie's reigne,
Thatt you dydd choppe youre eaſie daies
For thoſe of bloude and peyne?

Whatte tho' I onne a ſledde bee drawne,
And mangledd bye a hynde,
I doe defye the traytorr's powrre,
Hee canne ne hurte mye mynde;

Whatte tho', uphoiſted onne a pole,
Mye lymbes ſhalle rotte ynne ayre,
And ne ryche monument of braſſe
Charles Bawdin's name ſhalle bear;

Yett ynne the holie booke above,
Whyche tyme can't eate awaie,
There wythe the ſarvants of the Lorde
Mye name ſhalle lyve for aie.

Thenne

Thenne welcomme dethe! forr lyfe eterne
I leave thys mortalle lyfe:
Farewell, vayne worlde, and alle that 's deare,
Mye ſonnes and lovynge wyfe!

Nowe dethe as wellcomme to mee comes,
As e'er the monthe of Maie;
Norr wou'de I evenn wyſhe to lyve,
Wythe mye dere wyfe to ſtaie.

Quod Canynge, 'T'ys a goodlie thynge
To bee prepar'd to die;
And fromme this place of care and peyne
To Godde ynne Heav'nne to flie.

And nowe the belle beganne to tolle,
And claryonnes to ſounde,
Syrr Charles hee herde the horſes feete
A prauncyng onne the grounde.

And juſt before the officerrs,
His lovynge wyfe came ynne,
Weepynge unfeigned teeres of woe,
Wythe loude and dyſmalle dynne.

Sweet Florence! nowe I praie forbere,
Ynne quiet lett mee die;
Praie Godde, thatt ev'rye chryſtianne ſoule
Maye looke onne dethe as I.

Sweet

Sweet Florence! whye theſe brinie teares?
Theye waſhe mye ſoule awaie,
And almoſt make mee wyſhe forr lyfe,
Wythe thee ſweete dame, to ſtaie,

'Tys butt a journie I ſhalle goe
Untoe the land of blyſſe;
Nowe, as a proofe of huſbande's love,
Receive thys holie kyſſe.

Thenne Florence, fault'ring ynne herr ſaie,
Tremblynge theſe wordyes ſpoke,
Ah, cruele Edwarde! bloudie kynge!
Mye herte ys welle nigh broke:

Ah, ſweete ſyrr Charles! whye wylt thou goe,
Wythoute thye lovynge wyfe?
The cruelle axe thatt cuttes thye necke,
Ytte eke ſhalle ende mye lyfe.

And nowe the officers came ynne
To brynge ſyrr Charles awaie,
Whoe turnedd toe hys lovynge wyfe,
And thus toe her dydd ſaie:

I goe to lyfe, and nott to dethe:
Truſte thou ynne Godde above,
And teache thy ſonnes to feare the Lorde,
And ynne theyre hertes hymm love.

Teache

Teache themm to runne the nobile race
Thatt I theyre faderr runne:
Florence! dydd dethe thee take—Adieu!
Yee officerrs, leade onne.

Thenne Florence rav'd as anie madde,
And dydd her treſſes teer;
Oh! ſtaie, mye huſbande! lorde! and lyfe!
Syrr Charles thenne dropt a teare.

Tyll tyredd oute wythe ravynge loud,
Shee fallenn onne the floore;
Syrr Charles exertedd alle hys myghte,
And march'de fromme oute the doore.

Uponne a ſledde hee mountedd thenne,
Wythe lookes fulle brave and ſwete;
Lookes that enſhone ne more concern
Thanne anie ynne the ſtrete.

Before hymm went the councille menne,
Ynne ſcarlett robes and golde,
And taſſils ſpanglynge ynne the ſunne,
Muche glorious to beholde:

The fre'rs of Seincte Auguſtyne next
Appearedd to the ſyghte,
Alle cladd ynne homelie ruſſett weedes,
Of godlie monkyſh plyghte;

Ynne

Ynne diffraunt partes a godlie pſaume
Moſte ſweetlie theye dydd chaunte;
Behynde theyre backes ſyx mynſtrelles came,
Whoe tun'd the ſtrunge bataunte;

Thenne five-and-twentye archerrs came;
Echone the bowe dydd bende,
Fromm reſcue of kynge Henrie's friends
Syrr Charles forr to defend.

Bolde as a lyon came Syrr Charles,
Drawne onne a clothe-layde ſledde,
Bye two black ſtedes ynne trappynges white,
Wythe plumes uponne theyre hedde:

Behynde hymm, five-and-twenty moe
Of archerrs ſtronge and ſtoute,
Wythe bendedd bowe echone ynne hande,
Marchedd ynne goodlie route:

Seincte James's freers marchedd next,
Echone hys parte dydd chaunte;
Behynde theyre backes ſix mynſtrelles came,
Whoe tun'd the ſtrunge bataunte:

Thenne came the maior and eldermenne,
Ynne clothe of ſcarlett deckt;
And theyre attendyng menne echone,
Like Eaſterne princes trickt:

And

And afterr themm a multitude
Of citizenns dydd thronge;
The wyndowes were alle fulle of heddes,
As he did paſſe alonge.

And whenne hee came to the hyghe croſſe,
Syrr Charles dydd turn and ſaie,
O thou, thatt ſaveſt manne fromme ſynne,
Waſhe mye ſoule clean thys daie!

Att the greate mynſterr windowe ſatte
The kynge ynne myckle ſtate,
To ſee Charles Bawdin goe alonge
To hys moſt welcomme fate.

Soone as the ſledde drew nyghe enowe,
Thatt Edwarde hee myghte heare,
The brave Syrr Charles hee dydd ſtande uppe,
And thus hys wordes declare:

Thou ſeeſt mee, Edwarde! traytorr vyle!
Expos'd to infamie;
Butt bee aſſur'd diſloyalle manne!
I'mm greaterr nowe thanne thee.

Bye foule proceedyngs, murdre, bloude,
Thou weareſt nowe a crowne;
And haſt appoyntedd mee to dye,
Bye powerr not thye owne.

Thou

Thou thynkeſt I ſhalle dye to-daie;
I have beene dede 'tyll nowe,
And ſoone ſhalle lyve to weare forr aie
A crowne uponne mye browe:

Whylſt thou, perhapps, forr ſomme few yeares,
Shallt rule thys fickle lande,
To lett themm knowe howe wyde the rule
'Twixt kynge and tyrant hande:

Thye pow'rr unjuſt, thou traytorr ſlave!
Shalle falle onne thye owne hedde—
Fromm out the hearyng of the kynge
Departedd thenne the fledde.

Kynge Edwarde's ſoule ruſh'dd to hys face,
Hee turn'dd hys hedde awaie,
And to hys broderr Glouceſter
Hee thus dydd ſpecke and ſaie:

To hymm that ſoe-much-dreadedd dethe
Ne ghaſtlie feares canne brynge!
Beholde the manne! hee ſpoke the truthe,
Hee's greaterr thanne a kynge!

Soe lett hymm die! duke Richard ſayde;
And maye echone oure foes
Bende downe theyre neckes to bloudie axe,
And feede the caryonn crowes.

And

And nowe the horſes gentlie drewe
Syrr Charles uppe the hyghe hylle;
The axe dydd glyſterr ynne the ſunne,
Hys pretious bloude to ſpylle.

Syrr Charles dydd uppe the ſcaffold goe,
As uppe a gilded carre
Of victorye, bye val'rous chiefs,
Gayn'd ynne the bloudie warre:

And to the people hee dydd ſaie,
Beholde you ſee mee dye,
For ſervynge loyallye mye kynge,
Mye kynge moſt ryghtfullie.

As longe as Edwarde rules thys lande,
Ne quiet you wylle knowe;
Youre ſonnes and huſbandes ſhalle bee ſlayne,
And brookes wythe bloude ſhalle flowe.

You leave youre goode and lawfulle kynge,
Whenne ynne adverſitye;
Lyke mee untoe the true cauſe ſtycke,
And for the true cauſe dye.

Thenn hee, wythe preeſtes, uponne hys knees,
A pray'rr to Godde dydd make,
Beſeechynge hymm unto himſelfe
Hys partynge ſoule to take.

Thenne

Thenne kneelynge downe, hee layd hys hedde,
Moſt ſeemlie onne the blocke;
Whyche fromme hys bodie fayre at once
The able heddes-manne ſtroke:

And oute the bloude begonne to flowe,
And rounde the ſcaffolde twyne;
And teares enow to waſhe 't awaie,
Dydd flowe fromme each manne's eyne.

The bloudie axe hys bodye fayre
Ynnto foure parties cutte;
And ev'rye parte, and eke hys hedde,
Uponne a pole was putte.

One parte dydd rotte onne Kynwulph-Hylle,
One onne the mynſterr-towerr,
And one fromme off the caſtle-gate
The crowenn dydd devoure:

The other onne Seyncte Powle's goode gate,
A dreery ſpectacle;
Hys hedde was plac'd onne the hyghe croſſe,
Ynne hyghe ſtreete moſt nobile.

Thus was the ende of Bawdin's fate:
Godde proſperr longe oure kynge,
And grante hee maye, wythe Bawdin's ſoule,
Ynne Heav'nne Godde's mercie ſynge!

II.

The moſt cruel murther of Edward V. and his brother the duke of York, in the Tower, by their uncle the duke of Gloceſter.

WHEN God had ta'en away true wiſdom's king,
Edward the IVth, whoſe fame ſhall always ring;
Which reigned had full two and twenty years,
And ruled well amongſt his noble peers.

When as he dy'd, two ſons he left behind,
The prince of Wales, and duke of York moſt kind:
The prince the eldeſt but eleven years old;
The duke more young, as chronicles have told.

The dead king's brother, duke of Gloceſter,
Was choſen for the prince his protector;
Who ſtraitway plotted how to get the crown,
And pull his brother Edward's children down.

Edward the fifth the prince was call'd by name,
Who by ſucceſſion did that title gain:
A prudent prince, whoſe wiſdom did excel
Which made his uncles' heart with hatred ſwell.

Then

Then did the duke uſe all the means he might,
By damn'd devices for to work their ſpite;
At length the devil put it in his head,
How all his plots ſhould be accompliſhed.

With ſugar'd words, which had a poiſon'd ſting,
He did entice the duke and the young king,
For ſafety's ſake to lodge them in the Tower;
A ſtrong defence, and London's chiefeſt flower.

With fair-ſpoke ſpeeches and bewitching charms,
He told them 'twould ſecure them from all harms:
Thus by fair words, yet cruel treachery,
He won their hearts within the Tower to lie.

Great entertainment he theſe princes gave,
And caus'd the Tower to be furniſh'd brave;
With ſumptous chear he feaſted them that day:
Thus ſubtle wolves with harmleſs lambs do play.

With muſick ſweet he fill'd their princely ears,
And to their face a ſmiling count'nance bears;
But his foul heart with miſchief was poſſeſs'd,
And treach'rous thoughts were always in his breaſt.

When as bright Phœbus had poſſeſs'd the weſt,
And that the time was come for all to reſt;
The duke of Glo'ſter the two princes led
Into a ſumptuous chamber to their bed.

When theſe ſweet children thus were laid in bed,
And to the Lord their hearty prayers had ſaid;
Sweet ſlumb'ring ſleep then cloſing up their eyes,
Each folded in the other's arms there lies.

The bloody uncle of theſe children ſweet,
Unto a knight to break his mind thought meet;
One Sir James Tyrrill, which did think it beſt,
For to agree unto his vile requeſt.

Sir James, he ſaid, my reſolution 's this,
And for to do the ſame you muſt not miſs:
This night ſee that the king be murthered,
With the young duke, as they do lie in bed:

So when theſe branches I have hewed down,
There is none left to keep me from the crown:
My brother, duke of Clarence, he was found
I' th' Tower, within a butt of Malmſey drown'd:

It was my plot that he ſhould drowned be,
'Cauſe none ſhould claim the crown but only me:
And when theſe children thou haſt murthered,
I'll wear that diadem upon my head.

And know, thou Tyrrill, when that I am king,
I'll raiſe thy ſtate, and honours to thee bring,
Then be reſolv'd, and be not thou afraid.
My lord, I 'll do it, bloody Tyrrill ſaid,

He

He got two villains for to act this part,
Diſguiſed murtherers, each a hell-bred heart;
The one Miles Foreſt, which their keeper was,
The other John Dighton, maſter of his horſe.

At midnight then, when all things they were huſh'd,
Theſe bloody ſlaves into the chamber ruſh'd;
And to the bed full ſoftly they did creep,
Where theſe ſweet princes lay full faſt aſleep:

Who preſently did wrap them in the clothes,
And ſtopp'd their harmleſs breath with the pillows;
Yet did they ſtrive and ſtruggle what they might,
Until the ſlaves had ſtifled both them quite.

When as the murth'rers ſaw that they were dead,
They took their bodies forth the fatal bed;
And then they bury'd theſe ſame little ones,
At the ſtair-feet, under a heap of ſtones.

But mark how God did ſcourge them for this deed,
As in the chronicles you there may read;
Blood deſerves blood, for ſo the Lord hath ſaid;
And at the length their blood was truly paid.

For when their uncle he had reign'd two years,
He fell at variance then amongſt his peers;
In Lei'ſterſhire, at Boſworth he was ſlain,
By Richmond's earl, as he did rightly gain.

In pieces he was hewed by his foes;
Thus Richard crook-back ended life with woes;
They ſtripp'd him then, and dragg'd him up and down,
And on ſtout Richmond's head they put the crown.

The bloody murtherer, Sir James Tyrrill,
For treaſon loſt his head on Tower-hill;
And to Miles Forcſt fell no worſe a lot;
Alive in pieces he away did rot.

And John Dighton, the other bloody fiend,
No man could tell how he came to his end.
Thus God did pay theſe murth'rers for their hire;
And hell-bred Pluto plagues them now with fire.

III.

The life and death of the great Duke of Buckingham, who came to an untimely end, for conſenting to the depoſing of the two gallant young princes, king Edward the fourth's children.

A Tale of grief I muſt unfold,
A tale that never yet was told,
A tale that might to pity move,
The ſpirits below, the ſaints above.

When

When wars did plague this maiden land,
Great Buckingham in grace did ſtand;
With kings and queens he ruled ſo,
When he ſaid Ay, none durſt ſay No.

Great Glouceſter's duke that waſh'd the throne
With blood of kings to make 't his own,
By Henry Stafford's help obtain'd
What reaſon will'd to be refrain'd.

If any noble of this land,
Againſt great Glouceſter's aim did ſtand,
Old Buckingham with might and power,
In grievous woes did him devour.

He hop'd when Richard was made king,
He would much greater honours bring
To Buckingham and to his name,
And well reward him for the ſame.

In Clarence death he had a hand,
And 'gainſt king Edward's queen did ſtand,
And to her ſons bore little love,
When he as baſtards would them prove.

King Edward ſwore him by his oath,
In true allegiance to them both,
Which if I fail, I wiſh, quoth he,
All Chriſtians curſe may light on me.

It ſo fell out on All Souls day,
By law his life was ta'en away:
He had his wiſh, though not his will,
For treaſon's end is always ill.

In London having pleaded claim,
And Richard thereby won the game,
He challeng'd honour for his gain,
But was rewarded with diſdain.

On which diſgrace within few hours,
Great Buckingham had rais'd his powers:
But all in vain, the king was ſtrong,
And Stafford needs muſt ſuffer wrong.

His army fail'd, and durſt not ſtand,
Upon a traytor's falſe command.
Being thus deceiv'd, old Stafford fled,
And knew not where to hide his head.

The king with ſpeed to have him found,
Did offer full ten thouſand pound:
Thus Richard ſought to caſt him down,
Whoſe wit did win him England's crown.

The plain old duke his life to ſave,
Of his own man did ſuccour crave;
In hope that he would him relieve,
That late much land to him did give.

Baſe Baniſter this man was nam'd,
By this vile deed for ever ſham'd:
It is, quoth he, a common thing,
To injure him who wrong'd his king.

King Edward's children he betray'd,
The like 'gainſt him I well have plaid:
Being true, my heart him greatly grac'd,
But proving falſe that love is paſt.

Thus Baniſter his maſter ſold
Unto his foe for hire of gold;
But mark his end, and rightly ſee,
The juſt reward of treachery.

The duke by law did loſe his head,
For him he ſought to do moſt good;
The man that wrought his maſter woe,
By lingring grief was brought full low.

For when the king did hear him ſpeak,
How baſely he the duke did take,
Inſtead of gold gave him diſgrace,
With baniſhment from town to place.

Thus Baniſter was forc'd to beg,
And crave for food with cap and leg,
But none on him would bread beſtow,
That to his maſter prov'd a foe.

Thus

Thus wandring in this poor eſtate,
Repenting his miſdeeds too late,
Till ſtarved he gave up his breath,
By no man pitied at his death.

To woful end his children came,
Sore puniſh'd for their father's ſhame:
Within a channel one was drown'd,
Where water ſcarce could hide the ground.

Another by the powers divine,
Was ſtrangely eaten up of ſwine:
The laſt a woful ending makes,
By ſtrangling in an empty jakes.

Let traytors thus behold and ſee,
And ſuch as falſe to maſters be:
Let diſobedient ſons draw near,
The judgments well may touch them near.

Both old and young that live not well,
Look to be plagu'd from heaven or hell;
So have you heard the ſtory then
Of this great duke of Buckingham.

IV.

A ſong of the life and death of king Richard III, who, after many murthers by him committed upon the princes and nobles of this land, was ſlain at the battle of Boſworth, in Leiceſterſhire, by Henry VII. king of England.

IN England once there reign'd a king,
A tyrant fierce and fell,
Who for to gain himſelf a crown,
Gave ſure his ſoul to hell:
Third Richard was this tyrant's name,
The worſt of all the three;
That wrought ſuch deeds of deadly dole,
That worſer could not be.

For his deſires were ſtill (by blood)
To be made England's king,
Which he to gain that golden prize,
Did many a wondrous thing:
He ſlaughter'd up our noble peers,
And chiefeſt in this land,
With every one that likely was
His title to withſtand.

Four bloody fields the tyrant fought,
Ere he could bring to paſs
What he made lawleſs claim unto,
As his beſt liking was:
Sixth Henry's princely ſon he ſlew,
Before his father's face,
And weeded from our Engliſh throne,
All his renowned race.

This king likewiſe in London tower,
He murthering made away:
His brother duke of Clarence life,
He alſo did betray,
With thoſe right noble princes twain,
King Edward's children dear,
Becauſe to England's royal crown
He thought them both too near.

His own dear wife alſo he ſlew,
Inceſtuouſly to wed
His own dear daughter, which for fear
Away from him was fled:
And made ſuch havock in this land,
Of all the royal blood,
That only one was left unſlain,
To have his claims withſtood.

Earl Richmond he by heaven preſerv'd,
To right his country's wrong,
From France prepar'd full well to fight,
Brought o'er an army ſtrong:
To whom lord Stanley nobly came,
With many an Engliſh peer,
And join'd their forces all in one,
Earl Richmond's heart to chear.

Which news when as the tyrant heard,
How they were come on ſhore,
And how his forces day by day,
Increaſed more and more:
He frets, he fumes, and ragingly
A madding fury ſhows,
And thought it but in vain to ſtay,
And ſo to battel goes.

Earl Richmond he in order brave,
His fearleſs army led,
In midſt of whom theſe noble words,
Their valiant leader ſaid,
Now is the time and place, ſweet friends,
And we the ſoldiers be,
That muſt bring England's peace again,
Or loſe our lives muſt we.

Be valiant then, we fight for fame,
And for our country's good,
Againſt a tyrant mark'd with ſhame,
For ſhedding Engliſh blood:
I am right heir of Lancaſter,
Entitl'd to the crown,
Againſt this bloody * boar of York,
Then let us win renown.

Mean while had furious Richard ſet
His army in array,
And with a ghaſtly look of fear,
Deſparingly did ſay,
Shall Henry Richmond with his troops
O'er-match us thus by might,
That comes with fearful cowardice,
With us this day to fight?

Shall Tudor from Plantagenet
Win thus the crown away?
No, Richard's noble mind foretels,
That ours will be the day:
For golden crowns we bravely fight,
And gold ſhall be their gain,
In great abundance giv'n to them,
That live this day unſlain.

* Richard was uſually called the Boar of York, by reaſon of the boar he had in his coat of arms.

Theſe words being ſpoke, the battels join'd,
Where blows they bravely change,
And Richmond, like a lion bold,
Performed wonders ſtrange;
And made ſuch ſlaughter through the camp,
Till he king Richard 'ſpies,
Who fighting long together there,
At laſt the tyrant dies.

Thus ended England's woful war,
Uſurping Richard dead,
King Henry fair Elizabeth
In princely ſort did wed:
For he was then made England's king,
And ſhe is crowned queen:
So 'twixt theſe houſes long at ſtrife,
A unity was ſeen.

The Union of the Red Roſe and the White, by a marriage between king Henry VII. and a daughter of Edward IV.

WHEN York and Lancaſter made war
Within this famous land,
The lives of England's noble peers
Did much in danger ſtand.
Seven Engliſh kings in bloody fields,
For England's crown did fight;
Of which their ſubjects were all but twain,
Of life bereaved quite.

Then thirty thouſand Engliſhmen
Were in one battel ſlain;
Yet could not all this Engliſh blood
A ſettled peace obtain.
Fathers unkind their children kill'd,
And ſons their fathers ſlew;
Yea, kindred fought againſt their kind,
And not each other knew.

At

At laſt, by Henry's lawful claim,
The waſting wars had end:
For England's peace he ſoon reſtor'd,
And did the ſame defend.
For tyrant Richard, nam'd the third,
The breeder of this woe,
By him was ſlain near Leiceſter town,
As chronicles do ſhow.

All feats of war he thus exil'd,
Which joy'd each Engliſhman;
And days of long-deſir'd peace
Within the land began.
He rul'd this kingdom by true love,
To chear his ſubjects lives:
For every one had daily joy
And comfort of their wives.

King Henry had ſuch *princely* care
Our further peace to frame,
Took fair Elizabeth to wife,
That gallant Yorkiſh dame:
Fourth Edward's daughter, bleſs'd of God,
To 'ſcape king Richard's ſpite,
Was thus made England's peerleſs queen,
And Henry's heart's delight.

Thus Henry, firſt of Tudor's name,
And Lancaſter the firſt,
With York's right heir a true love's knot
Did link and tye full faſt.
Renowned York the white roſe gave,
Brave Lancaſter the red :
By wedlock now conjoin'd to grow
Both in one princely bed.

Theſe roſes ſprang and budded fair,
And carry'd ſuch a grace,
That kings of England in their arms
Afford them worthy place.
And flouriſh may thoſe roſes long,
That all the world may tell,
How owners of theſe princely flow'rs
In virtues did excel.

To glorify theſe roſes more,
King Henry and his queen
Firſt plac'd their pictures in wrought gold,
Moſt gorgeous to be ſeen.
The king's own guard now wear the ſame
Upon their back and breaſt ;
Where love and loyalty remain,
And evermore ſhall reſt.

The red roſe on the back is plac'd,
Thereon a crown of gold:
The white roſe on the breaſt is brave,
And coſtly to behold.
Bedeck'd moſt rich with ſilver ſtuds,
On coat of ſcarlet red;
A bluſhing hue, which England's fame
Now many a year hath bred.

Thus Tudor and Plantagenet
Theſe honours firſt devis'd,
To welcome long-deſired peace,
With us ſo highly priz'd.
A peace that now maintained is,
By James our royal king:
For peace brings plenty to the land,
With ev'ry bleſſed thing.

To ſpeak again of Henry's praiſe,
His princely lib'ral hand
Gave gifts and graces many ways
Unto this famous land:
For which the Lord him bleſſings ſent,
And multiplied his ſtore;
In that he left more wealth to us
Than any king before.

For firſt his ſweet and lovely queen,
A joy above the reſt,
Brought him both ſons and daughters fair,
To make his kingdom bleſs'd.
The royal blood that was at ebb,
So increas'd by his queen
That England's heirs unto this day
Do flouriſh fair and green.

The firſt fair bleſſing of his ſeed
Was Arthur prince of Wales,
Whoſe virtue to the Spaniſh court
Quite o'er the ocean ſails.
There Ferdinand, the king of Spain,
His daughter Katherine gave
For wife unto the Engliſh prince;
A thing that God would have.

Yet Arthur in his lofty youth,
And blooming time of age,
Submitted meekly his ſweet life
To death's impartial rage;
Who dying ſo, no iſſue left,
The ſweet of nature's joy,
Which compaſs'd England round with grief,
And Spain with ſad annoy.

King Henry's ſecond comfort prov'd
A Henry of his name;
In following times eighth Henry call'd,
A king of noble fame.
He conquer'd Bulloign with his ſword,
With many towns in France:
With manly mind and fortitude,
Did England's fame advance.

He popiſh abbeys firſt ſuppreſs'd,
And papiſtry pull'd down;
And bound their lands by parliament
Unto his royal crown.
He had three children by three wives,
And princes reigning here;
Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth
A queen belov'd moſt dear.

Theſe three ſweet branches bear no fruit,
God no ſuch joy did ſend;
Thro' which the kingly Tudor's name
In England here had end.
The laſt Plantagenet that liv'd
Was nam'd Elizabeth:
Elizabeth laſt Tudor was,
The greateſt queen on earth.

Seventh Henry yet we name again,
Whoſe grace gave free conſent
To have his daughters marry'd both
To kings of high deſcent:
Marg'ret, the eldeſt of the twain,
Was made great Scotland's queen;
As wife, as fair, as virtuous
As e'er was lady ſeen.

From which fair queen, our royal king
Does lineally deſcend;
And rightfully enjoys that crown,
Which God does ſtill befriend.
For Tudor and Plantagenet,
By yielding unto death,
Have made renowned Stuart's name
The greateſt upon earth.

His youngeſt daughter, Mary call'd,
As princely in degree,
Was by her father worthy thought
The queen of France to be:
And after to the Suffolk duke
Was made a noble wife,
When in the famous Engliſh court
She led a virtuous life.

King Henry and his loving queen
Rejoic'd to ſee the day,
To have their children thus advanc'd
With honours every way.
Which purchas'd pleaſure and content,
With many years delight;
Till ſad miſchance, by cruel death,
Procur'd them both a ſpite.

The queen, that fair and princely dame,
That mother meek and mild,
To add more number to her joy,
Again grew big with child:
All which brought comfort to her king,
Againſt which careful hour,
He lodg'd his dear kind-hearted queen
In London's ſtately tower.

That tow'r that was ſo fatal once
To princes of degree,
Prov'd fatal to this noble queen,
For therein died ſhe.
In childbed loſt ſhe her ſweet life,
Her life eſteem'd ſo dear;
Which had been England's loving queen
Full many a happy year.

The king herewith poſſeſs'd with grief,
Spent many months in moan;
And daily ſigh'd and ſaid, that he,
Like her, could find out none;
Nor none could he in fancy chuſe
To make his wedded wife;
Wherefore a widow'r would remain
The remnant of his life.

His after-days he ſpent in peace
And quietneſs of mind:
Like king and queen, as theſe two were,
The world can hardly find.
Our king and queen, yet like to them
In virtue and true love,
Have heav'nly bleſſings in like ſort,
From heav'nly pow'rs above.

VI.

The ſtory of Ill May-day, in the time of king Henry VIII. and why it was ſo called; and how queen Catherine begged the lives of two thouſand London apprentices.

The following ſong is founded upon a fact; nor has the writer taken many liberties in altering it, having only magnified and illuſtrated the ſtory. The thing happened on the May-eve, of the year 1517, *the eighth of Henry VIIIth's reign. Numbers of foreigners were at that time ſettled in England, with particular privileges; and our author obſerves, ran away with the greateſt part of the trade, whilſt ſeveral of the natives wanted. Exaſperated at this, ſeveral were for encouraging a tumult, but particularly one Lincolne, a broker, who hired a certain preacher, called Dr. Bele, to inflame the people by his ſermons. The court perceiv'd what the citizens would fain be at, but to prevent them, an order was ſent by the king and his privy-council to the lord-mayor and aldermen, that they required every houſekeeper, under very ſevere penalties, to take care that all his ſervants and his whole family ſhould be within-doors by nine at night; and this the magiſtrates were to ſee punctually performed. This order was for ſome time very well obſerved, but ſtill they wanted only an opportunity of riſing, which an accident gave them. Two apprentices playing in the ſtreets about eleven o-clock on the May-eve, the alderman of the ward came to arreſt them; but they thinking they had more privilege on that night than any other,*

began

began to call out to their fellows for aſſiſtance, and ſo many came running out of doors from the neighbourhood, that the alderman was forced to fly. Encouraged by this, and ſeeing their numbers increaſe as the rumour of their being up ſpread, they haſtened to the priſons, where ſome had been committed for abuſing ſtrangers, and theſe they firſt delivered. The lord-mayor and ſheriffs, and ſir Thomas Moore, who had been their recorder, and was very much beloved by them, could not with all their perſuaſions reſtrain them, and force they had not ſufficient to oppoſe them; but furiouſly ruſhing on to the houſe of a very rich foreigner, whom, as he was a great trader, they particularly hated, they broke open his doors, killed every one they met with there, and rifled all the goods; and in other places they committed divers other outrages. At length the news of this diſorder reached the ears of the earls of Shrewſbury and Surrey: they roſe, and taking with them all the inns-of-court men, they cleared the ſtreets of the rioters, and took numbers of them priſoners. Shortly after, the duke of Norfolk, and the earl of Surrey, with 1300 ſoldiers, came into the city, and joining the lord-mayor and aldermen, proceeded againſt the criminals. Two hundred and ſeventy-eight were found guilty, but whether through the interceſſion of queen Catherine, or through a merciful diſpoſition of king Henry, not above twelve or fifteen ſuffered; Lincolne, with three or four more of the moſt guilty, were hanged, drawn and quartered; about ten more were hanged on gibbets in the ſtreets, and the lord-mayor, aldermen and recorder appearing on the behalf of the reſt at court, they received a check, as if ſome of the magiſtracy had connived at the riot; and the reſt of the criminals were ordered to appear before the king at Weſtminſter in white ſhirts, and halters about their necks; and with them mixed a great number of people, who were not before ſuſpected, that they might be entitled to a pardon; which the king having granted, he alſo ordered the gibbets which had been erected, to be taken down; and the citizens were again reſtored to favour.

PERUSE

PERUSE the ſtories of this land,
And with adviſement mark the ſame,
And you ſhall juſtly underſtand
How Ill May-day firſt got the name.
For when king Henry th' eighth did reign,
And rul'd our famous kingdom here,
His royal queen he had from Spain,
With whom he liv'd full many a year.

Queen Catherine nam'd, as ſtories tell,
Sometime his elder brother's wife:
By which unlawful marriage fell
An endleſs trouble during life:
But ſuch kind love he ſtill conceiv'd,
Of his fair queen, and of her friends,
Which being by Spain and France perceiv'd,
Their journeys faſt for England bends.

And with good leave were ſuffered
Within our kingdom here to ſtay:
Which multitude made victuals dear,
And all things elſe from day to day:
For ſtrangers then did ſo increaſe,
By reaſon of king Henry's queen,
And privileg'd in many a place
To dwell, as was in London ſeen.

Poor tradeſmen had ſmall dealing then,
And who but ſtrangers bore the bell?
Which was a grief to Engliſhmen,
To ſee them here in London dwell:
Wherefore (God wot) upon May-eve,
As prentices on Maying went,
Who made the magiſtrates believe,
At all to have no other intent.

But ſuch a May-game it was known,
As like in London never were;
For by the ſame full many a one,
With loſs of life did pay full dear:
For thouſands came with Bilbo blade,
As with an army they could meet,
And ſuch a bloody ſlaughter made
Of foreign ſtrangers in the ſtreet.

That all the channels ran down with blood,
In every ſtreet where they remain'd;
Yea, every one in danger ſtood,
That any of their part maintain'd;
The rich, the poor, the old, the young,
Beyond the ſeas tho' born and bred,
By prentices they ſuffer'd wrong,
When armed thus they gather'd head.

Such multitudes together went,
No warlike troops could them withſtand,
Nor yet by policy them prevent,
What they by force thus took in hand:
Till at the laſt king Henry's power,
This multitude encompaſs'd round,
Where with the ſtrength of London's tower,
They were by force ſuppreſs'd and bound.

And hundreds hang'd by martial law,
On ſign-poſts at their maſters doors,
By which the reſt were kept in awe,
And frighted from ſuch loud uproars:
And others which the fact repented,
(Two thouſand prentices at leaſt)
Were all unto the king preſented,
As mayor and magiſtrates thought beſt.

With two and two together tied,
Through Temple-bar and Strand they go,
To Weſtminſter there to be tried,
With ropes about their necks alſo:
But ſuch a cry in every ſtreet,
Till then was never heard or known,
By mothers for their children ſweet,
Unhappily thus overthrown.

Whoſe bitter moans and ſad laments
Poſſeſs'd the court with trembling fear;
Whereat the queen herſelf relents,
Tho' it concern'd her country dear:
What if (quoth ſhe) by Spaniſh blood,
Have London's ſtately ſtreets been wet,
Yet will I ſeek this country's good,
And pardon for theſe young men get.

Or elſe the world will ſpeak of me,
And ſay queen Catherine was unkind,
And judge me ſtill the cauſe to be,
Theſe young men did theſe fortunes find
And ſo diſrob'd from rich attires,
With hairs hang'd down, ſhe ſadly hies,
And of her gracious lord requires
A boon, which hardly he denies.

The lives (quoth ſhe) of all the blooms
Yet budding green, theſe youths I crave;
O let them not have timeleſs tombs,
For nature longer limits gave:
In ſaying ſo, the pearled tears
Fell trickling from her princely eyes;
Whereat his gentle queen he chears,
And ſays, Stand up, ſweet lady, riſe.

The lives of them I freely give,
No means this kindneſs ſhall debar,
Thou haſt thy boon, and they may live,
To ſerve me in my Bullen war.
No ſooner was this pardon given,
But peals of joy rung through the hall,
As though it thunder'd down from heaven,
The queen's renown amongſt them all.

For which (kind queen) with joyful heart,
She gave to them both thanks and praiſe,
And ſo from them did gently part,
And liv'd beloved all her days:
And when king Henry ſtood in need
Of truſty ſoldiers at command,
Theſe prentices prov'd men indeed,
And fear'd no force of warlike band.

For at the ſiege of Tours in France,
They ſhew'd themſelves brave Engliſhmen;
At Bullen too they did advance,
St. George's luſty ſtandard then;
Let Tourine, Tournay, and thoſe towns
That good king Henry nobly won,
Tell London's prentices renowns,
And of their deeds by them there done.

For Ill May-day, and ill May-games,
  Perform'd in young and tender days,
Can be no hindrance to their fames,
  Or ſtains of manhood any ways:
But now it is ordain'd by law,
  We ſee on May-day's eve at night,
To keep unruly youths in awe,
  By London's watch in armour bright.

Still to prevent the like miſdeed,
  Which once through headſtrong young men came;
And that's the cauſe that I do read,
  May-day doth get ſo ill a name.

VII.

A ſong of an Engliſh knight, that married the royal princeſs, lady Mary, ſiſter to king Henry VIII. which knight was afterwards made duke of Suffolk.

Sir Charles Brandon, viſcount Liſle, the hero of the following ſong, was, for ſeveral good ſervices done to king Henry VIII. created duke of Suffolk in the year 1514, *and it was thought at the time the king conferred this honour upon*

upon him, he intended him a far greater, by giving him his ſecond ſiſter the princeſs Mary in marriage; but juſt at this time Lewis XII. of France ſeeking the alliance of the Engliſh king, a match was made up between him and the princeſs, to the great grief of the duke; who, however, though he dearly loved her, had honour enough never to uſe the leaſt means for preventing the marriage, thinking it ſo very much to her advantage. The princeſs, with a noble retinue, was ſent over to France, where ſhe married Lewis on the 9th of October 1514; but that monarch did not long enjoy her, he dying the firſt of January following. His ſucceſſor Francis I. propoſed the queen dowager's return into England, to which king Henry conſented, after having made the beſt conditions he could for his ſiſter, and taken ſecurity for the payment of her dowry. This done, ſome of the Engliſh nobles were appointed to go over into France to receive the queen, and conduct her back; amongſt them were the duke of Suffolk, who, upon his arrival, renewing his ſuit, and being already in her good graces, found it no difficult matter to gain his point; and wiſely concluding, that king Henry might not ſo readily conſent to his marrying the dowager of France, as he would have done to his marrying the princeſs his ſiſter, he would not delay his happineſs, but had the marriage privately celebrated before he left France. When the news was brought to Henry, he ſeemed much diſſatisfied with it, and at firſt kept Suffolk at a diſtance; but the king of France and others interceding in his behalf, he was very well reconciled to him, and the duke had no ſmall ſhare afterwards in the adminiſtration of affairs. It is remarkable, that neither this lady or her ſiſter had any great pride or ambition in them; for although they both, by the care of their friends, had been wedded to monarchs, we find that the eldeſt ſiſter princeſs Margaret, after having buried her firſt huſband, James V. of Scotland, choſe one of her nobles for a ſecond, and married Archibald Douglaſs, earl of Angus.

EIghth Henry ruling in this land,
He had a ſiſter fair,
That was the widow'd queen of France,
Enrich'd with virtues rare:
And being come to England's court,
She oft beheld a knight,
Charles Brandon nam'd, in whoſe fair eyes,
She chiefly took delight.

And noting in her princely mind,
His gallant ſweet behaviour,
She daily drew him by degrees,
Still more and more in favour:
Which he perceiving, courteous knight,
Found fitting time and place,
And thus in amorous ſort began,
His love-ſuit to her grace:

I am at love, fair queen, ſaid he,
Sweet let your love incline,
That by your grace Charles Brandon may
On earth be made divine:
If worthleſs I might worthy be
To have ſo good a lot,
To pleaſe your highneſs in true love,
My fancy doubteth not.

Or if that gentry might convey
So great a grace to me,
I can maintain the ſame by birth,
Being come of good degree.
If wealth you think be all my want,
Your highneſs hath great ſtore,
And my ſupplement ſhall be love,
What can you wiſh for more?

It hath been known when hearty love
Did tie the true-love knot,
Though now if gold and ſilver want,
The marriage proveth not.
The goodly queen hereat did bluſh,
But made a dumb reply;
Which he imagin'd what ſhe meant,
And kiſs'd her reverently.

Brandon (quoth ſhe) I greater am,
Than would I were for thee,
But can as little maſter love,
As them of low degree:
My father was a king, and ſo
A king my huſband was,
My brother is the like, and he
Will ſay I do tranſgreſs.

But let him ſay what pleaſeth him,
His liking I 'll forego,
And chuſe a love to pleaſe myſelf,
Though all the world ſay no:
If plowmen make their marriages,
As beſt contents their mind,
Why ſhould not princes of eſtate
The like contentment find?

But tell me, Brandon, am I not
More forward than beſeems?
Yet blame me not for love, I love
Where beſt my fancy deems.
And long may live (quoth he) to love,
Nor longer live may I,
Than when I love your royal grace,
And then diſgraced die.

But if I do deſerve your love,
My mind deſires diſpatch,
For many are the eyes in court,
That on your beauty watch;
But am not I, ſweet lady, now
More forward than behoves?
Yet for my heart, forgive my tongue,
That ſpeaks for him that loves.

The queen and this brave gentleman
Together both did wed,
And after fought their king's good-will,
And of their wiſhes ſped:
For Brandon ſoon was made a duke,
And graced ſo in court,
Then who but he did flaunt it forth
Amongſt the nobleſt ſort.

And ſo from princely Brandon's line,
And Mary's did proceed
The noble race of Suffolk's houſe,
As after did ſucceed:
From whoſe high blood the lady Jane,
Lord Guilford Dudley's wife,
Came by deſcent, who with her lord,
In London loſt her life.

VIII.

The doleful death of queen Jane, wife to king Henry VIII. and the manner of prince Edward's being cut out of her womb.

One would think it almoſt impoſſible that there ſhould be the leaſt doubt among writers in any point ſo modern as the fact on which this ballad is founded, and yet if we ſearch our hiſtorians, we ſhall hardly find any of them agreeing in the ſtory of queen Jane. We ſhall not therefore pretend to advance any thing concerning the manner of her death, but ſhall quote the opinions of ſome of our writers, that every one may be at liberty to judge for themſelves.

Anne of Bullen, king HENRY VIIIth's ſecond queen, being beheaded in the tower for adultery, king Henry was marryed the very next day to lady Jane; who, on the 12th of October (according to the opinion of a vaſt majority) was delivered of a ſon at Hampton-court. But notwithſtanding this, Sir John Hayward aſſerts, that prince Edward was not born until the 17th; and adds, "All reports do conſtantly run, "that he was not by natural paſſage delivered into the world, "but that his mother's belly was opened for his birth; and "that ſhe died of the inciſion the fourth day following." Echard, in his hiſtory of England, is of a very different opinion; where talking of prince Edward's birth, he tells us "That the joy of it was much allayed by the departure of the "admirable queen, who, contrary to the opinion of many "writers, died twelve days after the birth of this prince, "having been well delivered, and without any inciſion, as

"*others*

" others have maliciouſly reported." Lord Herbert of Cherbury, in his hiſtory of Henry VIII. aſſerts, " That the queen " died two days after her delivery." And indeed he has the authorities of Holling ſhead and Stow to ſupport the aſſertion. Du Cheſne, a native of France, who in his hiſtory of England has undertaken to clear up this point, does but perplex us the more: talking of theſe times he goes on thus: " La " royne Jeanne eſtoit alors enceinte & preſte a enfanter, mais " quand ce vint au terme de l'accouchement elle eut tant de " tourment & de peine, qu' il lui fallut fendre le coſté par " lequel on tira ſon fruit le douzieme jour d' Octobre a Win-" deſore ——— Elle mourut douze jours après et fut enterré " au Chateau de Windſore."

WHEN as king Henry rul'd this land,
He had a queen I underſtand;
Lord Seymour's daughter fair and bright,
King Henry's comfort and delight:
Yet death, by his remorſeleſs pow'r,
Did blaſt the bloom of this ſweet Flow'r;
O mourn, mourn, mourn, fair ladies;
Jane your queen, the flower of England's dead.

His former queen being wrapt in lead,
This gallant dame poſſeſs'd his bed:
Where rightly from her womb did ſpring
A joyful comfort to her king,
A welcome bleſſing to the land,
Preſerv'd by God's moſt holy hand.
O mourn, &c.

The queen in travail, pained ſore
Full thirty woful days and more,
And no ways could deliver'd be,
As every lady wiſh'd to ſee:
Wherefore the king made greater moan,
Than ever yet his grace had ſhown.
O mourn, &c.

Then being ſomething eas'd in mind,
His eyes a ſlumb'ring ſleep did find;
Where dreaming he had loſt a roſe,
But which he could not well ſuppoſe;
A ſhip he had, a roſe by name;
Oh, no! it was his royal Jane.
O mourn, &c.

Being thus perplex'd with grief and care,
A lady to him did repair,
And ſaid, O king! ſhew us thy will;
The queen's ſweet life to ſave or ſpill.
If ſhe cannot deliver'd be,
Yet ſave the flow'r, tho' not the tree.
O mourn, &c.

Then down upon his tender knee,
For help from heaven prayed he,
Mean while into a ſleep they caſt
His queen, which evermore did laſt:
And op'ning then her tender womb,
Alive they took this budding bloom.
O mourn, &c.

This

This babe ſo born much comfort brought,
And chear'd his father's drooping thought:
Prince Edward he was call'd by name,
Graced with virtue, wit and fame;
And when his father left this earth,
He rul'd this land by lawful birth.
O mourn, &c.

But mark the pow'rful will of heav'n;
We from this joy was ſoon bereav'n:
Six years he reigned in this land,
And then obeyed God's command,
And left his crown to Mary here,
Whoſe five years reign coſt England dear.
O mourn, &c.

Elizabeth reign'd next to her,
Fair Europe's pride, and England's ſtar;
The world's wonder; for ſuch a queen
Under heaven was never ſeen:
A maid, a ſaint, an angel bright,
In whom all princes took delight.
O mourn, mourn, mourn, fair ladies;
Elizabeth, the flower of England's dead.

IX.

A princely ſong of the ſix queens that were married to Henry VIII. king of England.

WHEN England's fame did ring,
Royally, royally,
Of Henry the eighth our king,
All the world over:
Such deeds of majeſty,
Won he moſt worthily,
England to glory,
By the hand of fair heaven.

His royal father dead,
Curiouſly, curiouſly,
Was he then wrapt in lead,
As it appeareth:
Such a tomb did he make,
For his ſweet father's ſake,
As the whole world may ſpeak
Of his gallant glory.

England's

England's brave monument,
Sumptuouſly, ſumptuouſly,
Kings and queens gave conſent
To have it there grac'd:
Henry the eighth was he,
Builded in gallantry,
With golden bravery,
In his rich chapel.

And after did provide,
Carefully, carefully,
To chuſe a princely bride,
For his land's honour:
His brother's widow he
Married moſt lawfully,
His loving wife to be
Royal queen Catherine.

Which queen he loved dear,
Many a day, many a day,
Full two-and-twenty year,
Ere they were parted.
From this renowned dame,
Mary his daughter came,
Yet did his biſhops frame
To have her divorced.

When as queen Catherine knew
How the king, how the king,
Prov'd in love moſt untrue,
Thus to forſake her;
Good Lord! what bitter woe,
Did this fair princeſs ſhew,
Unkindly thus to go
From her ſweet huſband.

O my kind ſovereign dear,
Said the queen, ſaid the queen,
Full two-and-twenty year
Have I been marry'd:
Sure it will break my heart,
From thee now to depart,
I ne'er plaid wanton's part,
Royal king Henry.

All this availed nought,
Woful queen, woful queen,
A divorce being wrought,
She muſt forſake him:
Never more in his bed
Laid ſhe her princely head:
Was e'er wife ſo beſtead,
Like to queen Catherine?

Amongſt

Amongſt our Engliſhmen,
Of renown, of renown,
The earl of Wiltſhire then
Had a virtuous fair daughter:
A brave and princely dame,
Anna Bullen by name,
This virgin was by fame,
Made wife to king Henry

From this ſame royal queen,
Bleſſedly, bleſſedly,
As it was known and ſeen,
Came our ſweet princeſs
England's Elizabeth,
Faireſt queen on the earth;
Happy made by her birth,
Was this brave kingdom.

When Anna Bullen's place,
Of a queen, of a queen,
Had been for three years ſpace,
More was her ſorrow:
In the king's royal head
Secret diſpleaſure bred,
That coſt the queen her head,
In London's ſtrong tower.

Then took he to wife lady Jane,
Lovingly, lovingly,
That from the Seymours came,
Nobly deſcended;
But her love bought ſhe dear,
She was but queen one year;
In child-bed ſhe dy'd we hear,
Of royal king Edward.

England then underſtand,
Famouſly, famouſly,
Princes three of this land,
Thus came from three queens:
Catherine gave Mary birth,
Anna Elizabeth,
Jane, Edward by her death;
All crown'd in England.

After theſe married he,
All in fame, all in fame,
A dame of dignity,
Fair Anne of Cleve:
Her ſorrow ſoon was ſeen,
Only ſix months a queen,
Graces but growing green,
So quickly divorced.

Yet liv'd ſhe with grief to ſee,
Woful queen, woful queen!
Two more as well as ſhe,
Married unto king Henry:
To enjoy love's delights,
On their ſweet wedding-nights,
Which were her proper rites,
Mournful young princeſs.

Firſt a ſweet gallant dame,
Nobly born, nobly born,
Which had unto her name
Fair Catherine Howard:
But e'er two years were paſt,
Diſliking grew ſo faſt,
She loſt her head at laſt:
Small time of glory!

After her Catherine Parre,
Made he queen, made he queen,
Late wife to Lord Latimer,
Brave Engliſh baron.
This lady of renown,
Deſerved not a frown,
Whilſt Henry wore the crown
Of thrice famous England.

Six royal queens you ſee,
Gallant dames, gallant dames,
At command married he,
Like a great monarch:
Yet lives his famous name,
Without ſpot or defame;
From royal kings he came,
Whom all the world fear'd.

X.

Johnny Armſtrong's laſt good-night, ſhewing how John Armſtrong with his eight-ſcore men fought a bloody battle with the Dutch king, at Edenborough.

The heroe of the following ballad's habitation, was at no great diſtance from the river Eaſe; there he had a ſtrong body of men under his command, and all his neighbours, even the neareſt Engliſh, ſtood in awe of him, and paid him tribute. When James V. reigned in Scotland, and Henry VIIIth. in England, the former, willing to ſuppreſs all robbers, levied a ſmall army, march'd out againſt the banditti, and pitch'd his tents hard by the river Eaſe. At this John Armſtrong became ſenſible of his danger, and would willingly have made his peace. Some of the king's officers finding him in this diſpoſition, ſecretly perſuaded him

to

to make his ſubmiſſion; adding, that they durſt aſſure him he would be kindly received. Armſtrong followed their counſel, and with ſixty horſemen unarmed, haſtened to the king, but imprudently forgot to provide himſelf with paſſes, and a ſafe-conduct. Thoſe who had given him this advice, ſenſible of his error, lay in ambuſh for, ſurprized and took him, with his ſixty men, and carried them all to the king, pretending that they had made them priſoners. Nor was he accuſed of robbing only, but of having alſo formed a deſign of delivering up that part of the country to the Engliſh; and being condemned, he with fifty-four of his companions was hanged, the other ſix were reſerved as hoſtages, to deter their fellows from being guilty of the like crime. Our poet poſſibly thought, that the gallows was too low a death for his heroe, and therefore rather choſe to let him die bravely fighting. Inſtead of three, he gives him a retinue of eightſcore men, and lays the ſcene in Edenburg; and theſe, I think, are the only material points in which he differs from hiſtory.

IS there ever a man in all Scotland,
From the higheſt eſtate to the loweſt degree,
That can ſhew himſelf before our king,
Scotland is ſo full of treachery?

Yes, there is a man in Weſtmoreland,
And Johnny Armſtrong they do him call,
He has no lands or rents coming in,
Yet he keeps eightſcore men within his hall.

He has horſes and harneſs for them all,
And goodly ſteeds that be milk-white,
With their goodly belts about their necks,
With hats and feathers all alike.

The king he writes a loving letter,
And with his own hand ſo tenderly,
And hath ſent it unto Johnny Armſtrong,
To come and ſpeak with him ſpeedily.

When John he look'd this letter upon,
He look'd as blith as a bird in a tree,
I was never before a king in my life,
My father, my grandfather, nor none of us three.

But ſeeing we muſt go before the king,
Lord we will go moſt gallantly,
Ye ſhall every one have a velvet coat,
Laid down with golden laces three.

And every one ſhall have a ſcarlet cloak,
Laid down with ſilver laces five,
With your golden belts about your necks,
With hats and feathers all alike.

But when Johnny went from Giltnock-hall,
The wind it blew hard, and full faſt it did rain,
Now fare thee well thou Giltnock-hall,
I fear I ſhall never ſee thee again.

Now Johnny he is to Edenborough gone,
With his eightſcore men ſo gallantly,
And every one of them on a milk-white ſteed,
With their bucklers and ſwords hanging to their knee.

But when John came the king before,
With his eightſcore men ſo gallant to ſee,
The king he mov'd his bonnet to him,
He thought he had been a king as well as h

O pardon, pardon, my ſovereign liege,
Pardon for my eightſcore men and me;
For my name it is Johnny Armſtrong,
And ſubject of your's, my liege, ſaid he.

Away with thee, thou falſe traytor,
No pardon will I grant to thee,
But to-morrow morning by eight of the clock,
I will hang up thy eightſcore men and thee.

Then Johnny look'd over his left ſhoulder,
And to his merry men thus ſaid he,
I have aſk'd grace of a graceleſs face,
No pardon there is for you and me.

Then John pull'd out his good broad ſword,
That was made of the mettle ſo free,
Had not the king mov'd his foot as he did,
John had taken his head from his fair body.

Come, follow me, my merry men all,
We will ſcorn one foot for to fly,
It ſhall never be ſaid we were hang'd like dogs,
We will fight it out moſt manfully.

Then they fought on like champions bold,
For their hearts were ſturdy, ſtout and free,
Till they had kill'd all the king's good guard;
There were none left alive but one, two, or three.

But then roſe up all Edenborough,
They roſe up by thouſands three,
A cowardly Scot came John behind,
And run him through the fair body.

Said John, fight on my merry men all,
I am a little wounded, but am not ſlain,
I will lay me down and bleed a-while,
Then I 'll riſe and fight again.

Then they fought on like mad men all,
Till many a man lay dead on the plain,
For they were reſolved before they would yield,
That every man would there be ſlain.

So there they fought courageouſly,
'Till moſt of them lay dead there and ſlain,
But little Muſgrave, that was his foot-page,
With his bonny griſſel got away unta'en.

But when he came to Giltnock-hall,
The lady ſpy'd him preſently,
What news, what news, thou little foot-page,
What news from thy maſter, and his company?

My

My news is bad, lady, he ſaid,
Which I do bring, as you may ſee;
My maſter Johnny Armſtrong is ſlain,
And all his gallant company.*

Yet thou art welcome home, my bonny griſſel,
Full oft thou haſt been fed with corn and hay,
But now thou ſhalt be fed with bread and wine,
And thy ſides ſhall be ſpurr'd no more, I ſay.

O then beſpoke his little ſon,
As he ſat on his nurſe's knee,
If ever I live to be a man,
My father's death reveng'd ſhall be.

X.

A pleaſant ballad ſhewing how two valiant knights, ſir John Armſtrong, and ſir Michael Muſgrave fell in love with the beautiful daughter of the lady Dacres in the North; and of the great ſtrife that happened between them for her, and how they wrought the death of one hundred men.

Another poet, willing to conceal the ignominious death of Armſtrong, has in this ſong knighted him, and made his rival kill him; at leaſt we are inclined to believe it is the ſame Armſtrong he is talking of, and for that reaſon we have inſerted it.

AS it fell out one Whitſunday,
The blith time of the year,
When every tree was clad with green,
And pretty birds ſing clear:
The lady Dacres took her way,
Unto the church that pleaſant day,
With her fair daughter freſh and gay,
A bright and bonny laſs.
Fa la tre dang de do
Trang trole le trang de do,
With hey trang trole lo lye,
She was a bonny laſs,

Sir

Sir Michael Muſgrave in like ſort
To church repaired then,
And ſo did Sir John Armſtrong too,
With all his merry men;
Two greater friends there could not be,
Nor braver knights for chivalry,
Both batchelors of high degree,
Fit for a bonny laſs.

They ſat them down upon one ſeat,
Like loving brethren dear,
With hearts and minds devoutly bent,
God's ſervice for to hear;
But riſing from their prayers tho'
Their eyes a ranging ſtrait did go,
Which wrought their utter overthrow,
All for one bonny laſs.

Quoth Muſgrave unto Armſtrong then,
Yon ſits the ſweeteſt dame,
That ever for her fair beauty
Within this country came.
Infooth, quoth Armſtrong preſently,
Your judgment I muſt verify,
There never came unto my eye,
A braver bonny laſs.

I ſwear, ſaid Muſgrave, by this ſword,
Which did my knighthood win,
To ſteal away ſo ſweet a dame,
Could be no ghoſtly ſin,
That deed, quoth Armſtrong, would be ill,
Except you had her right good will,
That your deſire ſhe would fulfil,
And be thy bonny laſs.

By this the ſervice quite was done,
And home the people paſt;
They wiſh'd a bliſter on his tongue,
That made thereof ſuch haſte.
At the church door the knights did meet,
The lady Dacres for to greet,
But moſt of all her daughter ſweet,
That beauteous bonny laſs.

Said Armſtrong to the lady fair,
We both have made a vow,
At dinner for to be your gueſts,
If you will it allow.
With that beſpoke the lady free,
Sir knights, right welcome you ſhall be.
The happier men therefore are we,
For love of this bonny laſs.

Thus were the knights both prick'd in love,
Both in one moment thrall'd,
And both with one fair lady gay,
Fair Iſabella call'd.
With humble thanks they went away,
Like wounded harts chas'd all the day,
One would not to the other ſay,
They lov'd this bonny laſs.

Fair Iſabel on the other ſide
As far in love was found,
So long brave Armſtrong ſhe had ey'd,
Till love her heart did wound:
Brave Armſtrong is my joy, quoth ſhe,
Would Chriſt he were alone with me,
To talk an hour two or three
With his fair bonny laſs.

But as theſe knights together rode,
And homeward did repair,
Their talk and eke their countenance ſhew'd,
Their hearts were clogg'd with care.
Fair Iſabel the one did ſay,
Thou haſt ſubdu'd my heart this day.
But ſhe's my joy, did Muſgrave ſay,
My bright and bonny laſs.

With

With that theſe friends incontinent,
Become moſt deadly foes,
For love of beauteous Iſabel,
Great ſtrife betwixt them roſe:
Quoth Armſtrong, ſhe ſhall be my wife,
Although for her I loſe my life;
And thus began a deadly ſtrife,
And for one bonny laſs.

Thus two years long this grudge did grow,
Theſe gallant knights between,
While they a wooing both did go,
Unto this beauteous queen.
And ſhe who did their furies prove,
To neither would bewray her love,
The deadly quarrel to remove,
About this bonny laſs.

But neither for her fair intreats,
Nor yet her ſharp diſpute,
Would they appeaſe their raging ire
Nor yet give o'er their ſuit.
The gentlemen of the North country,
At laſt did make this good decree,
All for a perfect unity,
About this bonny laſs.

The love-ſick knights ſhould be ſet,
Within one hall ſo wide,
Each of them in a gallant ſort
Even at a ſeveral tide:
And 'twixt them both for certainty,
Fair Iſabel ſhould placed be,
Of them to take her choice full free,
Moſt like a bonny laſs.

And as ſhe like an angel bright,
Betwixt them mildly ſtood,
She turn'd unto each ſeveral knight
With pale and changed blood:
Now am I at liberty
To make and take my choice, quoth ſhe?
Yea, quoth the knights, we do agree,
Then chuſe thou bonny laſs.

O Muſgrave, thou art all too hot
To be a lady's love,
Quoth ſhe, and Armſtrong ſeems a ſot,
Where love binds him to prove;
Of courage great is Muſgrave ſtill,
And ſith to chuſe I have my will,
Sweet Armſtrong ſhall my joys fulfil,
And I his bonny laſs.

The nobles and the gentles both,
That were in preſent place,
Rejoyced at this ſweet record;
But Muſgrave in diſgrace,
Out of the hall did take his way,
And Armſtrong marry'd was next day,
With Iſabel his lady gay,
A bright and bonny laſs.

But Muſgrave on the wedding-day,
Like to a Scotchman dight,
In ſecret ſort allured out
The bridegroom for to fight;
And he that will not outbraved be,
Unto his challenge did agree,
Where he was ſlain moſt ſuddenly
For his fair bonny laſs.

The news whereof was quickly brought
Unto the lovely bride:
And many of young Armſtrong's kin
Did after Muſgrave ride;
They hew'd him when they had him got,
As ſmall as fleſh into a pot,
Lo! thus befel a heavy lot,
About this bonny laſs.

The lady young, which did lament,
This cruel curſed ſtrife,
For very grief dy'd that day,
A maiden and a wife.
An hundred men, that hapleſs day,
Did loſe their lives in that ſame fray;
And 'twixt thoſe names as many ſay,
Is deadly ſtrife ſtill biding.

XI.

A lamentable ditty on the death of lord Guilford Dudley and lady Jane Grey, that, for their parents ambition, in ſeeking to make theſe two young princes king and queen of England, were both beheaded in the Tower of London.

WHEN as king Edward left this life,
In young and blooming years,
Began ſuch deadly hate and ſtrife,
That filled England full of tears.
Ambition in thoſe ancient days,
More than ten thouſand, thouſand, thouſand
Troubles did ariſe.

Northum-

Northumberland being made a duke,
Ambitiouſly did ſeek the crown,
And Suffolk for the ſame did look,
To put queen Mary's title down;
That was king Henry's daughter bright,
And queen of England, England, England,
And king Edward's heir by right.

Lord Guilford and the lady Jane
Were wedded by their parents wills;
The right from Mary ſo was ta'en,
Which drew them on to farther ills:
But mark the end of this miſdeed,
Mary was crowned, crowned, crowned,
And they to death decreed.

And being thus adjudg'd to die,
For theſe their parents haughty aims,
That thinking thus to mount on high,
Their children king and queen proclaims:
But in ſuch aims no bleſſings be,
When as ten thouſand, thouſand, thouſand,
Their ſhameful endings ſee.

Sweet princes they deſerv'd no blame,
That thus muſt die for father's cauſe,
And bearing of ſo great a name,
To contradict our Engliſh laws.

Let all men then conclude in this,
That they are hapleſs, hapleſs, hapleſs,
Whoſe parents do amiſs.

Now who more great than they of late?
Now who more wretched than they are?
And who more lofty in eſtate,
Thus ſuddenly conſum'd with care?
Then princes all ſet down this reſt,
And ſay the golden, golden, golden
Mean is always beſt.

Prepar'd at laſt drew on the day,
Whereon the princes both muſt die;
Lord Guilford Dudley by the way,
His deareſt lady did eſpy,
Whilſt he unto the block did go,
She in her window weeping, weeping, weeping,
Did lament her woe.

Their eyes that look'd for love e'er-while,
Now blubber'd were with pearled tears,
And every glance and lover's ſmile
Were turn'd to doſe and deadly fears:
Lord Guilford's life did bleeding lye,
Expecting angels, angels, angels
Silver wings to mount on high.

His deareſt lady long did look,
When ſhe unto the block ſhould go,
Where ſweetly praying on her book,
She made no ſign of outward woe;
But wiſh'd that ſhe had angels wings,
To ſee that golden, golden, golden
Sight of heavenly things.

And mounting on the ſcaffold then,
Where Guilford's lifeleſs body lay,
I come, quoth ſhe, thou flower of men,
For death ſhall not my ſoul diſmay:
The gates of heaven ſtand open wide,
To reſt for ever, ever, ever,
And thus thoſe princes dy'd.

Their parents likewiſe loſt their heads,
For climbing thus one ſtep too high:
Ambitious towers have ſlippery leads,
And fearful to a wiſe man's eye:
For one's amiſs great houſes fall;
Therefore take warning, warning, warning,
By this, you gallants all.

XII.

The princeſs Elizabeth: A ballad alluding to a ſtory recorded of her when ſhe was priſoner at Woodſtock, 1554.

Written by the late William Shenſtone, Eſq.

WILL you hear how once repining
Great Eliza captive lay?
Each ambitious thought reſigning,
Foe to riches, pomp and ſway?

While the nymphs and ſwains delighted
Tript around in all their pride;
Envying joys by others ſlighted,
Thus the royal maiden cry'd:

"Bred on plains, or born in vallies,
Who would bid thoſe ſcenes adieu?
Stranger to the arts of malice,
Who would ever courts purſue?

Malice never taught to treaſure,
Cenſure never taught to bear:
Love is all the ſhepherd's pleaſure;
Love is all the damſel's care.

How can they of humble ſtation
Vainly blame the pow'rs above?
Or accuſe the diſpenſation
Which allows them all to love?

Love like air is widely given,
Pow'r nor chance can theſe reſtrain;
Trueſt, nobleſt gifts of heaven!
Only pureſt on the plain!

Peers can no ſuch charms diſcover,
All in ſtars and garters dreſt,
As, on Sundays, does the lover
With his noſegay on his breaſt.

Pinks and roſes in profuſion,
Said to fade when Chloe's near;
Fops may uſe the ſame alluſion;
But the ſhepherd is ſincere.

Hark to yonder milk-maid ſinging
Chearly o'er the brimming pail;
Cowſlips all around her ſpringing,
Sweetly paint the golden vale.

Never yet did courtly maiden
Move ſo ſprightly, look ſo fair;
Never breaſt with jewels laden
Pour a ſong ſo void of care.

Would indulgent heav'n had granted
Me ſome rural damſel's part!
All the empire I had wanted
Then had been my ſhepherd's heart.

Then, with him, o'er hills and mountains,
Free from fetters, might I rove:
Fearleſs taſte the cryſtal fountains;
Peaceful ſleep beneath the grove.

Ruſtics had been more forgivir g;
Partial to my virgin bloom:
None had envy'd me when living;
None had triumph'd o'er my tomb."

XIII.

The lamentable complaint of queen Mary for the unkind departure of king Philip, in whoſe abſence ſhe fell ſick and died.

MARY doth complain,
Ladies be you moved
With my lamentations,
And my bitter moans:
Philip king of Spain,

Whom in heart I loved,
From his royal queen
Unkindly now is gone;
Upon my bed I lie,
Sick and like to die:
Help me ladies to lament,
For in heart I bear,
He loves a lady dear;
Better can his love content:
Oh, Philip! moſt unkind,
Bear not ſuch a mind,
To leave the daughter of a king:
Gentle prince of Spain,
Come, oh come again,
And ſweet content to thee I'll bring.

For thy royal ſake,
This my country's danger,
And my ſubjects woes,
I daily do procure:
My burning love to ſlake,
Noble princely ſtranger,
And the ſame to move,
Where it was ſettled ſure,
Divers in this land,
Againſt my foes did ſtand,
Pawning their lives therefore:
And for the ſame were ſlain,
Gentle king of Spain,
Streets ran down with purple gore.

Forty

Forty thouſand men,
All in armour then,
This noble kingdom did provide:
To marry England's queen,
Before thou ſhould'ſt be ſeen,
Or I be made thy gallant bride.

But now my great good-will,
I ſee is not regarded,
And my favours kind,
Are here forgotten quite:
My good is paid with ill,
And with hatred rewarded,
I unhappy queen,
Left here in woful plight,
On our Engliſh ſhore,
Never ſhall I more
Thy comely perſonage behold;
For upon the throne,
Glorioufly he ſhone,
In purple robes of gold.
Oh my heart is ſlain,
Sorrow, care and pain,
Dwell within my ſobbing breaſt:
Death approacheth near me,
Becauſe thou wilt not cheer me,
Thou gallant king of all the weſt.

Thoſe jewels and thoſe rings,
And that golden treaſure,
Firſt to win my love,
Thou broughteſt out of Spain;
Now unto me brings
No delight, no pleaſure,
But a ſorrowful tear,
Which ever will remain:
Thy picture when I ſee,
Much amazeth me,
Cauſeth tears a-main to flow,
The ſubſtance being gone,
Pleaſures I have none,
But lamenting ſighs of woe;
The chair of ſtate adorn'd,
Seems as if it mourn'd,
Binding up mine eyes with weeping,
And when that I am led
Unto my marriage-bed,
Sorrow keeps me ſtill from ſleeping.

Come you ladies kind,
Bring my gown of ſable,
For I now muſt mourn,
The abſence of my lord.
You ſee my love-ſick mind,
Is no longer able,
To endure the ſting
Of Cupid's pricking ſword:

My

My dying heart doth reſt,
In Philip's princely breaſt,
  My boſom keeps no heart at all:
But ever will abide,
In ſecret by his ſide,
  And follow him through bower and hall.
Though I live diſdained,
Yet my love unfeigned
  Shall remain both chaſte and pure,
And evermore ſhall prove
As conſtant as the dove,
  And thus ſhall Mary ſtill endure.

Ring out my dying knell,
  Ladies ſo renowned,
For your queen muſt die,
  And all her pomp forſake:
England now farewell,
  For the fates have frowned,
And now ready ſtand,
  My breathing life to take:
Conſume with ſpeed to air,
Fading ghoſt prepare
  With my milk-white wings to fly:
Where ſitting on the throne,
Let my love be ſhown,
  That for his ſake is forc'd to die.
Be for ever bleſſed,
Tho' I die diſtreſſed,

Gallant king of high renown.
The queen now broken-hearted,
From this world's departed,
In the heavens to wear a crown.

XIV.

The battle of Corichie on the Hill of Fair, fought Oct. 28, 1562.

This ballad, which is very ancient, has been but lately printed in Scotland. It is ſaid to have been the production of one Forbes, a ſchoolmaſter, at Mary Culter, upon Dieſide.

MURN ye heighlands, and murn ye leighlands,
I trow ye hae meikle need;
For thi bonny burn o' Corichie,
His run this day wi' bleid.

Thi hopefu' laird o' Finliter,
Erle Huntly's gallant ſon,
For thi love hi bare our beauteous quine
His gar't fair Scotland mone.

Hi his braken his ward in Aberdene,
Throu dreid o' thi fauſe Murry;
And his gather't the gentle Gordone clan
An' his father auld Huntly.

Fain wid he tak our bonny guide quine,
An' beare hir awa' wi' him;
But Murry's ſlee wyles ſpoil't a' thi ſport,
An' reft him o' lyfe and lim.

Murry gar't rayſe thi tardy Merns men,
An Angis, an' mony ane mair;
Erle Morton, and the Byres lord Linſay;
An' campit at thi hill o' Fare.

Erle Huntlie came wi' Haddo Gordone,
An' countit ane thuſan men;
But Murry had abien twal hunder,
Wi' ſax ſcore horſemen and ten.

They ſoundit thi bougills an' the trumpits,
An' marchit on in brave array;
Till the ſpiers an' the axis forgatherit,
An' than did begin thi fray.

Thi Gordones ſae ſercelie did fecht it,
Withouten terrer or dreid,
That mony o' Murry's men lay gaſpin,
An' dyit thi grund wi' theire bleid.

Then

Then fauſe Murry feingit to flee them,
An' they purſuit at his backe,
Whan' thi haf o' thi Gordones deſertit,
An' turnit wi' Murray in a crack.

Wi' hether i' thir bonnits they turnit,
The traiter Haddo o' their heid,
An' ſlaid theire brithers an' their fatheris,
An' ſpoilit an' left them for deid.

Than Murry cried to tak thi auld Gordone,
An' mony ane ran wi' ſpeid;
But Stuart o' Inchbraik had him ſtickit,
An' out guſhit thi fat lurdane's bleid.

Than they teuke his twa ſones quick an' hale,
An' bare them awa' to Aberdene;
But fair did our guide quine lament
Thi wacfu' chance that they were tane.

Erle Murry loſt mony a gallant ſtout man;
Thi hopefu' laird o' Thornitune,
Pittera's ſons, an Egli's far fearit laird,
An' mair to mi unkend, fell doune.

Erle Huntly miſt ten ſcore o' his bra' men,
Sum o' heigh an' ſum o' leigh degree,
Skeenis youngeſt ſon, thi pryde o' a' the clan,
Was ther ſun' dead, he widna flee.

This

This bloody fecht wis fercely faucht
Octobri's aught an' twinty day,
Cryſtis' fyfteen hundred thriſcore yeir
An' twa will mark thi deidlie fray.

But now the day maiſt waefu' came,
That day the quine did grite her ſill,
For Huntly's gallant ſtalwart ſon,
Wis heidit on thi heidin hill.

Fyve noble Gordones wi' him hangit were,
Upon thi ſamen fatal playne;
Crule Murry gar't thi waefu' quine luke out,
And ſee hir lover an' liges ſlayne.

I wis our quine had better frinds,
I wis our countrie better peice;
I wis our lords wid na' diſcord,
I wis our weirs at hame may ceiſe.

XV.

The moſt rare and excellent hiſtory of the dutcheſs of Suffolk's calamity,

WHEN God had taken for our ſin,
That prudent prince king Edward away,
Then bloody Bonner did begin
His raging malice to bewray:
All thoſe that did God's word profeſs,
He perſecuted more or leſs.

Thus whilſt our lord on us did lowre,
Many in priſon he did throw,
Tormenting them in Lollards tower,
Whereby they might the truth forego:
Then Cranmer, Ridley, and the reſt,
Were burning in the fire, that Chriſt profeſt.

Smithfield was then with faggots fill'd,
And many places more beſide,
At Coventry was Saunders kill'd,
At Worceſter eke good Hooper dy'd:
And to eſcape this bloody day,
Beyond ſea many fled away.

Among

Amongſt the reſt that ſought relief,
And for their faith in danger ſtood,
Lady Elizabeth was chief,
King Henry's daughter, of royal blood,
Which in the Tower priſoner did lye,
Looking each day when ſhe ſhould die.

The dutcheſs of Suffolk ſeeing this,
Whoſe life likewiſe the tyrant ſought;
Who in the hopes of heavenly bliſs,
Within God's word her comfort wrought:
For fear of death was forc'd to fly,
And leave her houſe moſt ſecretly,

Thus for the love of God alone,
Her land and goods ſhe left behind;
Seeking ſtill for that precious ſtone,
The word and truth ſo rare to find:
She with her nurſe, huſband and child,
In poor array their ſighs beguil'd.

Thus through London they paſſed along,
Each one did take a ſeveral ſtreet,
Thus all along eſcaping wrong
At Billingſgate they all did meet,
Like people poor in Graveſend barge,
They ſimply went with all their charge.

And all along from Graveſend town,
With journeys ſhort on foot they went;
Unto the ſea-coaſt came they down,
To paſs the ſeas was their intent:
And God provided ſo that day,
That they took ſhip and ſail'd away.

And with a proſperous gale of wind,
In Flanders they did arrive;
This was to them great eaſe of mind,
And from their heart much woe did drive:
And ſo with thanks to God on high,
They took their way to Germany.

Thus as they travell'd ſtill diſguis'd,
Upon the highway ſuddenly,
By cruel thieves they were ſurpriz'd,
Aſſailing their ſmall company:
And all their treaſures and their ſtore,
They took away, and beat them ſore.

The nurſe, in midſt of all their fright,
Laid down their child upon the ground,
She ran away out of their ſight,
And never after that was found:
Then did the dutcheſs make great moan,
With her good huſband all alone.

The thieves had there their horſes kill'd,
And all their money quite had took,
The pretty baby almoſt ſpoil'd,
Was by their nurſe alſo forſook.
And they far from their friends did ſtand,
And ſuccourleſs in a ſtrange land.

The ſky likewiſe began to ſcowl,
It hail'd and rain'd in piteous ſort,
The way was long and wondrous foul,
This I may now full well report,
Their grief and ſorrow was not ſmall,
When this unhappy chance did fall.

Sometimes the dutcheſs bore the child,
As wet as ever ſhe could be,
And when the lady kind and mild
Was weary, then the child bore he;
And thus they one another eas'd,
And with their fortunes ſeem'd well pleas'd.

And after many a weary ſtep,
All wet-ſhod both in dirt and mire;
After much grief, their hearts yet leap;
For labour doth ſome reſt require:
A town before them they did ſee,
But lodged there they could not be.

From houſe to houſe then they did go,
Seeking that night where they might lie;
But want of money was their woe,
And ſtill their babe with cold doth cry,
With cap and knee they court'ſy make,
But none of them would pity take.

Lo, here a princeſs of great blood,
Doth pray a peaſant for relief,
With tears bedewed as ſhe ſtood,
Yet few or none regard her grief.
Her ſpeech they could not underſtand,
But ſome gave money in her hand.

When all in vain her ſpeeches ſpent,
And that they could no houſe-room get,
Into a church-porch then they went,
To ſtand out of the rain and wet:
Then ſaid the dutcheſs to her dear,
O that we had ſome fire here.

Then did her huſband ſo provide,
That fire and coals they got with ſpeed:
She ſat down by the fire-ſide,
To dreſs her daughter that had need:
And whilſt ſhe dreſs'd it in her lap,
Her huſband made the infant pap.

Anon the ſexton thither came,
Finding them there by the fire:
The drunken knave, all void of ſhame,
To drive them out was his deſire;
And ſpurned out the noble dame,
Her huſband's wrath he did inflame.

And all in fury as he ſtood,
He wrung the church keys out of his hand,
And ſtruck him ſo that all the blood
His head run down as he did ſtand,
Wherefore the ſexton preſently
For aid and help aloud did cry.

Then came the officers in haſte,
And took the dutcheſs and her child,
And with her huſband thus they paſt,
Like lambs beſet with tygers wild,
And to the governor were brought,
Who underſtood them not in ought.

Then maſter Bertue brave and bold,
In Latin made a gallant ſpeech,
Which all their miſeries did unfold,
And their high favour did beſeech;
With that a doctor ſitting by,
Did know the dutcheſs preſently.

And thereupon ariſing ſtrait
With words abaſhed at this ſight,
Upon them all that then did wait,
He thus broke forth in words aright:
Behold within your ſight (quoth he)
A princeſs of moſt high degree.

With that the governor and all the reſt,
Were much amaz'd the ſame to hear,
Who wecomed this new-come gueſt,
With reverence great, and princely cheer:
And afterwards convey'd they were,
Unto their friend prince Caſſimere.

A ſon ſhe had in Germany,
Peregrine Bertue call'd by name,
Sirnam'd the good lord Willoughby,
Of courage great and worthy fame;
Her daughter young that with her went,
Was afterwards counteſs of Kent.

For when queen Mary was deceas'd,
The dutcheſs home return'd again,
Who was of ſorrow quite releas'd,
By queen Elizabeth's happy reign:
Whoſe goodly life and piety,
We may praiſe continually.

XVI.

A joyful ſong of the deſerved praiſes of good queen Elizabeth, how princely ſhe behaved herſelf at Tilbury camp in Eſſex, in 1588, when the Spaniards threatened the invaſion of this kingdom.

I Sing a noble princeſs,
England's late commanding miſtreſs,
King Henry's daughter fair Elizabeth:
She was ſuch a maiden queen,
As the like ne'er was ſeen,
Of any womankind upon the earth.

Her name in golden numbers,
May written be with wonders,
That liv'd belov'd four and forty years:
And had the gifts of nature all
That to a princeſs might befall,
As by her noble virtues well appears.

With majeſty admir'd,
Her ſubjects ſhe requir'd,
That love for love might equally be ſhown;
Preferring more a publick peace,
Than any private man's increaſe,
That quietly we ſtill may keep our own.

When embaſſies did come,
From any prince in Chriſtendom,
Her entertainment was ſo princely ſweet:
She likewiſe knew what did belong,
To every language, ſpeech and tongue,
Where grace and virtue did together meet.

No princeſs more could meaſure,
Her well beſeeming pleaſure,
In open court among her ladies fair:
For muſick, and for portly gate,
The world afforded not her mate:
So excellent her carriage was and rare.

Kingly ſtates oppreſſed,
And ſuch as were diſtreſſed,
With means and money daily ſhe reliev'd.
As law of nations did her bind,
To ſtrangers ſhe was ever kind;
And ſuch as with calamities were griev'd.

And when into this kingdom,
Bloody wars did threatning come,
  Her highneſs would be ready with good will,
As it in eighty-eight was ſeen:
When as this thrice renowned queen,
  Gave noble courage to her ſoldiers ſtill.

This more than worthy woman,
Like to a noble Amazon,
  In ſilver-plated armour bravely went
Unto her camp at Tilbury,
With many knights of chivalry,
  Courageouſly her army to content.

But being there arrived,
With noble heart ſhe ſtrived,
  To give them all what they deſir'd to have:
A lovely grace of countenance,
Smiling with perſeverance,
  To whom ſo ſweet a countenance ſhe gave.

Upon the drum-head ſitting,
As it was well befitting,
  For ſuch a royal princeſs thus to ſpeak:
A ſoldier I will live and die,
Fear ſhall never make me fly,
  Nor any danger leave to undertake.

With that amidſt the battel
The muſketteers did rattle
A peal of powder flaming all in fire;
The cannons they did loudly play,
To pleaſe her majeſty that day,
Which ſhe in heart did lovingly deſire.

Her highneſs thus delighted,
She royally requited
The noble captains and the ſoldiers all;
For golden angels flew amain,
Round about the warlike train,
Each one rewarded was both great and ſmall.

With that in noble manner,
To England's fame and honour,
The thund'ring ſhot began to play again;
And for this royal princeſs ſake,
Rattling made the ground to ſhake,
In ſpite of all their enemies of Spain.

The more to be commended,
She graciouſly befriended
Full many a worthy gentleman that day,
By knighting them in noble ſort,
As it had been in England's court,
Such gallant graces had ſhe every way.

So freely, kind and loving,
She was by her approving,
To rich and poor that came unto her grace;
Not any one but found her ſtill
A friend to good, a foe to ill,
And every virtue ſweetly would embrace.

But now in heaven's high palace,
She lives in joy and ſolace,
Committing all her charge unto the king;
Of whoſe admired majeſty,
Ruling us ſo quietly,
Rejoicingly we ſubjects all do ſing.

XVII.

The life and death of the famous Thomas Stukely, an Engliſh gallant, in the time of queen Elizabeth, who ended his life in a battle of three kings of Barbary.

IN the weſt of England,
Born there was I underſtan-,
A famous gallant was he in his days,
By birth a worthy clothier's ſon,
Deeds of wonders hath he done,
To purchaſe him a long and laſting praiſe.

If I would tell his ſtory,
Pride was all his glory,
And luſty Stukely he was call'd in court,
He ſerv'd a biſhop in the weſt,
And did accompany the beſt,
Maintaining of himſelf in gallant ſort.

Being thus eſteemed,
And every where well deemed,
He gain'd the favour of a London dame,
Daughter to an alderman,
Curtis ſhe was called then,
To whom a ſuitor gallantly he came.

When ſhe his perſon ſpyed,
He could not be denyed,
So brave a gentleman he was to ſee;
She was quickly made his wife,
In weal or woe to lead her life,
Her father willing, thereto did agree.

Thus in ſtate and pleaſure,
Full many days they meaſure,
'Till cruel death with his regardleſs ſpight,
Bore old Curtis to the grave,
A thing that Stukely wiſh'd to have,
That he might revel all in gold ſo bright,

He was no ſooner tombed,
But Stukely he preſumed,
To ſpend a hundred pounds a day in waſte.
The greateſt gallants in the land
Had Stukely's purſe at their command,
Thus merrily the time away he paſs'd.

Taverns and ordinaries,
Were his chiefeſt braveries,
Golden angels there flew up and down;
Riots were his beſt delight,
With ſtately feaſting day and night,
In court and city thus he won renown.

Thus waſting lands and living,
By this lawleſs giving,
At length he ſold the pavements of the yard,
Which cover'd were with blocks of tin,
Old Curtis left the ſame to him,
Which he conſumed lately as you have heard.

Whereat his wife ſore grieved,
Deſiring to be relieved,
Make much of me, dear huſband, ſhe did ſay,
I'll make much more of thee (ſaid he)
Than any one ſhall verily,
I'll ſell thy cloaths, and ſo I'll go my way.

Cruelly this hard-hearted,
Away from her he parted,
And travell'd into Italy with ſpeed;
There he flouriſh'd many a day,
In his ſilks and rich array,
And did the pleaſures of a lady feed.

It was the lady's pleaſure
To give him goods and treaſure,
For to maintain him in great pomp and fame;
At laſt came news aſſuredly
Of a battle fought in Barbary
And he would valiantly go ſee the ſame.

Many a noble gallant,
Sold both land and talent
To follow Stukely in his famous fight.
Whereas three kings in perſon would
Advent'rouſly with courage bold,
Within this battle ſhew themſelves in fight.

Stukely and his followers all
Of the king of Portugal,
Had entertainment like to gentlemen.
The king affected Stukely ſo,
That he his ſecrets all did know,
And bore his royal ſtandard now and then.

Upon this day of honour,
Each man did ſhew his bammer,
Morocco, and the king of Barbary,
Portugal, and all his train,
Bravely glittering on the plain,
And gave the onſet there moſt valiantly.

The cannons they rebounded,
Thund'ring guns redounded,
Kill, kill, was all the ſoldiers cry;
Mangled men lay on the ground,
And with blood the earth was drown'd,
The ſun likewiſe was darken'd in the ſky.

Heaven was ſo diſpleaſed,
And would not be appeaſed,
But tokens of God's wrath did ſhow,
That he was angry at this war,
He ſent a fearful blazing ſtar,
Whereby the kings might their misfortunes know.

Bloody was the ſlaughter,
Or rather wilful murder,
Where ſixſcore thouſand fighting men were ſlain.
Three kings within this battle dy'd,
With forty dukes and earls beſide,
The like will never more be fought again.

With

With woeful arms infolding,
Stukely ſtood beholding
The bloody ſacrifice of ſouls that day:
He ſighing ſaid, I woeful wight,
Againſt my conſcience here do fight,
And brought my followers all unto decay.

Being thus moleſted,
And with grief oppreſſed,
Thoſe brave Italians that did ſell their lands,
With Stukely for to travel forth,
And venture life for little worth,
Upon him all did lay their murd'ring hands.

Unto death thus wounded
His heart with ſorrow ſwooned,
And to them thus he made his heavy moan,
Thus have I left my country dear,
To be thus vilely murder'd here,
E'en in this place, whereas I am not known.

My wife I have much wronged,
Of what to her belonged,
I vainly ſpent in idle courſe of life;
What I have had is paſt I ſee,
And bringeth nought but grief to me,
Therefore grant me pardon, gentle wife.

Life I ſee conſumeth,
And death I ſee preſumeth,
To change this life of mine into a new:
Yet this my greateſt comfort brings,
I liv'd and dy'd in love of kings,
And ſo brave Stukely bid the world adieu.

Stukely's life thus ended,
Was after death befriended,
And like a ſoldier bury'd gallantly,
Where now there ſtands upon the grave,
A ſtately temple builded brave,
With golden turrets piercing to the ſky.

XVIII.

Queen Elizabeth's champion: or, a victory obtain'd by the young earl of Eſſex, over the old emperor of Germany, by ſea; in which he took the emperor's ſon, and brought him priſoner to queen Elizabeth.

COME ſound up your trumpets and beat up your drums,
And let's go to ſea with a valiant good cheer,
In ſearch of a mighty vaſt navy of ſhips,
The like has not been for this fifty long years,
Raderer two, tandaro te
Raderer, tadorer, tan do re.

The queen ſhe provided a navy of ſhips,
With ſweet flying ſtreamers ſo glorious to ſee,
Rich top and top-gallants, captains and lieutenants
Some forty, ſome fifty braſs pieces and three.
Raderer two, &c.

They had not ſail'd paſt a week on the ſeas,
Not paſſing a week and days two or three,
But they were aware of the proud emperor,
Both him and all his proud company,
Raderer two, &c.

When

When he beheld our powerful fleet,
Sailing along in their glory and pride,
He was amaz'd at their valour and fame,
Then to his warlike commanders he cry'd,
Raderer two, &c.

Theſe were the words of the old emperor,
Saying, Who's this that is ſailing to me,
If he be a king that weareth a crown,
Yet am I a better man than he,
Raderer two, &c.

It is not a king nor lord of a crown,
Which now to the ſeas with his navy his come,
But the young earl of Eſſex, the queen's lieutenant,
Who fears no foe in Chriſtendom,
Raderer two, &c.

Oh! Is that young lord then come to the ſeas,
Then let's tack about, and be ſteering away,
I have heard ſo much of his father before,
That I will not fight with young Eſſex to-day,
Raderer two, &c.

Oh! then beſpoke the emperor's ſon,
As they were tacking and ſteering away,
Give me, royal father, this navy of ſhips,
And I will go fight with young Eſſex to-day,
Raderer two, &c.

Take

Take them with all my heart, loving ſon,
Moſt of them are of a capital ſize,
But ſhould he do as his father has done,
Farewel thine honour and mine likewiſe.
Raderer two, &c.

With cannons hot, and thund'ring ſhot,
Theſe two gallants fought on the main,
And as it was young Eſſex's lot,
The emperor's ſon by him was ta'en.
Raderer two, &c.

Give me my ſon, the emperor cry'd,
Which thou this day has taken from me,
And I'll give thee three keys of gold,
The one ſhall be of High Germany.
Raderer two, &c.

I care not for thy three keys of gold,
Which thou haſt proffer'd to ſet him free,
But thy ſon he ſhall to England ſail,
And go before the queen with me,
Raderer two, &c.

Then have I fifty good ſhips of the beſt,
As good as ever was ſent to the ſea,
And ere my ſon into England ſhall ſail,
They ſhall go all for good company.
Raderer two, &c.

They had not fought this famous battle,
They had not fought it hours were three,
Ere ſome loſt legs, and ſome loſt arms,
And ſome lay tumbling in the ſea.
Raderer two, &c.

Eſſex he got his battle likewiſe,
Tho' 'twas the ſharpeſt that ever was ſeen,
Home return'd with a wonderful prize,
And brought the emperor's ſon to the queen,
Raderer two, &c.

Oh! then beſpoke the 'prentices all,
Living in London, both proper and tall,
In a kind letter ſent ſtrait to the queen,
For Eſſex's ſake they would fight all.
Raderer two; tandaro te;
Raderer, tandorer, tan do re.

XIX.

A lamentable ditty on the death of Robert Devereux, earl of Eſſex, who was beheaded in the Tower of London, on Aſh-Wedneſday, 1600-1.

SWEET England's prize is gone,
Welladay, Welladay,
Which makes her ſigh and groan
Evermore ſtill:
He did her fame advance,
In Ireland, Spain, and France,
And by a ſad miſchance
Is from us ta'en.

He was a virtuous peer,
Welladay, &c.
And was eſteemed dear,
Evermore ſtill.
He always lov'd the poor,
Which makes 'em ſigh full ſore,
His death they did deplore
In every place.

Brave

Brave honour grac'd him ſtill,
Gallantly, gallantly,
He ne'er did deed of ill,
Well it is known:
But envy that foul fiend,
Whoſe malice ne'er doth end,
Hath thus brought virtue's friend
Unto this thrall.

At tilt he did ſurpaſs,
Gallantly, &c.
All men that is and was,
Evermore ſtill.
One day as it was ſeen,
In honour of the queen,
Such deeds have ſeldom been,
As he did do.

Abroad and eke at home,
Gallantly, &c.
For valour there was none,
Like him before:
For Ireland, France and Spain,
Still fear'd great Eſſex's name,
But England lov'd the ſame,
In every place.

But all would not avail,
Welladay, welladay,
His deeds did not prevail,
More was the pity:
He was condemn'd to die,
For treaſon certainly,
But God that ſits on high,
Knoweth all things.

That Sunday in the morn,
Welladay, &c.
That he to the city came,
With all his troops;
Did firſt begin the ſtrife,
And caus'd his loſs of life,
And others did the like,
As well as he.

Yet her princely majeſty,
Graciouſly, graciouſly,
Hath pardon given free
To many of them;
She hath releas'd them quite,
And given them their right:
They did pray day and night
God to defend her.

Shrove-tueſday in the night
  Welladay, &c.
With a heavy-hearted ſpight,
  As it is ſaid;
The lieutenant of the Tower,
Who kept him in his power,
At ten a-clock that hour,
  To him did come.

And ſaid unto him there,
  Mournfully, &c.
My lord you muſt prepare,
  To die to-morrow.
God's will be done, quoth he,
Yet ſhall you ſtrangely ſee,
God ſtrong in me to be,
  Tho' I am weak.

I pray you pray for me,
  Welladay, &c.
That God may ſtrengthen me
  Againſt that hour.
Then ſtraightway he did call
To the guard under the wall,
And did intreat them all,
  For him to pray;

For to-morrow is the day,
Welladay, &c.
That I a debt muſt pay,
Which I do owe;
It is my life I mean,
Which I muſt pay the queen,
Even ſo hath juſtice given,
That I muſt die.

In the morning was he brought,
Welladay, &c.
Where the ſcaffold was ſet up,
Within the Tower,
Many lords were preſent then,
With other gentlemen,
Which were appointed then,
To ſee him die.

You noble lords, quoth he,
Welladay, &c.
That muſt the witneſs be,
Of this my dream:
Know I ne'er lov'd papiſtry
But ſtill did it defy,
And thus doth Eſſex die,
Here in this place.

I have

I have a ſinner been,
Welladay, &c.
Yet never wrong'd my queen,
In all my life:
My God I did offend,
Which grieves me at my end:
May all the reſt amend,
I them forgive.

To the ſtate I ne'er meant ill,
Welladay, &c.
Neither wiſh'd the commons ill
In all my life:
But lov'd with all my heart,
And always took their part,
Whene'er they were deſert,
In any place.

Then mildly did he crave,
Mournfully, &c.
He might the favour have,
Private to pray.
He then pray'd heartily,
And with great fervency,
To God that ſits on high,
For to receive him.

And then he pray'd again,
Mournfully, &c.
God to preſerve his queen
From all her foes,
And ſend her long to reign,
True juſtice to maintain,
And not to let proud Spain
Once to offend her.

His gown he ſtript off then,
Welladay, &c.
And put off his hat and band,
And hung them by,
Praying ſtill continually,
To God that ſits on high,
That he might patiently
There ſuffer death.

My headſman that muſt be,
Then ſaid he chearfully,
Let him come here to me,
That I may ſee him.
Who kneeled to him then;
Art thou, quoth he, the man
Who art appointed now,
My life to free?

Yes,

Yes, my lord, he did ſay,
Welladay, &c.
Forgive me, I you pray,
For this your death:
I here do thee forgive,
And may true juſtice live,
No foul crimes to forgive,
Within this place:

Then he kneel'd down again,
Welladay, &c.
And was requir'd by ſome,
There ſtanding by,
To forgive his enemies,
Before death clos'd his eyes,
Which he did in hearty-wiſe,
Thanking them for't.

That they would remember him,
Welladay, &c.
That he would forgive all them
That had him wrong'd:
Now I take my leave,
Sweet Chriſt my ſoul receive,
Now when you will prepare,
I am ready.

He laid his head on the block,
Welladay, &c.
But his doublet lett the ſtroke,
Some there did ſay:
What muſt be done, quoth he,
Shall be done preſently.
Then his doublet off put he,
And laid down again:

The headſman did his part,
Cruelly, cruelly,
He was not ſeen to ſtart,
For all the blows:
His ſoul is now at reſt,
In heaven among the bleſs'd,
Where God ſend us to reſt,
When it ſhall pleaſe him.

XX.

A lamentable ballad on the earl of Eſſex's death.

ALL you that cry O hone, O hone,
Come now and ſing O hone with me,
For why our jewel is from us gone,
The valiant knight of chivalry:
Of rich and poor belov'd was he,
In time an honourable knight,
When by our laws condemn'd to die,
He lately took his laſt good-night.

Count him not like to Champion,
Thoſe traiterous men of Babington,
Nor like the earl of Weſtmoreland,
By whom a number were undone:
He never yet hurt mother's ſon,
His quarrel ſtill maintains the right,
With the tears my face run down,
When I think on his laſt good night.

The

The Portugals can witneſs be,
His dagger at Liſbon gate he flung,
And like a knight of chivalry,
His chain upon the gates he hung:
I would to God that he would come,
To fetch them back in order right,
Which thing was by his honour done,
Yet lately took his laſt good-night.

The Frenchmen they can teſtify,
The town of Gourney he took in,
And march'd to Rome immediately,
Not caring for his foes a pin:
With bullets then he pierc'd his ſkin,
And made them fly from his ſight:
He there that time did credit win,
And now hath ta'en his laſt good-night.

And ſtately Cales can witneſs be,
E'en by his proclamation right,
And did command them all ſtraitly,
To have a care of infants lives,
And that none ſhould hurt man or wife,
Which was againſt their right:
Therefore they pray'd for his long life,
Which lately took his laſt good-night.

Wou'd God he ne'er had Ireland known,
Nor ſet one foot on Flanders ground,
Then might we well enjoy'd our own,
Where now our jewel will not be found,
Which makes our eyes ſtill abound;
Trickling with ſalt tears in our ſight,
To hear his name in our ears to ſound,
Lord Devereux took his laſt good-night.

Aſh-Wedneſday, that diſmal day,
When he came forth his chamber-door;
Upon a ſcaffold there he ſaw
His headſman ſtanding him before:
The nobles all they did deplore,
Shedding ſalt tears in his ſight,
He ſaid farewel to rich and poor,
At his good-morrow and good-night.

My lords, ſaid he, you ſtand but by,
To ſee performance of the law;
'Tis I that have deſerv'd to die,
And yield myſelf unto the blow;
I have deſerv'd to die I know,
But ne'er againſt my country's right,
Nor to my queen was ever foe,
Upon my death at my good-night.

Farewel Elizabeth, my gracious queen,
God bleſs thee, with thy council all;
Farewel my knights of chivalry,
Farewel my ſoldiers ſtout and tall:
Farewel the commons great and ſmall,
Into the hands of men I light,
My life ſhall make amends for all,
For Eſſex bids the world good-night.

Farewel dear wife and children three,
Farewel my kind and tender ſon:
Comfort your ſelves, mourn not for me,
Altho' your fall be now begun:
My time is come, my glaſs is run,
Comfort your ſelf in former light,
Seeing by my fall you are undone,
Your father bids the world good-night.

Derick, thou know'ſt at Cales I ſav'd
Thy life, loſt for a rape there done,
As thou thyſelf canſt teſtify,
Thine own hand three-and-twenty hung;
But now thou ſee'ſt my ſelf is come,
By chance into thy hands I light,
Strike out thy blow, that I may know,
Thou Eſſex lov'd at his good-night.

When

When England counted me a Papiſt,
The works of Papiſts I defy,
I ne'er worſhipp'd ſaint nor angel in heav'n,
Nor the virgin Mary I;
But to Chriſt, which for my ſins did die,
Trickling with ſalt tears in his ſight,
Spreading my arms to God on high,
Lord Jeſus receive my ſoul this night.

XXI.

The life and death of queen Elizabeth.

IN England reigned once a king,
Eighth Henry call'd by name,
Which made fair Anne of Bullen queen
Of England in great fame:
Who brought into this country joy,
And to her king delight;
A daughter that in England made
God's goſpel ſhine moſt bright.

At Greenwich was the princeſs born,
That gallant place in Kent,
A houſe belov'd of kings and queens,
A houſe of ſweet content,
E'en in her childhood ſhe began,
So ſtor'd with heav'nly grace,
That all eſtates both high and low,
Her virtues did embrace.

None like Elizabeth was found,
In learning ſo divine,
She had the perfect ſkilful art,
Of all the muſes nine:
In Latin, Greek, and Hebrew ſhe
Moſt excellent was known,
To foreign kings ambaſſadors
The fame was daily ſhown.

Th' Italian, French, and Spaniſh tongue,
She well could ſpeak or read,
The Turkiſh and Arabian ſpeech
Grew perfect at her need.
The muſick made her wonderful,
So cunning therein found,
The fame whereof about the world,
In princes ears did ſound;

Yet

Yet when her royal parents lives
By death were ta'en away,
And her dear brother Edward turn'd
To clods of earth and clay;
Her cruel ſiſter Mary ſought
Her laſting grief and woe,
Regarding not the gifts which God
Upon her did beſtow.

A bloody reign queen Mary liv'd,
A papiſt in belief,
Which was unto Elizabeth
A great heart-breaking grief.
A faithful proteſtant ſhe was,
At which queen Mary ſpighted,
And in Elizabeth's miſhaps
She daily much delighted.

Poor maiden, by the biſhops wills
In priſon ſhe was put,
And from her friends and comforters
In cruel manner ſhut.
Much hoping ſhe would turn in time,
And her true faith forſake;
But firm ſhe was, and patiently
Did all theſe troubles take.

Her ſiſter forthwith did command
Her diet to be ſmall,
Her ſervants likewiſe very few,
Yea, almoſt none at all:
And alſo would have ta'en her life,
But that king Philip ſaid,
O queen, thy country will report,
Thou haſt the tyger play'd.

The Lord thus put the king in mind
His choſen ſaint to ſave,
And alſo to queen Mary's life
A ſudden ending gave:
And ſo Elizabeth was fetch'd
From priſon to a crown,
Which ſhe full four-and-forty years
Poſſeſs'd with great renown.

She popery firſt of all ſuppreſs'd,
And in our Engliſh tongue,
Did cauſe God's Bible to be read;
Which Heaven continue long!
Pure preaching likewiſe ſhe ordain'd,
With plenty in this land,
And ſtill againſt the foes thereof
Moſt zealouſly did ſtand.

The pride of Rome this queen abates,
And ſpightful Spain keeps under,
And ſuccour'd much Low Country ſtates,
Whereat the world did wonder,
That ſuch a worthy queen as ſhe,
Should work ſuch worthy things,
And bring more honour to this land,
Than all our former kings.

The gold ſtill brought from Spaniſh mines
In ſpight of all her foes,
Throughout all parts of Chriſtendom,
Her brave adventure ſhows:
Her battels fought upon the ſeas,
Reſounded up to heaven,
Which to advance her fame and praiſe,
Had victory ſtill given.

The Spaniſh power in eighty-eight,
Which thirſted for her blood,
Moſt nobly, like an Amazon,
Their purpoſes withſtood;
And boldly in her royal camp,
In perſon ſhe was ſeen:
The like was never done, I think,
By any Engliſh queen.

Full many a traytor ſince that time,
She hath confounded quite,
And not the bloodieſt mind of all
Her courage could affright:
For mercy join'd with majeſty
Still made her foes her friends,
By pardoning many which deſerv'd
To have untimely ends.

Tyrone with all his Iriſh rout
Of rebels in that land,
Though ne'er ſo deſperate, bold and ſtout,
Yet fear'd her great command.
She made them quake and tremble ſore
But for to hear her name:
She planted peace in that fair land,
And did their wildneſs tame.

Tho' wars ſhe kept with dangers great,
In Ireland, France, and Spain;
Yet her true ſubjects ſtill at home
In ſafety did remain:
They joy'd to ſee her princely face,
And would in numbers run,
To meet her royal majeſty,
More thick than moats in ſun.

But time that brings all things to end,
A ſwift foot-courſe did run:
And of this royal maiden queen,
A woful conqueſt won.
Her death brought fear upon the land,
No words but tales of woe
In ſubjects ears reſounded then,
Where-ever men did go.

But fear exchang'd to preſent joys,
Sweet comforts loud did ring,
Inſtead of queen, the people cry'd,
Long live our royal king:
Which name of king did ſeem moſt ſtrange,
And made us for to muſe;
Becauſe full many a year the name
Of king we did not uſe.

Yet ſuch a noble king is he,
And ſo maintains our peace,
That we in that may daily wiſh
His life may never ceaſe.
Our hopeful and moſt royal prince,
Good angels ſtill defend,
This is my muſe's chief deſire,
Her melody to end.

XXII.

The honour of a London 'prentice. Being an account of his matchleſs manhood and brave adventures done in Turkey, and by what means he married the king's daughter, &c.

The following ſong relates to a noble piece of chivalry performed in queen Elizabeth's days, and therefore claims a place here; though it muſt be acknowledged we have not been able to diſcover who the hero was, nor any account of the facts on which the ballad is founded.

OF a worthy London 'prentice,
My purpoſe is to ſpeak,
And tell his brave adventures
Done for his country's ſake:
Seek all the world about,
And you ſhall hardly find,
A man in valour to exceed
A 'prentice gallant mind.

He

He was born in Cheſhire,
The chief of men was he,
From thence brought up to London,
A 'prentice for to be.
A merchant on the bridge,
Did like his ſervice ſo,
That for three years his factor,
To Turkey he ſhould go,

And in that famous country
One year he had not been,
Ere he by tilt maintained
The honour of his queen,
Elizabeth his princeſs,
He nobly did make known,
To be the phœnix of the world,
And none but ſhe alone.

In armour richly gilded,
Well mounted on a ſteed,
One ſcore of knights moſt hardy
One day he made to bleed;
And brought them all unto the ground,
Who proudly did deny,
Elizabeth to be the pearl
Of princely majeſty.

The king of that ſame country
Thereat began to frown,
And will'd his ſon, there preſent,
To pull this youngſter down;
Who at his father's words
Theſe boaſting ſpeeches ſaid,
Thou art a traytor, Engliſh boy,
And haſt the traytor play'd.

I am no boy, nor traytor,
Thy ſpeeches I defy,
For which I'll be revenged
Upon thee by and by,
A London 'prentice ſtill
Shall prove as good a man,
As any of your Turkiſh knights,
Do all the beſt you can.

And therewithal he gave him
A box upon the ear,
Which broke his neck aſunder,
As plainly doth appear.
Now know proud Turk, quoth he,
I am no Engliſh boy,
That can with one ſmall box o'th' ear
The prince of Turks deſtroy.

When

When as the king perceived
His ſon ſo ſtrangely ſlain,
His ſoul was ſore afflicted
With more than mortal pain:
And in revenge thereof,
He ſwore that he ſhould dye
The cruell'ſt death that ever man
Beheld with mortal eye.

Two lyons were prepar'd
This 'prentice to devour,
Near famiſh'd up with hunger,
Ten days within the tower,
To make them far more fierce,
And eager of their prey,
To glut themſelves with human gore,
Upon this dreadful day.

The appointed time of torment,
At length grew nigh at hand,
When all the noble ladies
And barons of the land,
Attended on the king,
To ſee this 'prentice ſlain,
And bury'd in the hungry maws
Of thoſe fierce lyons twain.

Then in his ſhirt of cambrick,
With ſilks moſt richly wrought,
This worthy London 'prentice
Was from the priſon brought,
And to the lyons given
To ſtanch their hunger great,
Which had not eat in ten days ſpace
Not one ſmall bit of meat.

But God that knows all ſecrets,
The matter ſo contriv'd,
That by this young man's valour
They were of life depriv'd;
For being faint for food,
They ſcarcely could withſtand
The noble force and fortitude,
And courage of his hand:

For when the hungry lyons,
Had caſt on him their eyes,
The elements did thunder
With the echo of their cryes:
And running all amain
His body to devour,
Into their throats he thruſt his arms,
With all his might and power:

From

From thence by manly valour,
Their hearts he tore in ſunder,
And at the king he threw them,
To all the peoples wonder.
This I have done, quoth he,
For lovely England's ſake,
And for my country's maiden queen,
Much more will undertake.

But when the king perceived
His wrathful lyons hearts,
Afflicted with great terror,
His rigour ſoon reverts,
And turned all his hate,
Into remorſe and love,
And ſaid it is ſome angel
Sent down from heav'n above.

No, no, I am no angel,
The courteous young man ſaid,
But born in famous England,
Where God's word is obey'd;
Aſſiſted by the heavens,
Who did me thus befriend,
Or elſe they had moſt cruelly
Brought here my life to end.

The king, in heart amazed,
Lift up his eyes to heaven
And for his foul offences
Did crave to be forgiven;
Believing that no land
Like England may be seen,
No people better govern'd
By virtue of a queen.

So taking up this young man,
He pardon'd him his life,
And gave his daughter to him
To be his wedded wife:
Where then they did remain,
And live in quiet peace,
In spending of their happy days
In joy and love's increase.

XXIII.

The true lovers knot unty'd: being the right path whereby to adviſe princely virgins how to behave themſelves, by the example of the renowned princeſs the lady Arabella, and the ſecond ſon of the lord Seymour, late earl of Hertford.

AS I to Ireland did paſs,
I ſaw a ſhip at anchor lay,
Another ſhip likewiſe there was,
Which from fair England took her way.

This ſhip that ſail'd from fair England,
Unknown unto our gracious king,
The lord chief juſtice did command,
That they to London ſhould her bring.

I then drew near, and ſaw more plain,
Lady Arabella in diſtreſs,
She wrung her hands, and wept amain,
Bewailing of her heavineſs.

When

When near fair London tower ſhe came,
Whereas her landing place ſhould be,
The king and queen with all their train,
Did meet this lady gallantly.

How now, Arabella, ſaid our good king,
Unto this lady ſtrait did ſay,
Who hath firſt try'd thee to this thing,
That you from England took your way?

None but my ſelf, my gracious liege,
Theſe ten long years I've been in love,
With the lord Seymour's ſecond ſon,
The earl of Hertford ſo we prove:

Full many a hundred pound I had
In goods and livings in the land,
Yet I have lands us to maintain,
So much your grace doth underſtand.

My lands and livings ſo well known
Unto your books of majeſty,
Amount to twelveſcore pounds a week,
Beſides what I do give, quoth ſhe.

In gallant Derbyſhire likewiſe,
I nineſcore beadſmen maintain there,
With hats and gowns and houſe rent free,
And every man five marks a year.

I never

I never raiſed rent, ſaid ſhe,
  Nor yet oppreſs'd the tenant poor,
I never did take bribes for fines,
  For why, I had enough before.

Whom of your nobles will do ſo,
  For to maintain the commonality?
Such multitudes would never grow,
  Nor be ſuch ſtore of poverty.

I would I had a milk-maid been,
  Or born of ſome more low degree,
Then I might have lov'd where I lik'd,
  And no man could have hinder'd me.

Or would I were ſome yeoman's child,
  For to receive my portion now,
According unto my degree,
  As other virgins whom I know.

The higheſt branch that ſoars aloft,
  Needs muſt beſhade the myrtle-tree,
Needs muſt the ſhadow of them both,
  Shadow the third in his degree.

But when the tree is cut and gone,
  And from the ground is bore away,
The loweſt tree that there doth ſtand,
  In time may grow as high as they.

Once too I might have been a queen,
But that I ever did deny,
I knew your grace had right to th' crown,
Before Elizabeth did dye.

You of the eldeſt ſiſter came,
I of the ſecond in degree,
The earl of Hertford of the third,
A man of royal blood was he.

And ſo good night, my ſovereign liege,
Since in the tower I muſt lye,
I hope your grace will condeſcend,
That I may have my liberty.

Lady Arabella, ſaid the king,
I to your freedom would conſent,
If you would turn and go to church,
There to receive the ſacrament.

And ſo good night, Arabella fair,
Our king replyed to her again,
I will take councel of my nobility,
That you your freedom may obtain.

Once more to priſon muſt I go,
Lady Arabella then did ſay,
To leave my love breeds all my woe,
The which will bring my life's decay.

Love is a knot none can unknit,
Fancy a liking of the heart,
Him whom I love I can't forget,
Tho' from his preſence I muſt part.

The meaneſt people enjoy their mates,
But I was born unhappily,
For being croſs'd by cruel fates,
I want both love and liberty.

But death I hope will end the ſtrife,
Farewel, farewel, my love, quoth ſhe,
Once I had thought to have been thy wife,
But now am forc'd to part with thee.

At this ſad meeting ſhe had cauſe,
In heart and mind to grieve full ſore,
After that time Arabella fair,
Did never ſee lord Seymour more.

XXIV.

A ſervant's ſorrow for the loſs of his late royal miſtreſs queen Anne, who deceas'd at Hampton court the 2d of May, 1618.

IN dole and deep diſtreſs
Poor ſoul I ſighing make my moan,
A doom of heavineſs
Conſtrains my heavy heart to groan.
Then hapleſs I
That thus muſt cry
Againſt thoſe ſiſters three,
Which to my pain,
Her life hath ta'en
That late did comfort me.

In ſable weeds I mourn,
My prince's abſence to condole,
Who never can return
Unto my ſad forſaken ſoul.
Yet will I ſhow
The grounds of woe,
Of ſuch as mourners be,
For ſorrowing care
Will be my ſhare,
When none will comfort me.

My

My golden ſun is fled,
And cleareſt day beſet with clouds,
A hollow ſheet of lead
My late beloved princeſs ſhrouds.
For whoſe ſweet ſake
This moan I make,
As all the world may ſee,
There is no joy,
But in annoy;
Then who can comfort me?

With grief I waſte away,
Remembring of my gracious queen;
We ſervants all may ſay,
And witneſs well what ſhe hath been,
A princeſs kind,
Of royal mind,
Adorn'd with courteſy;
But now a grave
Her grace will have,
And none will comfort me.

Oh let my ireful cries
To ſadneſs court and country move,
No mourning may ſuffice
To tell my dear affecting love,

Nor words of woe
Cannot well ſhow,
The griefs that ſettled be
Within my breaſt,
So much diſtreſt,
That none can comfort me.

Yet mourners there be ſtore
Of kings, of ſtates, and princes high,
Who ſadly do deplore
The want of that ſweet majeſty:
Who ſpent her days
In virtuous ways,
And doing good, we ſee:
Her liberal hand
Adorn'd this land,
Which much doth comfort me.

My ſovereign lord king James,
Lamenting moans his turtle dear,
And princely Charles out-ſtreams
Full many a ſad and ſorrowful tear:
So as that race
Of royal grace
And blooms of majeſty,
Conjoin in one,
For to make moan,
Yet none will comfort me.

The

The Palſgrave of the Rhine,
With Denmark's moſt true honoured king,
Unto ſad ſorrow's ſhrine,
Some ſacrificing tears will bring
Elizabeth
Thy mother's death
A mournful news will be,
To fill thoſe courts
With ſad reports,
Yet no man comforts me.

Methinks the Netherlands,
And German princes of her kin,
Poſſeſt with ſorrow ſtand,
And ſadly thus their grief begin:
Farewel, adieu,
Sweet queen ſo true,
Thy life much miſs'd will be;
For rich and poor
Fed on thy ſtore,
But now none comforts me.

Where'er her highneſs went,
Sweet bounty frankly ſhe beſtow'd,
The gifts that God her lent,
Unto the world ſhe nobly ſhow'd:

With many ways
Advanc'd her praiſe,
So full of good was ſhe;
The which did move
All men to love,
But now none comforts me.

You ladies fair and fine,
Attendants on this royal queen,
Her grace is made divine
On this dull earth not to be ſeen.
Her ſoul is flown
Up to the throne
Where angels reigning be,
Whilſt I aſpire
To vain deſire,
For now none comforts me.

Oh bleſs'd be that mould
Which ſhall contain ſo ſweet a prize,
Keep ſafe the ſame inroll'd,
Untouch'd, unſeen by mortal eyes.
Till from this earth
A ſecond birth
Of newneſs framed be,
And till that hour
Preſerve this flower,
Whoſe goodneſs comforts me.

A queen

A queen and mother dear,
A wife, a daughter to a king,
A ſiſter royal here,
And grandom as renown doth ring:
Which rich born fame
Hath grac'd her name,
Though all now buried be,
Yet after-days
Shall ſound her praiſe;
Which greatly comforts me.

XXV.

An Excellent ſong made of the ſucceſſors of king Edward IV.

WHEN as the king of England dy'd,
Edward the fourth by name;
He had two ſons of tender years,
For to ſucceed the ſame:
Then Richard duke of Glouceſter
Deſiring kingly ſway,
Devis'd by treaſon how to make
His nephews both away.

He with the duke of Buckingham
Did cloſely then contrive
How he unto the Engliſh crown
Might happily atchieve:
Betwixt them both they laid a plot,
And both together went
To Stony Stratford, where they met
Our king incontinent.

This ſweet young king did entertain
His uncle lovingly,
Not thinking of their ſecret drift,
And wicked treachery;
But when the duke of Buckingham
To ſet abroach the thing,
Began a quarrel for the once,
With them that kept the king.

And there they did arreſt lord Gray,
The brother to the queen,
Her other brother lord Rivers,
In durance then was ſeen:
Sir Thomas Vaughan they likewiſe
Did then and there arreſt;
Thus was the king of all his friends
On ſudden diſpoſſeſt.

The king doth for his uncles plead,
And would their ſureties be:
But both theſe dukes would in no caſe
To his requeſt agree.
In brief theſe noblemen were ſent
To Pomfret caſtle ſoon,
Where ſecretly and ſuddenly
They there to death were doom.

Then forth they brought the king alone,
To London with great ſpeed,
Uſing perſuaſions in ſuch ſort,
Not to miſlike their deed:
But when to London he was come
For him they had prepar'd
The biſhop's palace there to hold,
But ſafely under guard.

And then duke Richard takes on him
The keeping of the king,
Naming himſelf lord protector,
His purpoſe about to bring:
Deviſing how to get in hold
The other brother too,
The which the cardinal undertook
Full cunningly to do.

The cardinal then all in haſte
Unto the queen did come,
Uſing perſuaſions in ſuch ſort,
He got the other ſon:
And then they both incontinent
Unto the Tower were ſent,
After which time they ne'er came forth,
For death did them prevent.

Duke Richard having found the means
To work theſe princes death,
Did cauſe James Tirril's hired men
Full ſoon to ſtop their breath:
Miles Forreſt and James Dighton both,
Theſe wicked cruel men,
Were made the inſtruments of blood,
To work the murther then.

Theſe princes lying in their bed,
Being ſweetly arm in arm,
Not thinking of this vile intent,
Or meaning any harm:
Theſe villains in their feathered-beds
Did wrap them up in haſte,
And with the cloaths did ſmother them,
Till life and breath was paſt.

But

But when they were ſo murthered,
Where laid no man did know:
But mark the judgment of the Lord
Did ſharp revenge ſoon ſhow.
Betwixt the dukes within ſhort ſpace,
Such diſcord there was bred,
That Buckingham to pleaſe the king,
Was forc'd to loſe his head.

Then Richard in his kingly ſeat,
No reſt nor eaſe could find,
The murther of his nephews did
So ſore torment his mind;
He never could take quiet reſt,
His life he ſtill did fear;
His hand upon his dagger was,
And none might come him near.

At length the earl of Richmond came
With ſuch a puiſſant hand,
That this uſurping king was forc'd
In his defence to ſtand:
And meeting him in Boſworth field,
They fought with heart full fain,
But God (for ſhedding princes blood)
Caus'd Richard to be ſlain.

Then being dead upon a horſe,
Naked as he was born,
His fleſh ſore cut and mangled,
His hair all rent and torn.
And then earl Richmond worthily,
For this his deed of fame,
Of England he was crowned king,
Henry the ſeventh by name.

From whoſe moſt royal loins did ſpring
That famous king of might,
Henry the eighth, whoſe worthy deeds
Our chronicles recite:
Who dying left his land and crown
To Edward his ſweet ſon:
Whoſe gracious reign all England ru'd,
His time ſo ſoon was run.

His ſiſter Mary did ſucceed,
Next princeſs in this land,
But in her time blind ignorance
Againſt God's truth did ſtand:
Which cauſed many a martyr's blood
Be ſhed in rueful caſe;
But God did England's woes regard,
And turn'd thoſe ſtorms to grace.

At length the other ſiſter came,
Elizabeth, late queen;
And ſhe reliev'd her ſubjects hearts
From grief and ſorrow clean:
She ſpent her days in peace and joy,
And dy'd God's ſervant true,
And now enjoys a place in heaven,
Amongſt the bleſſed crew.

Next her ſucceeding mighty James,
Likewiſe of Henry's race,
His majeſty with royal right,
Deſerves this worthy place;
Whoſe progeny God long preſerve,
This kingdom for to ſway,
And ſend all ſubjects loyal hearts,
Their ſovereign to obey.

XXVI.

On the Sea Fight off Cape-la-Hogue in the year 1692.

The engagement which makes the ſubject of this very popular ballad, is very accurately deſcribed in the Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland, by Sir John Dalrymple. *See p. 205.*

THURSDAY in the morn the ides of May,
Recorded for ever the famous ninety-two;
Brave Ruſſel did diſcern by dawn of day,
The lofty ſails of France advancing now:
All hands aloft, aloft, let Engliſh valour ſhine,
Let fly a culverin, the ſignal for the line,
Let every hand ſupply his gun,
Follow me, and you'll ſee,
That the battle will be ſoon begun.

Tourville on the main triumphant rowl'd,
To meet the gallant Ruſſel in combat on the deep;
He led the noble train of heroes bold,
To ſink the Engliſh admiral at his feet:
Now every valiant mind to victory doth aſpire,
The bloody fight's begun, the ſea itſelf on fire;
And mighty Fate ſtood looking on,
Whilſt a flood all of blood,
Fill'd the ſcup'r-holes of the Royal Sun.

Sulphur,

Sulphur, ſmoke and fire diſturb'd the air,
With thunder and wonder affright the Gallick ſhore;
Their regulated bands ſtood trembling near,
To ſee the lofty ſtreamers now no more;
At ſix o'clock the red, the ſmiling victors led,
To give a ſecond blow, the fatal overthrow;
Now death and horror equal reign,
Now they cry, run or die,
Britiſh colours rid the vanquiſh'd main.

See they fly amaz'd through rocks and ſands,
One danger they graſp at to ſhun the greater fate;
In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands,
The nymphs and ſea-gods mourn their loſt eſtate
For evermore adieu thou Royal dazzling Sun,
From thy untimely end thy maſter's fate begun;
Enough thou mighty king of war,
Now we ſing bleſs the king,
Let us drink to every Engliſh tar.

XXVII.

Admiral Vernon's anſwer to Admiral Hoſier's Ghoſt. Written in 1740. By John Price, a land-waiter in the port of Poole.

In Dr. Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. 2. p. 376, *is inſerted an admirable ballad, intitaled,* Hoſier's Ghoſt, an Addreſs to Admiral Vernon, in Porto-Bello harbour; *the production of Mr. Glover, author of Leonidas.* "*In April* "1726, *admiral Hoſier was ſent with a ſtrong fleet into* "*the Spaniſh Weſt Indies, to block up the galleons in the* "*Spaniſh ports, but was reſtrained by his orders from* "*obeying the dictates of his courage. He continued cruiz-*"*ing in theſe ſeas, when ſeeing great numbers of his offi-*"*cers and men falling ſacrifices to an unhealthy climate, and* "*himſelf made the ſport of the enemy, is ſaid to have died* "*of a broken heart.*"—*The ballad concludes,*

"*O'er theſe waves for ever mourning,*
"*Shall we roam deprived of reſt,*
"*If to Britain's ſhores returning,*
"*You neglect my ſad requeſt.*
"*After this proud foe ſubduing,*
"*When your patriot friends you ſee;*
"*Think on vengeance for my ruin,*
"*And for England ſham'd in me.*"

HOSIER!

HOSIER! with indignant ſorrow,
I have heard thy mournful tale;
And, if heav'n permit, to-morrow
Hence our warlike fleet ſhall ſail.
O'er theſe hoſtile waves, wide roaming,
We will urge our bold deſign,
With the blood of thouſands foaming,
For our country's wrongs and thine.

On that day, when each brave fellow,
Who now triumphs here with me,
Storm'd and plunder'd Porto-Bello,
All my thoughts were full of thee.
Thy diſaſt'rous fate alarm'd me;
Fierce thy image glar'd on high,
And with gen'rous ardour warm'd me,
To revenge thy fall, or die.

From their lofty ſhips, deſcending,
Thro' the flood, in firm array,
To the deſtin'd city bending,
My lov'd ſailors work'd their way.
Strait the foe, with horror trembling,
Quits in haſte his batter'd walls;
And in accents, undiſſembling,
As he flies, for mercy calls.

Carthagena, tow'ring wonder!
At the daring deed diſmay'd,
Shall ere-long by Britain's thunder,
Smoaking in the duſt be laid.
Thou, and theſe pale ſpectres ſweeping,
Reſtleſs, o'er this watry round,
Whoſe wan cheeks are ſtain'd with weeping,
Pleas'd ſhall liſten to the ſound.

Still rememb'ring thy ſad ſtory,
To thy injur'd ghoſt I ſwear,
By my hopes of future glory,
War ſhall be my conſtant care:
And I ne'er will ceaſe purſuing,
Spain's proud ſons from ſea to ſea,
With juſt vengeance for thy ruin,
And for England ſham'd in thee.

XXVIII.

A ſong, by Paul Whitehead, Eſq.

The following ballad was ſung by Mr. Beard, at the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden, in December, 1759, in the character of a recruiting ſerjeant. It may be conſidered as a poetical regiſter of Britiſh ſucceſſes in that war.

" *When Britain fought, and triumph'd o'er her foe,*
" *Wherever winds could waft, or waters flow,*

In

IN ſtory we're told
How our monarchs of old
O'er France ſpread their royal domain;
But no annals can ſhow
Their pride laid ſo low,
As when brave George the Second did reign.

Of Roman and Greek
Let fame no more ſpeak,
How their arms the old world did ſubdue;
Thro' the nations around
Let our trumpets now ſound
How Britons have conquer'd the new.

Eaſt, weſt, north, and ſouth,
Our cannons' loud mouth
Shall the right of our monarch maintain;
On America's ſtrand
Amherſt limits the land,
Boſcawen gives law on the main.

Each port and each town
We will make our own,
Cape Breton, Crown Point, Niagar,
Guadaloupe, Senegal,
Quebec's mighty fall
Shall prove we've no equal in war.

Though Conflans did boaſt
He'd conquer our coaſt,
Our thunder ſoon made monſieur mute;
Brave Hawke wing'd his way,
Then pounc'd on his prey,
And gave him an Engliſh ſalute.

At Minden, you know,
How we conquer'd the foe,
While homeward their army now ſteals,
Though, they cry'd, Britiſh bands
Are too hard for our hands,
Begar we can beat them in heels.

While our heroes from home
For laurels now roam,
Should the flat-bottom boats but appear,
Our militia ſhall ſhew
No wooden-ſhoe foe
Can with freemen in battle compare.

Our

Our fortunes and lives,
Our children and wives,
To defend is the time now or never;
Then let each voluntier
To the drum-head repair,
King George and Old England for ever.

XXIX.

The complaint and lamentation of Miſtreſſe Arden of Feverſham in Kent, who for the loue of one Moſbie, hired certaine ruffians and villaines moſt cruelly to murder her huſband; with the fatall end of her and her aſſociats.

This ballad is reprinted from an old black letter copy. The event upon which it is founded was a real fact which happened in the reign of Henry VIII. In the year 1599, a play was written on the ſubject, which was reprinted in 1630, and ſince in 1730, with a preface wherein the publiſher offers ſome reaſons to induce us to aſcribe it to Shakeſpeare. A few years ſince, George Lillo, the author of George Barnwell, and other dramatic pieces, made ſome alterations in it, and it was performed a ſingle night at Drury Lane, with a prologue and epilogue, written, as we have been informed, by Dr. John Hoadley. For an account of the circumſtances of the murder which occaſioned both the play and ballad, ſee Hollingſhead, and Jacob's Hiſtory of Feverſham.

AH me, vile wretch, that euer I was borne,
Making my ſelfe unto the world a ſcorne:
And to my friends and kindred all a ſhame,
Blotting their blood by my unhappy name.

Unto a gentleman of wealth and fame,
(One maſter Arden, he was call'd by name)
I wedded was with ioy and great content,
Liuing at Feuerſham in famous Kent.

In loue we liu'd, and great tranquillity,
Until I came in Moſbie's company,
Whoſe fugred tongue, good ſhape, and louely looke,
Soone won my heart, and Arden's loue forſooke.

And liuing thus in foule adultery,
Bred in my huſband cauſe of iealouſie,
And leſt the world our actions ſhould bewray,
Wee did conſent to take his life away.

To London faire my huſband was to ride,
But ere he went I poyſon did prouide,
Got of a painter which I promiſed
That Moſbie's ſiſter Suſan he ſhould wed.

Into his broth I then did put the ſame,
He lik't it not when to the board it came,
Saying, There's ſomething in it is not ſound,
At which inrag'd, I flung it on the ground,

Yet

Yet ere he went, his man I did coniure,
Ere they came home, to make his maſter ſure,
And murder him, and for his faith and paine,
Sûſan, and ſtore of gold that he ſhould gaine.

Yet I miſdoubting Michael's conſtancy,
Knowing a neighbour that was dwelling by,
Which to my huſband bore no great good will,
Sought to incenſe him his deare blood to ſpill.

His name was Greene; O maſter Greene (quoth I)
My huſband to you hath done iniury,
For which I ſorry am with all my heart,
And how he wrongeth me I will impart.

He keepes abroad moſt wicked company,
With whores and queanes, and bad ſociety:
When he comes home, he beats me ſides and head,
That I do wiſh that one of us were dead.

And now to London he is rid to roare,
I would that I might never ſee him more:
Greene then incenſt, did vow to be my friend,
And of his life he ſoon would make an end.

O maſter Greene, ſaid I, the danger's great,
You muſt be circumſpect to doe this feat;
To act the deed your ſelfe there is no need,
But hire ſome villaines, they will doe the deed.

Ten pounds Ile giue them to attempt this thing,
And twenty more when certaine newes they bring,
That he is dead, beſides Ile be your friend,
In honeſt courteſie till life doth end.

Greene vow'd to doe it; then away he went,
And met two villaines that did uſe in Kent,
To rob and murder upon Shooter's-hill,
The one call'd Shakebag, t'other nam'd Black Will.

Two ſuch like villaines hell did never hatch,
For twenty angels they made vp the match,
And forty more when they had done the deed,
Which made them ſweare, they'd do it with al ſpeed.

Then up to London preſently they hye,
Where maſter Arden in Paul's church they ſpy,
And waiting for his coming forth that night,
By a ſtrange chance of him they then loſt ſight.

For where theſe villaines ſtood and made their ſtop,
A prentice he was ſhutting vp his ſhop,
The window falling light on Black Will's head,
And broke it ſoundly, that apace it bled.

Where ſtraight he made a brabble and a coyle,
And my ſweet Arden he paſt by the while;
They miſſing him, another plot did lay,
And meeting Michael, thus to him they ſay:

Thou

Thou knowſt that we muſt packe thy maſter hence,
Therefore conſent and further our pretence,
At night when as your maſter goes to bed,
Leaue ope the doores, he ſhall be murthered.

And ſo he did, yet Arden could not ſleepe,
Str. ige dreames and viſions in his ſenſes creepe,
He dreamt the doores were ope, and villaines came,
To murder him, and 'twas the very ſame.

The SECOND PART.

HE roſe and ſhut the doore, his man he blames,
Which cunningly he ſtrait this anſwer frames,
I was ſo ſleepy that I did forget,
To locke the doores, I pray you pardon it

Next day theſe ruffians met this man againe,
Who the whole ſtory to them did explaine,
My maſter will in towne no longer ſtay,
To-morrow you may meete him on the way.

Next day his buſineſſe being finiſhed,
He did take horſe, and homeward then he rid,
And as he rid, it was his hap as then,
To ouertake lord Cheiney and his men.

With ſalutations they each other greet,
I am full glad your honour for to meet,
Arden did ſay; then did the lord reply,
Sir, I am glad of your good company.

And being that we homeward are to ride,
I haue a ſuite that muſt not be denide,
That at my houſe youle ſup and lodge alſo,
To Feuerſham this night you muſt not goe.

Then Arden anſwered with this courteous ſpeech,
Your honour's pardon now I doe beſeech,
I made a vowe, if God did giue me life,
To ſup and lodge with Alice my louing wife.

Well, ſaid my lord, your oath hath got the day,
To-morrow come and dine with me, I pray,
Ile wait upon your honour then (ſaid he)
And ſafe he went amongſt this company.

On Raymon Downe, as they did paſſe this way,
Black Will and Shakebag they in ambuſh lay,
But durſt not touch him, cauſe of the great traine,
That my lord had: thus were they croſt againe.

With horrid oaths theſe ruffians gan to ſweare,
They ſtampe and curſt, and tore their locks of haire,
Saying, ſome angel ſurely him did keepe,
Yet vow'd to murther him ere they did ſleepe.

Now

Now all this while my huſband was away,
Moſby and I did reuel night and day;
And Suſan, which my waiting-maiden was,
My loues owne ſiſter, knew how all did paſſe.

But when I ſaw my Arden was not dead,
I welcom'd him, but with a heavy head:
To bed he went, and ſlept ſecure from harmes,
But I did wiſh my Moſby in my armes.

Yet ere he ſlept, he told me he muſt goe
To dinner to my lord's, hee'd haue it ſo;
And that ſame night Black Will did ſend me word,
What lucke bad fortune did to them afford.

I ſent him word, that he next day would dine
At the lord Cheinies, and would riſe betime,
And on the way their purpoſe might fulfill,
Well Ile reward you, when that you him kill.

Next morne betimes, before the breake of day,
To take him napping then they took their way;
But ſuch a miſt and fog there did ariſe,
They could not ſee although they had foure eyes.

Thus Arden ſcap'd theſe villaines where they lay,
And yet they heard his horſe goe by that way,
I thinke (ſaid Will) ſome ſpirit is his friend,
Come life or death, I vow to ſee his end,

Then

Then to my houſe they ſtrait did take their way,
Telling me how they miſſed of their prey;
Then preſently we did together gree,
At night at home that he ſhould murdered be.

Moſby and I, and all, our plot thus lay,
That he at tables ſhould with Arden play,
Black Will and Sakebag they themſelves ſhould hide,
Until that Moſby he a watch-word cride.

The word was this whereon we did agree,
Now (maſter Arden) I haue taken ye:
Woe to that word, and woe unto us all,
Which bred confuſion and our ſudden fall.

When he came home, moſt welcome him I made,
And Iudas like, I kiſt whom I betraide,
Moſby and he together went to play,
For I on purpoſe did the tables lay.

And as they plaid the word was ſtraightway ſpoke,
Blacke Will and Sakebag out the corner broke,
And with a towell backwards pul'd him downe,
Which made me think they now my ioyes did crowne.

With ſwords and knives they ſtabb'd him to the heart,
Moſby and I did likewiſe act our part,
And then his body ſtraight we did conuey
Behind the abbey in the field he lay.

And then by juſtice we were ſtraight condemn'd,
Each of us came vnto a ſhameleſſe end,
For God our ſecret dealings ſoone did ſpy,
And brought to light our ſhamefull villainy.

Thus have you heard of Arden's tragedy,
It reſts to ſhow you how the reſt did die:
His wife at Canterbury ſhe was burnt,
And all her fleſh and bones to aſhes turn'd.

Moſby and his fair ſiſter they were brought
To London for the treſpaſſe they had wrought,
In Smithfield on a gibbet they did die,
A iuſt reward for all their villainie.

Michael and Bradſhaw, which a goldſmith was,
That knew of letters which from them did paſſe,
At Feuerſham were hanged both in chaines,
And well rewarded for their faithfull paines.

The painter fled none knowes how he did ſpeed,
Shakebag in Southwark he to death did bleed,
For as he thought to ſcape and run away,
He ſuddenly was murdered in a fray.

In Kent at Oſbridge Greene did ſuffer death,
Hang'd on a gibbet he did loſe his breath:
Blacke Will at Fluſhing on a ſtage did burne,
Thus each one came unto his end by turne.

And thus my ſtory I conclude and end,
Praying the Lord that he his grace will ſend
Upon us all, and keep us all from ill.
Amen ſay all, if't be thy bleſſed will.

XXX.

The lamentable ſong of the lord Wigmore, governour of Warwick-caſtle, and the fair maid of Dunſmore.

IN Warwickſhire there ſtands a down,
And Dunſmore-heath it hath to name,
Adjoining to a country town,
Made famous by a maiden's name:

Fair Iſabel ſhe named was,
A ſhepherd's daughter, as ſome ſay;
To Wigmore's ears her fame did paſs,
As he in Warwick-caſtle lay.

Poor love-ſick lord immediately
Upon her fame ſet his delight;
And thought much pleaſure ſure did lye
Poſſeſſing of ſo fair a wight.

There-

Therefore to Dunſmore did repair,
To recreate his ſickly mind;
Where in a ſummer's evening fair,
His chance was Iſabel to find.

She ſat amidſt a meadow green,
Moſt richly ſpread with ſmelling flowers,
And by a river ſhe was ſeen
To ſpend away ſome evening hours.

There laid this maiden all alone,
Waſhing her feet in ſecret wiſe,
Which virgin fair to look upon
Did much delight his loving eyes.

She thinking not to be eſpy'd,
Had laid from her her country tire;
The treſſes of her hair unty'd,
Hung gliſtering like the golden wire.

And as the flakes of winter ſnow,
That lye unmelted on the plains,
So white her body was in ſhow;
Like ſilver ſprings did run her veins.

He, raviſht with this pleaſant ſight,
Stood as a man amazed ſtill;
Suffering his eyes to take delight,
That never thought they had their fill.

She blinded their affections ſo,
That reaſon's rules were led away;
And love the coals of luſt did blow,
Which to a fire flamed high.

And though he knew the fire was great,
It burned ſo within his breaſt,
With ſuch a vehement ſcorching heat,
That none but ſhe could lend him reſt.

Lord Wigmore being thus drown'd in luſt,
By liking of this dainty dame;
He call'd a ſervant of great truſt,
Inquiring ſtraight what was her name.

She is, quoth he, no married wife,
But a ſhepherd's daughter as you ſee,
And with her father leads her life,
Whoſe dwellings by theſe paſtures be;

Her name is Iſabel the fair,
Then ſtay, quoth he, and ſpeak no more,
But to my caſtle ſtraight her bear,
Her ſight hath wounded me full ſore.

Thus to lord Wigmore ſhe was brought,
Who with delight his fancies fed,
And through his [illegible] ſuch means he wrought,
That he entic'd her to his bed.

This

This being done, incontinent
She did return from whence ſhe came,
And every day ſhe did invent
To co[illegible] her received ſhame.

But ere three months were fully paſt,
Her crime committed plain appears;
Unto lord Wigmore then in haſte
She long complain'd with weeping tears.

Lord Wigmore, thus I have defil'd
And ſpotted my pure virgin's bed;
Behold I am conceiv'd with child,
To which vile folly you me led.

For now this deed that I have wrought
Throughout the country well is known,
And to my woful parents brought,
Who now for me do make great moan.

How ſhall I look them in the face,
When they my ſhameleſs ſelf ſhall ſee?
O curſed Eve, I feel thy caſe,
When thou hadſt taſted of the tree.

Thou hidſt thyſelf, and ſo muſt I,
But God thy treſpaſs quickly foun',
No dark may hide me from God's eye,
But leave my ſhame ſtill to abound.

Wide open are mine eyes to look
Upon my ſad and heavy ſin:
And quite unclaſped is the book,
Where my accounts are written in.

This ſin of mine deſerveth death,
But judge lord Wigmore I a[illegible]
For I have trod a ſtrumpet's p[illegible]
And for the ſame I needs mu[illegible]

Beſpotted with reproachful ſhame
To ages following ſhall I be,
And in records be writ my blame;
Lord Wigmore this is long of thee.

Lord Wigmore, proſtrate at thy feet,
I crave my juſt deſerved doom,
That death may cut off from the root
This body, bloſſom, branch and bloom.

Let modeſty, accurſe this crime,
Let love and law, and nature ſpeak,
Was ever any wretch yet ſeen
That in one inſtant all did break?

Then Wigmore juſtice on me ſhew,
For thus conſenting to the act,
Give me my death, for that is due
To ſuch as ſin in ſuch a fact.

O that the womb had been my grave,
Or I had periſh'd in my birth,
O that ſame day may darkneſs have,
Wh[illegible] I firſt drew vital breath.

Let God regard it not at all,
Let not the ſun upon it ſhine,
Let miſty darkneſs on it fall,
For to make known this ſin of mine.

The night wherein I was conceiv'd,
Let be accurſt with mournful cries,
Let twinkling ſtars from ſky bereav'd,
And clouds of darkneſs thereon riſe.

Becauſe they ſhut not up their powers,
That gave the paſſage to my life.
Come ſorrow, finiſh up my hours,
And let my time here end with grief.

And having made this woful moan,
A knife ſhe ſnatched from her ſide;
Lucretia's part was rightly ſhown,
For with the ſame fair Iſabel dy'd.

Whereat lord Wigmore grieved ſore,
A heart repenting his amiſs,
And after would attempt no more
To crop the flower of maidens bliſs;

But lived long in woful wiſe,
Till death did finiſh up his days.
And now in Iſabel's grave he lyes,
Till judgement comes them both to raiſe.

XXXI.

HENGIST AND MEY.

Written by William Julius Mickle, author of Sir Martyn, an excellent imitation of Spenſer, a tranſlation of the Luſiad of Camoens, and ſeveral other pieces; the merit of which are too well known to require any eulogium.

IN ancient days, when Arthur reign'd,
Sir Elmer had no peer!
And no young knight in all the land
The ladies lov'd ſo dear.

His ſiſter Mey, the faireſt maid
Of all the virgin train,
Won every heart at Arthur's court;
But all their love was vain.

In vain they lov'd, in vain they vow'd,
Her heart they could not move:
Yet at the evening hour of prayer
Her mind was loſt in love.

The

The abbeſs ſaw, the abbeſs knew,
And urg'd her to explain;
O name the gentle youth to me,
And his conſent I'll gain.

Long urg'd, long tir'd, fair Mey reply'
His name how can I ſay?
An angel from the fields above
Has rapt my heart away.

But once, alas, and never more,
His lovely form I ſpied,
One evening by the ſounding ſhore,
All by the greenwood ſide:

His eyes to mine the love confeſt,
That glow'd with mildeſt grace:
His courtly mein and purple veſt
Beſpoke his princely race.

But when he heard my brother's horn
Faſt to his ſhips he fled:
Yet while I ſleep his graceful form
Still hovers round my bed.

Sometimes all clad in armour bright,
He ſhakes a warlike lance;
And now in courtly garments dight,
He leads the ſprightly dance.

His hair is black as raven's wing,
His ſkin as Chriſtmas ſnow,
His cheeks outvie the bluſh of morn,
His lips like roſe-buds glow.

His limbs, his arms, his ſtature, [illegible]
By nature's fineſt hand;
His ſparkling eyes declare him born
To love and to command.

The live-long year fair Mey bemoan'd
Her hopeleſs pining love:
But when the balmy ſpring return'd,
And ſummer cloath'd the grove;

All round by pleaſant Humber ſide
The Saxon banners flew,
And to ſir Elmer's caſtle gates
The ſpear-men came in view.

Fair bluſh'd the morn when Mey look'd o'er
The caſtle-wall ſo ſheen;
And, lo, the warlike Saxon youth
Were ſporting on the green.

There Hengiſt, Offa's eldeſt ſon,
Lean'd on his burniſh'd lance,
And all the armed youth around
Obey'd his manly glance.

His

His locks as black as raven's wing
Adown his ſhoulders flow'd,
His cheeks outvied the bluſh of morn,
His lips like roſe-buds glow'd.

And ſoon the lovely form of Mey
Has caught his piercing eyes:
He gives the ſign, the bands retire,
While big with love he ſighs,

Oh thou, for whom I dar'd the ſeas,
And come with peace or war;
Oh, by that croſs that veils thy breaſt,
Relieve thy lover's care!

For thee I'll quit my father's throne,
With thee the wilds explore;
Or with thee ſhare the Britiſh crown,
With thee the croſs adore.

Beneath the timorous virgin bluſh,
With love's ſoft warmth ſhe glows:
So bluſhing thro' the dews of morn
Appears the opening roſe.

'Twas now the hour of morning prayer,
When men their ſins bewail,
And Elmer heard king Arthur's horn
Shrill ſounding thro' the dale.

The pearly tears from Mey's bright eyes
Like April dew-drops fell,
When with a parting dear embrace
Her brother bade farewell.

The croſs with ſparkling diamonds bright
That veil'd her ſnowy breaſt,
With prayers to heaven, her lily hands
Have fixt on Elmer's veſt.

Now, with five hundred bowmen true,
He's march'd acroſs the plain,
Till with his gallant yeomandrie
He join'd king Arthur's train.

Full forty thouſand Saxon ſpears
Came glittering down the hill,
And with their ſhouts and clang of arms
The diſtant valleys fill.

Old Offa, dreſt in Odin's garb,
Aſſum'd the hoary god;
And Hengiſt, like the warlike Thor,
Before the horſemen rode.

With dreadful rage the combat burns,
The captains ſhout amain;
And Elmer's tall victorious ſpear
Far glances o'er the plain.

To

To ſtop its courſe young Hengiſt flew
Like lightning o'er the field;
And ſoon his eyes the well-known croſs
On Elmer's veſt beheld.

The ſlighted lover ſwell'd his breaſt,
His eyes ſhot living fire,
And all his martial heat before
To this was mild deſire.

On his imagin'd rival's front
With whirlwind ſpeed he preſt,
And glancing to the ſun, his ſword
Reſounds on Elmer's creſt.

The foe gave way, the princely youth
With heedleſs rage purſu'd,
Till trembling in his cloven helm
Sir Elmer's javelin ſtood.

He bow'd his head, ſlow dropt his ſpear,
The reins ſlipt through his hand,
And ſtain'd with blood, his ſtately corſe
Lay breathleſs on the ſtrand.

O bear me off, ſir Elmer cried,
Before my painful ſight
The combat ſwims—yet Hengiſt's veſt
I claim as victor's right.

Brave

Brave Hengiſt's fall the Saxons ſaw,
And all in terror fled.
The bowmen to the caſtle gates
The bold ſir Elmer led.

Oh waſh my wounds, my ſiſter dear,
O pull this Saxon dart,
That whizzing from young Hengiſt's arm
Has almoſt pierc'd my heart.

Yet in my hall his veſt ſhall hang,
And Britons yet unborn
Shall with the trophies of to-day
Their ſolemn feaſts adorn.

All trembling Mey beheld the veſt;
Oh, Merlin, loud ſhe cried,
Thy words are true—my ſlaughter'd love
Shall have a breathleſs bride!

Oh, Elmer, Elmer, boaſt no more
That low my Hengiſt lies!
O, Hengiſt, cruel was thine arm;
My brother bleeds and dies!

She ſpake—the roſes left her cheek,
And life's warm ſpirits fled:
So nipt by winter's lingering blaſts,
The ſnow-drop bows the head.

Yet parting life one ſtruggle gave,
She lifts her languid eyes;
"Return, my Hengiſt, oh return,
My ſlaughter'd love!" ſhe cries.

Oh—ſtill he lives—he ſmiles again,
With all his grace he moves:
I come—I come, where bow nor ſpear
Shall more diſturb our loves.—

She ſpake—ſhe died. The Saxon dart
Was drawn from Elmer's ſide;
And thrice he call'd his ſiſter Mey,
And thrice he groan'd, and di'd.

Where in the dale a moſs-grown croſs
O'erſhades an aged thorn,
Sir Elmer's and young Hengiſt's corſe
Were by the ſpearmen borne;

And there all clad in robes of white,
With many a ſigh and tear,
The village maids to Hengiſt's grave
Did Mey's fair body bear.

And there at dawn and fall of day,
All from the neighbouring groves,
The turtles wail in widow'd notes,
And ſing their hapleſs loves.

XXXII.

Sir JAMES the ROSS.

Is reprinted from a copy lately publiſhed in Scotland, and declared to have been written many years ago.

OF all the Scottiſh northern chiefs,
Of his high warlike name,
The braveſt was Sir James the Roſs,
A knight of meikle fame.

His growth was as the tufted fir
That crowns the mountain's brow,
And waving o'er his ſhoulders broad
His locks of yellow ſlew.

The chieftain of the brave clan Roſs,
A firm undaunted band;
Five hundred warriors drew the ſword
Beneath his high command.

In bloody fight thrice had he ſtood
Againſt the Engliſh keen,
Ere two-and-twenty op'ning ſprings
This blooming youth had ſeen.

The

The fair Matilda dear he lov'd,
A maid of beauty rair,
Even Marg'ret on the Scottiſh throne
Was never half ſo fair.

Lang had he woo'd, lang ſhe refus'd
With ſeeming ſcorn and pride;
Yet aft her eyes confeſs'd the love
Her fearful words deny'd.

At laſt ſhe bleſs'd his well-try'd faith,
Allow'd his tender claim;
She vow'd to him her virgin heart,
And own'd an equal flame.

Her father, Buchan's cruel lord,
Their paſſion diſapprov'd,
And bade her wed ſir John the Graham,
And leave the youth ſhe lov'd.

Ae night they met as they were wont,
Deep in a ſhady wood,
Where on the bank beſide the burn,
A blooming ſaugh-tree ſtood.

Conceal'd among the underwood
The crafty Donald lay,
The brother of ſir John the Graham,
To hear what they would ſay.

When

When thus the maid began:—My ſire
Your paſſion diſapproves,
And bids me wed ſir John the Graham,
So here muſt end our loves!

My father's will muſt be obey'd,
Nought boots me to withſtand;
Some fairer maid in beauty's bloom
Shall bleſs thee with her hand.

Matilda ſoon ſhall be forgot,
And from thy mind defac'd;
But may that happineſs be thine
Which I can never taſte.

What do I hear? Is this thy vow?
Sir James the Roſs reply'd,
And will Matilda wed the Graham,
Tho' ſworn to be my bride?

His ſword ſhall ſooner pierce my heart
Then reave me of thy charms!
Then claſp'd her to his beating breaſt,
Faſt lock'd within her arms.

I ſpake to try thy love, ſhe ſaid,
I'll ne'er wed man but thee;
The grave ſhall be my bridal bed,
Ere Graham my huſband be.

Take

Take then, dear youth, this faithful kiſs,
In witneſs of my troth,
And every plague become my lot,
That day I break my oath.

They parted thus: the ſun was ſet,
Up haſty Donald flies,
And turn thee, turn thee, beardleſs youth,
He loud inſulting cries.

Soon turn'd about the fearleſs chief,
And ſoon his ſword he drew,
For Donald's blade before his breaſt
Had pierc'd his tartans through.

This for my brother's ſlighted love,
His wrongs ſit on my arm:
Three paces back the youth retir'd,
And ſav'd himſelf frae harm.

Returning ſwift, his hand he rear'd
Frae Donald's head above,
And thro' the brains and craſhing bones
His ſharp edg'd weapon drove.

He ſtagg'ring reel'd, then tumbled down,
A lump of breathleſs clay;
So fall my foes! quoth valiant Roſs,
And ſtately ſtrode away.

Thro' the green wood he quickly hy'd,
Unto lord Buchan's hall,
And at Matilda's window ſtood,
And thus began to call:

Art thou aſleep, Matilda dear!
Awake, my love, awake;
Thy luckleſs lover calls on thee,
A long farewel to take.

For I have ſlain fierce Donald Graham,
His blood is on my ſword;
And diſtant are my faithful men,
Nor can aſſiſt their lord.

To Skyé I'll now direct my way,
Where my two brothers bide,
And raiſe the valiant of the iſles
To combat on my ſide.

O, do not ſo! the maid replies,
With me till morning ſtay,
For dark and dreary is the night,
And dangerous is the way:

All night I'll watch you in the park,
My faithful page I'll ſend,
To run and raiſe the Roſs's clan,
Their maſter to defend.

* Beneath

Beneath a buſh he laid him down,
And wrapt him in his plaid,
While trembling for her lover's fate,
At diſtance ſtood the maid.

Swift ran the page o'er hill and dale,
Till in a lowly glen
He met the furious ſir John Graham,
With twenty of his men.

Where go'ſt thou, little page? he ſaid:
So late who did thee ſend?
I go to raiſe the Roſs's clan
Their maſter to defend.

For he has ſlain fierce Donald Graham,
His blood is on his ſword,
And far, far diſtant are his men,
That ſhould aſſiſt their lord.

And has he ſlain my brother dear?
The furious Graham replies,
Diſhonour blaſt my name! but he
By me ere morning dies.

Tell me, where is ſir James the Roſs?
I will thee well reward;
He ſleeps within lord Buchan's park;
Matilda is his guard.

They ſpurr'd their ſteeds in furious mood,
And ſcour'd along the lea,
They reach'd lord Buchan's lofty tow'rs
By dawning of the day.

Matilda ſtood without the gate,
To whom thus Graham did ſay;
Saw ye Sir James the Roſs laſt night,
Or did he paſs this way?

Laſt day at noon, Matilda ſaid,
Sir James the Roſs paſs'd by,
He furious prick'd his ſweaty ſteed,
And onward faſt did hy.

By this he is at Edinburgh croſs,
If horſe and man hold good—
Your page then ly'd, who ſaid he was
Now ſleeping in the wood.

She wrung her hands and tore her hair,
Brave Roſs! thou art betray'd,
And ruin'd by thoſe very means
From whence I hop'd thine aid.

By this the valiant knight awak'd,
The virgin's ſhriek he heard;
And up he roſe, and drew his ſword,
When the fierce band appear'd.

Your ſword laſt night my brother ſlew,
His blood yet dims its ſhine,
But ere the ſetting of the ſun
Your blood ſhall reek on mine.

You word it well, the chief return'd,
But deeds approve the man;
Set by your men, and hand to hand
We'll try what valour can.

Oft boaſting hides a coward's heart,
My weighty ſword you fear,
Which ſhone in front of Flodden field,
When you kept in the rear.

With dauntleſs ſtep he forward ſtrode,
And dar'd him to the fight;
But Graham gave back, and fear'd his arm,
For well he knew its might.

Four of his men, the braveſt four,
Sunk down beneath his ſword;
But ſtill he ſcorn'd the poor revenge,
And fought their haughty lord.

Behind him baſely came the Graham,
And pierc'd him in the ſide,
Out ſpouting came the purple tide,
And all his tartans dy'd.

But yet his ſword quat not the grip,
Nor dropt he to the ground,
Till thro' his en'my's heart his ſteel
Had forc'd a mortal wound.

Graham like a tree with wind o'erthrown,
Fell breathleſs on the clay,
And down beſide him ſunk the Roſs,
And faint and dying lay.

The ſad Matilda ſaw him fall,
O ſpare his life! ſhe cried,
Lord Buchan's daughter begs his life,
Let her not be deny'd.

Her well known voice the hero heard,
He rais'd his half-clos'd eyes,
And fix'd them on the weeping maid,
And weakly thus replies:

In vain Matilda begs the life
By death's arreſt deny'd;
My race is run!—Adieu my love!
Then clos'd his eyes and dy'd.

The ſword yet warm, from his left ſide
With frantic hand ſhe drew;
I come, Sir James the Roſs, ſhe cried,
I come to follow you.

She lean'd the hilt againſt the ground,
And bar'd her ſnowy breaſt,
Then fell upon her lover's face,
And ſunk to endleſs reſt.

XXXIII.

COLMA.

This poem fixes the antiquity of a cuſtom, which is well known to have prevailed afterwards, in the north of Scotland, and in Ireland. The bards, at an annual feaſt, provided by king or chief, repeated their poems; and ſuch of them as were thought by him worthy of being preſerved, were carefully taught to their children, in order to have them tranſmitted to poſterity. It was one of thoſe occaſions that afforded the ſubject of the preſent poem to Oſſian. It is called in the original, the Song of Selma, which title it was thought proper to adopt in the tranſlation.

'TIS night: and on the hill of ſtorms
Alone doth Colma ſtray:
While round her ſhriek fantaſtic forms
Of ghoſts that hate the day.

O'er rocks the torrent roars amain,
The whirlwind's voice is high:
To ſave her from the wind and rain,
No friendly ſhelter nigh!

Riſe, moon! kind ſtars! appear a while;
And guide me to the place,
Where reſts my love, o'ercome with toil,
And wearied with the chace.

Some light! direct me, helpleſs maid!
Where, ſitting on the ground,
His bow unſtrung is near him laid,
His panting dogs around.

Elſe by the rock, the ſtream beſide,
I here muſt ſit me down;
While howls the wind, and roars the tide,
My lover's call to drown.

Ah! why, my Salgar! this delay,
Where ſtray thy ling'ring feet?
Didſt thou not promiſe in the day
Thy love at night to meet?

Here is the rock, and here the tree,
Thine own appointed ſpot;
Thy promiſe canſt thou break with me?
And is my love forgot?

For thee I'd dare my brother's pride?
My father's houſe would fly,
For thee forſake my mother's ſide;
With thee to live and die.

Be hush'd, ye winds! how loud ye brawl!
Stream! ſtand a moment ſtill;
Perhaps my love may hear me call,
Upon the neighbouring hill.

Ho! Salgar! Salgar! mend thy pace;
To Colma haſte away.
'Tis I, and this th' appointed place:
Ah! wherefore this day?

Kind moon! thou giv'ſt a friendly light;
And lo! the glaſſy ſtream,
And the grey rocks, through duſky night,
Reflect thy ſilver beam.

Yet I deſcry not Salgar's form;
No dogs before him run.——
Shall I not periſh by the ſtorm,
Before to-morrow's ſun?

But what behold I, on the heath!
My love! my brother! laid—
O ſpeak, my friends! nor hold your breath,
T' affright a trembling maid.

They anſwer not—they ſleep—they're dead—
Alas! the horrid ſight—
Here lie their angry ſwords, ſtill red,
And bleeding from the fight.

Ah! wherefore lies, by Salgar ſlain,
My brother bleeding here?
Why Salgar murder'd on the plain,
By one to me ſo near?

Friends of my choice! how lov'd were both!
Who now your fame ſhall raiſe?
Who ſing my lover's plighted troth;
My brother's ſong of praiſe?

Of thouſands lovely, Salgar's face
Was lovelieſt to the ſight;
Renown'd my brother for the chace,
And terrible in fight.

Sons of my love! ſpeak once again——
Ah no!——to death a prey,
Silent they are, and muſt remain;
For cold their breaſts of clay.

But are their fleeting ſpirits fled,
Acroſs the plain ſo ſoon!
Or ſhun the ſhadows of the dead
The glimpſes of the moon?

Speak, where on rock, or mountain grave,
Still claſh your ſouls of fire,
Or reconcil'd, in ſome dark cave
Your peaceful ghoſts retire.

Ah! where her friends ſhall Colma find?
Hark——No——they're ſilent ſtill——
No muttering anſwer brings the wind:
No whiſper o'er the hill.

Fearleſs, yet overwhelm'd with grief,
I ſit all night in tears;
Hopeleſs of comfort or relief,
When morning light appears.

Yet raiſe, ye friends of theſe the dead,
On this ſad ſpot their tomb;
But cloſe not up their narrow bed;
Till hapleſs Colma come.

For why behind them ſhould we ſtay,
Whoſe life is now a dream?
Together here our corſes lay,
Beſide the murmuring ſtream.

So ſhall my ſhivering ghoſt be ſeen,
Lamenting o'er the ſlain;
As homeward hies the hunter keen,
Benighted on the plain.

Yet ſhall he, fearleſs, paſs along,
And lend his liſtening ear:
For ſweet, though ſad, ſhall be my ſong,
For friends I lov'd ſo dear.

XXXIV.

XXXIV.

NATHOS AND DARTHULA.

By J. TAIT.

The hint of this poem (attempted in the ballad ſtile) is taken from one of the leſſer poems of Oſſian.

ON Morven's hills, where valour roſe
The prudence of the ſoil,
The youthful Nathos, dread of foes,
Enjoyed the martial toil.

Great in the field, his fiery ſpear
Commanded prompt regard;
In days of peace the ſprightly chear,
With ſocial ſoul he ſhar'd.

Impartial heroes prais'd his truth,
Approv'd his growing fame,
The artleſs virgins lov'd the youth,
And nurs'd the am'rous flame.

But

But chief for fair Darthula's charms
His feeling boſom beat;
For her he bore the toil of arms,
And mock'd the battle's heat.

With ev'ry grace the virgin ſhone
Unrival'd on the plain—
What wonder if the youth was won,
And hugg'd the pleaſing chain!

In calm content they paſs'd the day,
When war had ceas'd to rage,
Now told the laughing ſtory gay,
Now heard the tale of age.

But Cairbar, Erin's bloody king,
Beheld with envious eyes;
He bad the hoſtile clangour ring,
And num'rous armies riſe.

The gallant Nathos heard the ſound
That threaten'd dreadful woe;
He call'd his warlike chiefs around,
And, pointing to the foe,

Behold, he cried, the hoſtile crew
That come to try our might,
In endleſs lines they riſe to view,
And tire the burden'd ſight;

But ſhall their numbers damp our fire?
Shall Morven's heroes yield?
Shall we forego each great deſire,
And tamely quit the field?

No—like our fathers let us riſe,
Like them ruſh furious on;
Haſte, let us ſnatch the glorious prize
Of conqueſt fairly won.

His words inflam'd each warrior's ſoul,
Their breaſts with tranſport glow'd,
A loud applauſe run thro' the whole,
By dauntleſs hearts beſtow'd.

Darthula ſaw the morning ſcene,
Her griefs were mix'd with joy,
She could not leave the beſt of men,
Nor warlike ſchemes annoy.

For well ſhe knew the claſh of ſwords
Was grateful to his ear;
Yet love's deluſive parting words
Might touch his heart too near.

In penſive poſture long ſhe ſtood,
Revolving in her mind,
Whether to join the godlike crowd,
Or lonely pine behind.

At laſt ſhe burſt the martial ranks,
Array'd in warlike pride;
Swift as a ſtream that ſcorns its banks,
They parted on each ſide.

Low at her Nathos' feet ſhe fell,
And muſt we part? ſhe ſaid;
Muſt you the hoſtile crew expel,
And leave your helpleſs maid?

But glory calls, and valour ſues,
Haſte then, the call obey;
Tho' fond regard my heart ſubdues,
I ne'er ſhall aſk your ſtay.

But can I live when you are gone,
On Morven's lonely plain?
Shall I poſſeſs the halls alone,
And ſing the mournful ſtrain?

No—like a youth of mighty force,
I'll follow where you go;
With willing heart purſue your courſe,
Nor heed the num'rous foe.

If prayers or tears the fates can move,
Succeſs ſhall ſmile around;
If Nathos fall, Darthula's love
Shall watch the fatal wound.

With mute attention Nathos heard
Darthula's fond requeſt;
Her love the dreadful proſpect chear'd,
And warm'd the hero's breaſt.

Yes, you ſhall go, my faithful fair,
To horror's fav'rite ſcene;
If you are near, I'll mock deſpair,
And ſcorn the might of men.

With rapid haſte the field they ſought
Where Erin's monarch lay;
With fatal force the armies fought,
And Nathos' fell a prey.

The ſad Darthula's care was vain,
In vain was ev'ry art;
No earthly pow'r could eaſe his pain,
Or heal his bleeding heart.

As o'er his wounds Darthula wept,
And bath'd them with a tear,
The breaſt-plate from her boſom leapt,
She toſs'd away the ſpear.

Grim Erin's monarch ſeiz'd the ſpoil
With triumph's cruel joy;
He view'd the nymph with ſcornful ſmile,
Ambitious to deſtroy.

With

With haughty words he ſought her love,
So oft refus'd before;
With threaten'd woe he tried to move,
But ſhe diſdainful bore.

Since Nathos falls, with him I'll die,
No other boon I crave!
Since life can nought of bliſs ſupply,
I'll court his ſilent grave.

There ſhall the conſtant lovers meet,
And all their paſſion tell,
Shall ſtrow with ſhrubs and flow'rets ſweet
His tomb, who lov'd ſo well.

But ſee! his ſhade delays its flight,
And chides my tedious ſtay;
I come, my love—my ſole delight!
She ſpoke—and dy'd away.

XXXV.

CHILDE WATERS.

This ballad which appears to be ancient, and the following one on the ſame ſubject, by Mrs. Hampden Pye, are printed from a collection of poems publiſhed by that lady in the year 1771.

CHILDE Waters in his ſtable ſtoode,
And ſtroakt his milk-white ſteede,
To him a fayre yonge lady came,
As ever ware woman's weede.

Sayes, Chriſt you ſave, good Childe Waters,
Sayes, Chriſt you ſave, and ſee;
My girdle of gold that was too longe,
Is now too ſhort for mee.

And all is with one childe of yours,
I feel ſturre at my ſide:
My gowne of greene it is too ſtraighte,
Before it was too wide.

If he childe be mine, fair Ellen, he ſaid,
Be mine as you tell mee;
Then take you Cheſhire and Lancaſhire both,
Take them your own to bee.

If the childe be mine, fair Ellen, he ſaid,
Be mine as you doe ſweare;
Then take you Cheſhire and Lancaſhire both,
And make that child your heyre.

Shee ſayes, I had rather have one kiſſe,
Childe Waters, of thy mouth;
Than I wold have Cheſhire and Lancaſhire both,
That lye by north and ſouthe.

And I had rather have one twinklinge,
Childe Waters, of thine ee;
Than I wold have Cheſhire and Lancaſhire both,
To take them mine owne to bee.

To-morrow, Ellen, I muſt forth ride,
Farr into the north countree;
The fayreſt ladye that I can finde,
Ellen, muſt goe with mee.

Though I am not a lady fayre,
Yet let me go with thee,
And ever I pray you, Childe Waters,
Your foot-page let me bee.

If you my foot-page will be, Ellen,
As you do tell to mee:
Then you muſt cut your gown of greene,
An inch above your knee.

Soe muſt you do your yellow locks,
An inch above your ee:
You muſt tell no man what is my name,
My foot-page then you ſhall bee.

Shee, all the longe daye Childe Waters rode,
Ran barefoote by his ſyde;
Yet was he never ſoe courteous a knighte,
To ſay, Ellen, will you ryde?

Shee, all the longe daye Childe Waters rode,
Ran barefoote throw the broome;
Yet was he never ſo courteous a knighte,
To ſay, put on your ſhoone.

Ride ſoftlye, ſhee ſayd, O Childe Waters,
Why do you ryde ſo faſt?
The childe, which is no man's but thine,
My bodye it will braſt.

Hee ſayth, ſeeſt thou yond water, Ellen,
That flows from bank to brimme?
I truſt in God, O Childe Waters,
You never will ſee me ſwymme.

But when ſhe came to the water ſyde,
Shee ſayled to the chinne;
Now the Lord of Heaven be my ſpeede,
For I muſt learn to ſwymme.

The ſalt waters bare up her clothes,
Our lady bare up her chinne:
Childe Waters was a woe man, good Lord,
To ſee fayre Ellen ſwymme.

And when ſhee over the water was,
Shee then came to his knee:
Hee ſayd, come hither, thou fayre Ellen,
Loe yonder what I ſee.

Seeſt thou not yonder hall, Ellen:
Of red gold ſhines the yate:
Of twenty-foure fayre ladyes there,
The fayreſt is my mate.

Seeſt thou not yonder hall, Ellen?
Of red gold ſhines the towre:
There are twenty-foure ladyes there;
The fayreſt is my paramoure.

I ſee the hall now, Childe Waters,
Of red gold ſhines the yate;
God give you joy nowe of yourſelfe,
And of your worthy mate.

I ſee the hall now, Childe Waters,
Of red gold ſhines the towre:
God give you good now of yourſelfe,
And of your paramoure.

There twenty-four fayre ladyes were,
A playing at the ball;
And Ellen, the fayreſt lady there,
Muſt bring his ſteed to the ſtall.

There twenty-four fayre ladyes were,
A playing at the cheſſe;
And Ellen, the fayreſt lady there,
Muſt bring his horſe to graſſe.

And then beſpake Childe Waters ſiſter;
Theſe were the wordes ſayd ſhee;
You have the prettyeſt page, brother,
That ever I did ſee.

But that his bellye it is ſo bigge,
His girdle ſtands ſoe hye;
And ever I pray you, Childe Waters,
Let him in my chamber lye.

It is not fit for a little foot-page,
That has run through moſſe and myre,
To lye in the chamber of any ladye,
That weares ſo rich attyre.

It is more meete for a little foot-page,
That has run through moſſe and myre,
To take his ſupper upon his knee,
And lye by the kitchen fire.

Now when they had ſupped every one,
To bedd they tooke theyr waye:
He ſayd, come hither my little foot-page,
And hearken what I ſaye.

Goe thee downe into yonder towne,
And lowe into the ſtreete;
The fayreſt ladye that thou canſt finde,
Hyre in mine arms to ſleepe:
And take her up in thine armes twaine,
For * filing of her ſeete.

Ellen is gone into the towne,
And lowe into the ſtreete;
The fayreſt lady that ſhe colde finde,
She hyried in his armes to ſleepe:
And took her up in her armes twaine,
For filing of her ſeete.

I pray you nowe, good Childe Waters,
Let mee lye at your feete;
For there is noe place about this houſe,
Where I may ſaye a ſleepe.

* *i. e.* Defiling.

He gave her leave, and fayre Ellen
Down at his bed's feete laye:
This done, the night drove on apace;
And when it was neare the daye,

Hee ſayd, riſe up my little foot-page,
Give my ſteede corne and haye;
And give him now the goode black oats,
To carry mee better awaye.

Up then roſe the fayre Ellen,
And gave his ſteede corne and haye;
And ſoe ſhee did the good black oates,
To carry him better awaye.

She leaned her back to the manger ſide,
And grievouſlye did groane;
Shee lean'd her back to the manger ſide,
And there ſhee made her moane.

And that beheard his mother deare,
Shee heard her woefull woe;
Shee ſayd, riſe up, thou Childe Waters,
And into thy ſtable goe:

For in thy ſtable is a ghoſte,
That grievouſlye doth grone;
Or elſe ſome woman laboures with childe,
Shee is ſo woe begone.

Up

Up then roſe Childe Waters ſoone,
And did on his ſhirte of ſilke;
And then he put on his othere clothes,
On his bodye as white as milke.

And when he came to the ſtable dore,
Fell ſtill there hee did ſtand,
That hee might heare his fayre Ellen,
How ſhe made her monand.

Shee ſayd, lullabye, mine owne deare childe,
Lullabye, deare childe, deare;
I wolde thy father were a kinge,
Thy mother layd on a biere.

Peace now, hee ſayd, good fayre Ellen,
Bee of goode cheere, I praye;
And the bridall, and the churchinge bothe
Shall bee upon one daye.

XXXVI.

EARL WALTER.

EARL Walter ſtroked his milk-white ſteed,
His heart with courage beat;
When lo! a damſel—matchleſs fair!
Fell proſtrate at his feet.

Behold, ſhe cried, a ruined maid,
The victim of thy love,
And let thy Ellen's once-praiſed ſo
Thy tender pity move.

The dreadful time draws on apace,
That muſt reveal my ſhame,
And can earl Walter then conſent
To murder Ellen's fame?

Ah! wretched infant, doomed to woe
Before thy natal hour,
Diſgrace muſt be thy portion here,
Wronged Ellen's only dower.

The gallant youth was inly moved,
But coldly thus replied,
The cure that love perhaps diſclaims,
My juſtice ſhall provide.

From north to ſouth extended wide
With fields and paſtures fair,
Thoſe plains to thee I freely give;
Beſtow them on thy heir.

By me, ſhe cried, more highly prized,
One kiſs of that dear mouth,
Than all thy rich and fertile plains,
Extending north and ſouth.

One glance of thoſe deluding eyes
More rapture can beſtow,
Than ſhould our monarch quit his throne,
And that to me forego.

No more, fair Ellen, cries the earl,
I can no longer ſtay;
For northward muſt I bend my courſe,
There lies my deſtin'd way.

With thee, earl Walter, let me go,
Thy handmaid will I be;
All perils I with joy can brave,
That much loved face to ſee.

Raſh Ellen! doſt thou know the terms,
On which alone thou goeſt?
To drop each ſoft alluring grace,
Thy ſex's pride and boaſt.

Thoſe auburn locks to cut away,
To caſt thy woman's weed;
All day to follow as my page,
All night to tend my ſteed.

Her auburn locks ſhe cut away,
She caſt her woman's weed,
All day ſhe followed as his page,
Each night ſhe fed his ſteed.

At length a rapid ſtream they find;
Which when Earl Walter viewed,
Thou canſt not, Ellen, follow here—
He ſpoke, and paſſed the flood.

But love, than danger ſtronger far,
Her timid heart upbore;
She ruſh'd at once amid the waves,
And reach'd the farther ſhore.

But ſtill the earl his purpoſe kept,
No pity he confeſt,
Tho' ſtrong fatigue and anxious care
The damſel ſore oppreſt.

Thy

Thy languid eyelids, Ellen, raiſe,
And view yon princely bower;
There pleaſure holds his revel reign,
And marks each paſſing hour.

There dwells a maid more fair than morn,
Than ſummer ſuns more bright;
That maiden is my plighted love,
My joy and ſole delight.

Sad Ellen mildly anſwered thus,
May every bliſs betide,
And ſtill encreaſing rapture wait
Earl Walter and his bride!

The princely bower they enter ſoon,
And hail the glittering train;
Earl Walter courts each lovely nymph
Nor heeds his Ellen's pain.

His ſiſter with ſuperior grace
Shone far above the reſt,
Who when ſhe Ellen's form ſurveyed,
Her wonder thus expreſt.

Ah! whence, my brother, is thy page?
How heavenly fair his face!
What pity that his ſize uncouth
Such beauty ſhould diſgrace.

But let the boy on me attend,
In my apartment wait;
My care ſhall ſooth his gentle mind,
And mend his preſent ſtate.

Too great for him that honor were,
A youth of low degree,
Enough diſtinguiſhed as my page,
On foot to follow me.

Now midnight cloſing every eye,
Left Ellen free to weep,
But with the morn the earl aroſe,
And broke the bands of ſleep.

Awake! awake! thou ſlothful page,
'Tis dawn of breaking day,
Bring forth in haſte my milk-white ſteed,
I muſt from hence away.

But ere her lord could be obey'd,
Uncall'd Lucina came,
And to ſad Ellen's other woes,
She adds a mother's name.

Now burſt their way the heart-felt groans
Now falls the trickling tear,
Till thro' the high reſounding dome,
They reach earl Walter's ear.

With eager ſteps he ſought the place,
Then made a fearful pauſe,
While broken accents breathed in ſighs,
Reveal the fatal cauſe.

Lie ſtill, thou pledge of hapleſs love,
Lie ſtill, my infant dear;
I would thy father were a king,
Thy mother on a bier!

Enough had now the lover heard,
He claſps her in his arms,
Look up my miſtreſs, friend, and wife,
Revive thy drooping charms.

Thy trial now is fairly paſt,
Thou firſt of woman kind;
Thy form, tho' caſt in beauty's mould,
Enſhrines a hero's mind.

And doſt thou know at length my heart?
Then have I well been tried;
I only liv'd to prove my faith:—
She graſped his hand, and died.

XXXVII.

EDWIN AND ETHELINDE.

ONE parting kiſs, my Ethelinde,
Young Edwin fault'ring cried,
I hear thy father's haſty tread,
Nor longer muſt I bide.

To-morrow's eve, in yonder wood,
Beneath the well-known tree,
Say, wilt thou meet thine own true love,
Whoſe heart's delight's in thee.

She claſp'd the dear beloved youth
And ſigh'd, and dropt a tear,
Whate'er betide, my only love,
I'll ſurely meet thee there.

They kiſs, they part, a liſt'ning page,
To malice ever bent,
O'erheard their talk, and to his lord
Reveal'd their fond intent.

The baron's brow grew dark with frowns,
And rage diſtain'd his cheek,
Heavens! ſhall a vaſſal ſhepherd dare
My daughter's love to ſeek.

But know, raſh boy, thy bold attempt
Full ſorely ſhalt thou rue:
Nor e'er again, ignoble maid,
Shalt thou thy lover view.

The dews of evening faſt did fall,
And darkneſs ſpread apace,
When Ethelinde, with weeping breaſt
Flew to th' appointed place.

With eager eye ſhe looks around,
No Edwin there was ſeen;
He was not wont to break his faith,
What can his abſence mean?

Her heart beat thick at every noiſe,
Each ruſtling thro' the wood,
And now, ſhe travers'd quick the ground,
And now, ſhe liſtening ſtood.

Enlivening hope, and chilling fear,
By turns her boſom ſhare.
And now, ſhe calls upon his name,
Now, weeps in ſad deſpair.

Mean

Mean time the day's laſt glimmering fled,
And black'ning all the ſky,
A hideous tempeſt dreadful roſe,
And thunders roll'd on high.

Poor Ethelinde, aghaſt, diſmay'd,
Beholds with wild affright
The threat'ning ſky, the lonely wood,
And horrors of the night.

Where art thou now, my Edwin dear,
Thy friendly aid I want;
Ah me! my boding heart foretells
That aid thou canſt not grant.

Thus rack'd with pangs, and beat with ſtorms,
Confus'd and loſt ſhe roves,
Now looks to heaven with earneſt prayer
Now calls on him ſhe loves.

At length, a diſtant taper's ray
Struck beaming on her ſight,
Thro' brakes ſhe guides her fainting ſteps
Towards the welcome light.

An aged hermit peaceful dwelt
In this ſequeſter'd wild,
Calm goodneſs ſat upon his brow,
His words were ſoft and mild.

He

He op'd his hoſpitable door,
And much admiring view'd
The tender virgin's graceful form
Daſh'd by the tempeſt rude.

Welcome, fair maid, whoe'er thou art,
To this warm ſhelter'd cell;
Here reſt ſecure thy wearied feet;
Here peace and ſafety dwell.

He ſaw the heart-wrung ſtarting tear,
And gently ſought to know,
With kindeſt pity's ſoothing looks,
The ſtory of her woe.

Scarce had ſhe told her mournful tale,
When ſtruck with dread, they hear
Voices confus'd, with dying groans,
The cell approaching near.

Help, father, help, they loudly cry
A wretch here bleeds to death;
Some cordial balſam quickly give,
To ſtay his parting breath.

All deadly pale they lay him down,
And gaſh'd with many a wound,
When, woeful ſight, 'twas Edwin's ſ
Lay bleeding on the ground.

With frantick grief poor Ethelinde
Beſide his body falls,
Lift up thy eyes, my Edwin dear,
'Tis Ethelinde that calls.

That much-lov'd ſound recalls his life,
He lifts his cloſing eyes,
And feebly murmuring out her name,
He gaſps, he faints, he dies.

Stupid a while, in dumb deſpair,
She gaz'd on Edwin dead,
Dim grew her eyes, her lips turn'd pale,
And life's warm ſpirit fled.

XXXVIII.

DAMON AND CHLOE.

In imitation of Margaret's Ghoſt.

YOUNG Damon was the blytheſt lad,
Ah, who ſo blythe as he?
And Chloe was the blytheſt maid,
Ah, who ſo blythe as ſhe?

Her

Her voice ſhe rais'd with merry ſong,
All in the greenwood ſhade,
The nymphs and ſhepherds trip along,
To hear the vocal maid.

She ſings of grots, and cooling ſprings,
The plain and ſhady grove;
Of hills and dales the virgin ſings,
But never ſings of love.

Her nights in eaſe, her days in joy,
She ſpends; ſecure her heart
From Cupid's wiles; ſhe ſcorn'd the boy,
And laugh'd at all his art.

But mark the dire reverſe of fate,
Each nymph, and ſhepherd ſwain,
Young Damon comes, a youth compleat,
The pride of ev'ry plain.

And he would ſing ſo ſoft a lay,
He well might love inſpire;
And when he ſung, ah, well-a-day!
How would the maid admire!

And he was ſtraight, and he was tall,
All ſwains he did excel;
The maidens lov'd him one and all,
But Chloe lov'd him well.

And he was ſkill'd in herbs and flow'rs,
The lenient balms impart;
But oh, what herbs, ye pitying pow'rs,
Can heal poor Chloe's heart.

With haſty ſtep ſhe flies the plain,
And ſeeks the diſtant grove;
Poor Chloe never told her pain,
She never told her love:

But pin'd away in diſcontent,
And never ſought relief;
Like patience on a monument,
She ſat and ſmil'd at grief.

Concealment like a worm i'th'bud,
Fed on her damaſk cheek;
The ſilent tear ran trickling down,
She ſigh'd, but would not ſpeak.

But ſoon, too ſoon the ſhepherd hies;
Ah! me, poor Chloe's heart!
Her ſwelling breaſt, and wat'ry eyes,
Betray the hidden ſmart.

Have you not ſeen the roſe new blown,
All in a ſummer's day,
Expand her beauties to the ſun,
And welcome ev'ry ray?

And when at eve her lover goes
To gild ſome happier mead,
Have you not ſeen the widow'd roſe
Recline her dewy head?

Such Chloe once, ſuch Chloe now;
Ah! Chloe ceaſe to weep!
Damon, for you her ſorrows flow;
Pale hangs her trembling lip.

And now full heavy hangs her head,
How chang'd, ah! well-a-day!
Now every ſprightly charm is fled,
For Damon's gone away.

How penſive thro' the lonely vale,
She takes her ſilent way,
To breathe the fragrance of the gale,
And hear the vernal lay.

But ah! too wretched and forlorn,
She heedleſs moves along;
Unfelt the breeze that ſcents the morn,
Unheard the vernal ſong.

Her ſpeech is ſad, and ſad her brow,
Her ſinking ſpirits fail;
On her wan cheek no roſes blow,
Her lips wax wond'rous pale.

High heaves her heart with many a ſigh,
Faſt falls the frequent tear:
Low bent to earth her ſtreaming eye,
For Damon was not there.

With feeble voice her plaintive ſong
She ſtrives in vain to raiſe,
Her lyre upon a willow hung,
That murmurs to the breeze.

And thrice her boſom heav'd a ſigh,
And thrice ſhe dropt a tear,
And thrice ſhe rais'd a mournful cry,
For Damon was not there.

XXXIX

LORD GEORGE AND LADY DOROTHY.

In imitation of William and Margaret. By a lady of quality.

——————— *"Foul deeds will riſe,*
"Tho' all the earth o'erwhelm them from mens eyes."
HAMLET.

Although

Although the principal circumſtances in this ballad are ſaid to have had a foundation in fact; yet we are totally unable to point out the parties who are alluded to in it, or even the time in which it was written. In this uncertainty we cannot but ſuſpect the whole to be a mere fiction, and for the credit of human nature, as much a work of imagination as the ballad which it profeſſes to be an imitation of.

WHEN all was wrapt in ſable night,
And nature ſought repoſe,
Forth from its grave the reſtleſs ſprite
Of Dorothy aroſe.

Her face was all beſet with woe,
Her cheeks were wan with care,
Her eyes were parch'd and ſunk with grief,
That once ſo radiant were.

With ſolemn pace and awful gloom,
And train with ſorrow hung,
She wander'd to that fatal room
From whence her ſorrows ſprung.

And thrice ſhe gave a piteous groan,
And all unfurl'd her ſhroud,
And thrice ſhe ſadly ſhook her head,
And thus beſpoke aloud:

Oh George, thou author of this ſcene,
Thy downy dreams forſake;
'Tis injur'd Dorothy that calls,
Injurious George awake.

Awake and hear that breathleſs voice,
Which thy upbraidings brought,
Awake and ſee that dreadful ſhade,
Which thy ill treatment wrought.

Behold this babe, this embrio babe,
That ſcarce has learn'd to live;
Say, monſter, why did you deſtroy
That life you ſought to give?

* The means were horrid as thy ſoul,
The will was work divine;
That nought from me might ever grieve,
To be a work of thine.

See what a havock thou haſt made,
Vile pillager of time,
To blaſt the fruits that nature gave,
Before their ſummer prime.

* By being frequently hurried about in a coach, and as often over-walked, ſhe miſcarried, when five months gone with child, and died the next day.

How

How cou'd you, (none but you could do)
Cut off my morn ſo ſoon,
And let my laſting night come on
Before its perfect noon?

How could you vow a lover's heart,
And yet that vow forſake?
How could you win a virgin's heart,
Yet cauſe that heart to break?

How could you to the prying world
Profeſs ſuch ſhow of joy,
Yet by your cruel deeds to me
Theſe gilded words deſtroy?

How have I ſtrove in others' eyes
To be all chearful ſeen,
When by your wounding words my heart
Was bleeding all within?

How have I on my bended knees
Implored your will to know?
What have I not, to pleaſe that will,
Reſolved to undergo?

Why left I all that held one dear,
(O dire decrees of fate!)
Why gave I pure untainted love
For undeſerved hate?

When you was abſent from my ſight
How reſtleſs have I been!
When you appear'd what joys I felt,
Yet none in you were ſeen!

Wherein had nature wrought amiſs,
Or what had art deſil'd?
Nor time had any furrows made,
Or any feature ſpoil'd.

My face as other faces fair,
And I as others kind;
Nor faulty more my eyes than yours,
The fault was in thy mind.

There grew the beam that overcaſt
The gifts which I poſſeſt;
There lodg'd thoſe ſavage poiſon'd ſhafts,
That pierc'd my bleeding breaſt.

Why did you, baſe diſſembling man,
Such treacherous ills impart?
To me——you only gave your hand,
To others——gave your heart.

Why was I, wretched, ſingled out,
To ſkreen your deathleſs ſhame;
Why was a falſe-one deem'd as wife,
While I but bore the name?

With her you ſpent thoſe pleaſing hours,
That did to me belong,
She in your eyes did all things right,
While I did all things wrong.

Why for theſe ſufferings was I born,
Perfidious! tell me why,
Ere I beheld thy faithleſs face,
Why ſuffered not to die?

Nor laws nor human nor divine,
Could ſtop thy brutal will;
Think on thy abſent brother's wife,
Thy brother's widow ſtill.

Still thou enjoy'ſt that guilty dame,
In rank inceſtuous bed;
Think where will lodge thy guilty ſoul
When from thy body fled.

Think on the deadly deeds you've done
Think on the fatal change;
Thy crimes riſe higher in account
Than juſtice can avenge.

May ſpectres ſtare thee in the face,
May horrors guard thee round!
May conſcience on thy footſteps tread,
And all thy thoughts confound.

May Egypt's plagues diſturb thy reſt
And every loath'd diſeaſe;
Till thou haſt all my wrongs redreſt,
May all theſe plagues increaſe.

And may the partners of thy joys
Be partners of thy pain;
Till they have all my ſorrows felt,
May pleaſures be their bane.

And ſoft, the glow-worm calls me hence,
And ere it call on thee;
Atone for every black offence
Farewel—remember me.

XL.

EDWIN AND EMMA.

By Mr. Mallet.

On the publication of this ballad, in the year 1760, *Mr. Mallet ſubjoined an atteſtation of the truth of the facts related in it, which we ſhall give the reader literally:*

Extract of a letter from the curate of Bowes in Yorkſhire, on the ſubject of the preceding poem, to Mr. Copperthwaite at Marrick.

" *Worthy ſir,*

" *As to the affair mentioned in yours; it happened long* " *before my time. I have therefore been obliged to conſult* " *my clerk, and another perſon in the neighbourhood for the* " *truth of that melancholy event. The hiſtory of it is as fol-* " *lows:*

" *The family-name of the young man was Wrightſon;* " *of the young maiden Railton. They were both much of the* " *ſame age; that is, growing up to twenty. In their birth* " *was no diſparity; but in fortune, alas! ſhe was his in-* " *ferior. His father, a hard old man, who had by his toil* " *acquired a handſome competency, expected and required* " *that his ſon ſhould marry ſuitably. But, as amor vincit* " *omnia, his heart was unalterably fixed on the pretty young*

" *creature already named. Their courtſhip, which was all* " *by ſtealth, unknown to the family, continued about a* " *year. When it was found out, old Wrightſon, his wife,* " *and particularly their crooked daughter Hannah, flouted at* " *the maiden, and treated her with notable contempt: for* " *they held it as a maxim, and a ruſtic one it is, that blood* " *was nothing without groats.*

" *The young lover ſickened and took to his bed about* " *Shrove-tueſday, and died the Sunday ſevennight after.*

" *On the laſt day of his illneſs, he deſired to ſee his miſ-* " *treſs: ſhe was civilly received by the mother, who bid* " *her welcome—when it was too late. But her daughter* " *Hannah lay at his back to cut them off from all oppor-* " *tunity of exchanging their thoughts.*

" *At her return home, on hearing the bell toll out for his* " *departure, ſhe ſcreamed aloud that her heart was burſt,* " *and expired ſome moments after.*

" *The then curate of* * *Bowes inſerted it in his regiſter,* " *that they both died of love, and were buried in the ſame* " *grave, March* 15, 1714. *I am,*

" *Dear ſir,*

" *Yours, &c.*"

FAR in the windings of a vale,
Faſt by a ſheltering wood,
The ſafe retreat of health and peace,
An humble cottage ſtood.

* Bowes is a ſmall village in Yorkſhire, where in former ages the earls of Richmond had a caſtle. It ſtands on the edge of that vaſt and mountainous tract, named by the neighbouring people Stanemore; which is always expoſed to wind and weather, deſolate and ſolitary throughout. Camd. Brit.

There

There beauteous Emma flouriſh'd fair,
Beneath a mother's eye;
Whoſe only wiſh on earth was now
To ſee her bleſt, and die.

The ſofteſt bluſh that nature ſpreads
Gave colour to her cheek:
Such orient colour ſmiles thro' heaven
When May's ſweet mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones ſcorn
This charmer of the plains:
That ſun who bids their diamond blaze,
To paint our lily deigns.

Long had ſhe fill'd each youth with love,
Each maiden with deſpair;
And tho' by all a wonder own'd,
Yet knew not ſhe was fair.

Till Edwin came, the pride of ſwains,
A ſoul that knew no art;
And from whoſe eye, ſerenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught;
Was quickly too reveal'd:
For neither boſom lodg'd a wiſh,
That virtue keeps conceal'd.

What

What happy hours of home-felt bliſs
Did love on both beſtow!
But bliſs too mighty long to laſt,
Where fortune proves a foe.

His ſiſter, who, like Envy form'd,
Like her in miſchief joy'd,
To work them harm, with wicked ſkill,
Each darker art employ'd.

The father too, a ſordid man,
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all-unfeeling as the clod,
From whence his riches grew.

Long had he ſeen their ſecret flame,
And ſeen it long unmov'd:
Then with a father's frown at laſt
Had ſternly diſapprov'd.

In Edwin's gentle heart, a war
Of different paſſions ſtrove:
His heart, that durſt not diſobey,
Yet could not ceaſe to love.

Deny'd her ſight, he oft behind
The ſpreading hawthorn crept,
To ſnatch a glance, to mark the ſpot
Where Emma walk'd and wept.

Oft

Oft too on Stanemore's wintry waſte,
Beneath the moonlight-ſhade,
In ſighs to pour his ſoften'd ſoul,
The midnight-mourner ſtray'd.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercaſt:
So fades the freſh roſe in its prime,
Before the northern blaſt.

The parents now, with late remorſe,
Hung o'er his dying bed;
And weary'd heaven with fruitleſs vows,
And fruitleſs ſorrow ſhed.

'Tis paſt! he cry'd—but if your ſouls
Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let theſe dim eyes once more behold,
What they muſt ever love!

She came; his cold hand ſoftly touch'd,
And bath'd with many a tear:
Faſt-falling o'er the primroſe pale,
So morning-dews appear.

But oh! his ſiſter's jealous care
A cruel ſiſter ſhe!
Forbade what Emma came to ſay;
My Edwin live for me.

Now homeward as ſhe hopeleſs wept
The church-yard path along,
The blaſt blew cold, the dark owl ſcream'd
Her lover's funeral ſong.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her ſtartling fancy found
In every buſh his hovering ſhade,
His groan in every ſound.

Alone, appall'd, thus had ſhe paſt
The viſionary vale—
When lo! the death-bell ſmote her ear,
Sad-ſounding in the gale!

Juſt then ſhe reach'd, with trembling ſtep,
Her aged mother's door—
He's gone! ſhe cry'd; and I ſhall ſee
That angel-face no more!

I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high againſt my ſide—
From her white arm down ſunk her head;
She ſhivering ſigh'd, and died.

XLI.

THE HERMIT.

By Dr. Goldſmith.

TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way
To where yon taper chears the vale
With hoſpitable ray.

For here, forlorn and loſt I tread,
With fainting ſteps and ſlow,
Where wilds immeaſurably ſpread
Seem length'ning as I go.

Forbear, my ſon, the hermit cries,
To tempt the dang'rous gloom,
For yonder faithleſs phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

Here to the houſeleſs child of want
My door is open ſtill;
And tho' my portion is but ſcant,
I give it with good will:

Then turn to-night, and freely ſhare
Whate'er my cell beſtows;
My ruſhy couch, and frugal fare,
My bleſſing, and repoſe.

No flocks that range the valley free
To ſlaughter I condemn;
Taught by that power that pities me,
I learn to pity them:

But from the mountain's graſſy ſide
A guiltleſs feaſt I bring:
A ſcrip with herbs and fruits ſupply'd,
And water from the ſpring.

Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
All earth-born cares are wrong:
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.

Soft as the dew from heaven deſcends,
His gentle accents fell;
The modeſt ſtranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderneſs obſcure
The lonely manſion lay,
A refuge to the neighb'ring poor,
And ſtrangers led aſtray.

No ſtores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a maſter's care;
The wicket op'ning with a latch
Receiv'd the harmleſs pair.

And now when buſy crowds retire
To take their evening reſt,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And chear'd his penſive gueſt;

And ſpread his vegetable ſtore,
And gaily preſt, and ſmil'd,
And, ſkill'd in legendary lore,
The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Around in ſympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries,
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart,
To ſoothe the ſtranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His riſing cares the hermit ſpy'd,
With anſw'ring care oppreſt:
And whence, unhappy youth, he cry'd,
The ſorrows of thy breaſt?

From better habitations ſpurn'd;
Reluctant doſt thou rove?
Or grieve for friendſhip unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love?

Alas! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay;
And thoſe who prize the paltry things
More trifling ſtill than they.

And what is friendſhip but a name,
A charm that lulls to ſleep,
A ſhade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep?

And love is ſtill an emptier ſound,
The modern fair one's jeſt,
On earth unſeen, or only found
To warm the turtle's neſt.

For ſhame, fond youth, thy ſorrows huſh,
And ſpurn the ſex, he ſaid:
But while he ſpoke, a riſing bluſh
His love-lorn gueſt betray'd.

Surpris'd he ſees new beauties riſe,
Swift mantling to the view,
Like colours o'er the morning ſkies,
As bright, as tranſient too,

The

The baſhful look, the riſing breaſt,
Alternate ſpread alarms,
The lovely ſtranger ſtands confeſt
A maid in all her charms.

And ah! forgive a ſtranger rude,
A wretch forlorn, ſhe cry'd,
Whoſe feet unhallow'd thus intrude
Where heaven and you reſide.

But let a maid thy pity ſhare,
Whom love has taught to ſtray;
Who ſeeks for reſt, but finds Deſpair
Companion of her way.

My father liv'd beſide the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he;
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine;
He had but only me.

To win me from his tender arms
Unnumber'd ſuitors came;
Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
And felt or feign'd a flame.

Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richeſt proffers ſtrove;
Among the reſt young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.

In humble ſimpleſt habit clad,
No wealth or power had he;
Wiſdom and worth were all he had;
But theſe were all to me.

The bloſſom opening to the day
The dews of heaven refin'd,
Could nought of purity diſplay
To emulate his mind.

The dew, the bloſſoms of the tree,
With charms inconſtant ſhine;
Their charms were his, but woe to me,
Their conſtancy was mine.

For ſtill I try'd each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And while his paſſion touch'd my heart
I triumph'd in his pain;

Till quite dejected with my ſcorn,
He left me to my pride,
And ſought a ſolitude forlorn
In ſecret, where he died.

But mine the ſorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life ſhall pay,
I'll ſeek the ſolitude he ſought,
And ſtretch me where he lay—

And there forlorn, deſpairing hid,
I'll lay me down and die;
'T'was ſo for me that Edwin did,
And ſo for him will I.

Forbid it, heaven! the hermit cry'd,
And claſp'd her to his breaſt;
The wond'ring fair-one turn'd to chide;
'Twas Edwin's ſelf that preſt.

Turn, Angelina, ever dear;
My charmer, turn to ſee
Thy own, thy long-loſt Edwin here,
Reſtor'd to love and thee.

Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care reſign;
And ſhall we never, never part,
My life—my all that's mine?

No, never, from this hour to part,
We'll live and love ſo true;
The ſigh that rends thy conſtant heart,
Shall break thy Edwin's too.

XLII.

MATILDA.

By Mr. Jerningham.

OUTRAGEOUS did the loud wind blow,
Acroſs the ſounding main!
The veſſel toſſing to and fro,
Cou'd ſcarce the ſtorm ſuſtain.

Matilda to her fearful breaſt
Held cloſe her infant dear;
His preſence all her fears encreas'd,
And wak'd the tender tear.

Now nearer to the grateful ſhore,
The ſhatter'd veſſel drew:
The daring waves now ceaſe to roar,
Now ſhout th' exulting crew.

Matilda with a mother's joy
Gave thanks to heaven's pow'r:
How fervent ſhe embrac'd her boy!
How bleſt the ſaving hour!

Oh

Oh much deceiv'd and hapleſs fair!
Tho' ceas'd the waves to roar,
Thou from that fatal moment ne'er
Did'ſt taſte of pleaſure more.

For ſtepping forth from off the deck,
To reach the welcome ground;
The babe unclaſping from her neck,
Plung'd in the gulph profound.

Amazement-chain'd! her haggard eye
Gave not a tear to flow;
Her boſom heav'd no conſcious ſigh;
She ſtood a ſculptur'd woe.

To ſnatch the child from inſtant death,
Some brav'd the threat'ning main;
And to recal his fleeting breath,
Try'd ev'ry art in vain.

But when the corſe firſt met her view,
Stretch'd on the pebbly ſtrand:
Awak'ning from her trance ſhe flew,
And pierc'd th' oppoſing band:

With treſſes diſcompos'd and rude,
Fell proſtrate on the ground;
To th' infant's lips her lips ſhe glued,
And ſorrow burſt its bound.

Upriſing

Uprising now with frantic air,
To the wide-circling crowd,
Who, pity-ſtruck, partook her care,
She thus diſcours'd aloud:

Heard ye the helpleſs infant weep!
Saw ye the mother bold!
How as ſhe flung him in the deep,
The billows o'er him roll'd.

May beak'd remorſe her boſom tear,
Deſpair her mind up-plough!
Its angry arm let juſtice rear,
To daſh her impious brow.

But ſoft, awhile—ſee there he lies,
Embalm'd in infant ſleep:
Why fall the dew-drops from your eyes,
What cauſe is here to weep!

Yes, yes! his little life is fled,
His heaveleſs breaſt is cold;
What tears will not thy mother ſhed,
When thy ſad tale is told!

Ah me! that cheek of livid hue,
If much I do not err!
Thoſe lips where late the roſes blew,
All, all, my ſon declare.

Strange horrors chill my ev'ry vein,
A voice confus'd and wild,
Whiſpers to this diſtracted brain,
Matilda ſlew her child.

She added not—but ſunk oppreſs'd—
Death on her eye-lids ſtole:
While from her much-afflicted breaſt
She ſigh'd her troubled ſoul.

XLIII.

ALISIA.

By the ſame.

TO yon dark grove Aliſia flew,
Juſt at th' appointed hour,
To meet the youth whoſe boſom true
Confeſs'd her beauty's pow'r.

All that fair virtue cou'd beſtow,
Or fairer virtue give,
Did on his face unrival'd glow,
And in his boſom live.

But not the charm of beauty's flow'r,
Or virtue's fairer charm,
Could in her father's ſoul the pow'r
Of avarice diſarm.

He

He bade the youth his manſion fly,
And ſcorn'd his ardent vow:
And when the tears flow'd from his eye,
He bade them faſter flow.

Aliſia with a bleeding mind
Beheld the injur'd youth;
And vow'd in holy wedlock join'd,
To crown at length his truth.

As ſhe forſook her native ſeat,
Farewell, ye fields ſo fair;
May bleſſings ſtill my father meet!
She ſaid—and dropt a tear.

Th' oppreſſion of a parent's hand,
A parent dead to ſhame,
In her meek breaſt by virtue fann'd,
Ne'er quench'd the filial flame.

Now ſafe ſhe reach'd th' appointed ground,
Tho' love was all her guide;
But abſent when the youth ſhe found,
She look'd around and ſigh'd.

Each breeze that ruſtled o'er the tree,
Sooth'd for a ſpace her ſmart;
She fondly cried—Oh that is he!
While patted faſt her heart.

The pleaſing images of hope,
Night's terrors now deform;
While on her mind dear ſcenes ope,
And raiſe the mental ſtorm.

On ſome rude ſtone ſhe bow'd her head,
All helpleſs and forlorn;
Now ſtarting from her rugged bed,
She wiſh'd the ling'ring morn.

With heavy heart I now unfold
What th' abſent youth befell;
Who fierce beſet by ruffians bold,
Oppreſs'd with numbers fell:

At length the morn diſclos'd its ray,
And calm'd Aliſia's fear;
She reſtleſs took her various way,
Diſtracted, here and there.

Thus as ſhe wander'd, wretched maid,
To mis'ry doom'd! ſhe found
A naked corſe along the ſhade,
And gaſh'd with many a wound.

Struck to the ſoul at this dread ſcene,
All motionleſs ſhe ſtood!
To view the raven, bird obſcene!
Drink up the clotting blood.

What horrors did her breaſt invade,
When as ſhe nearer drew?
The features that the raven fed,
Her lover gave to view.

With ſhrieks ſhe rent th' affrighted air;
To tears had fond recourſe;
With frantic hand now tore her hair,
Now ſunk upon the corſe.

Then throwing round a troubled glance,
With madneſs' ray inflam'd;
Beheld ſome travellers advance,
To whom ſhe thus exclaim'd:

Ye baſe inhuman train, away!
What urg'd you to this deed?
You've turn'd my gentle love to clay,
And bade me ſorrow wed.

Hark, hark! the raven flaps her wings—
She drinks his blood again—
Ah! now ſhe feeds on my heart-ſtrings—
Oh Jeſu! ſoothe my pain.

This ſcene of woe what cou'd create
The travellers admir'd;
While ſhrinking at the blow of fate,
She with a groan expir'd.

XLIV.

ALLEN AND ELLA.

ON the banks of that cryſtalline ſtream
Where Thames oft' his current delays;
And charms, more than poets can dream,
In his Richmond's bright villa ſurveys;

Fair Ella! of all the gay throng
The faireſt that Nature had ſeen,
Now drew every village along,
From the day ſhe firſt danc'd on the green.

Ah! boaſt not of beauty's fond power,
For ſhort is the triumph, ye fair!
Not fleeter the bloom of each flower;
And hope is but gilded deſpair.

His affection each ſwain now, behold,
By riches endeavours to prove!
But Ella ſtill cries, What is gold,
Or wealth, when compar'd to his love?

Yes! Allen, together we'll wield
Our ſickles in ſummer's bright day;
Together we'll leaſe o'er the field,
And ſmile all our labours away:

In winter! I'll winnow the wheat
As it falls from thy flail on the ground;
That flail will be muſic as ſweet
When thy voice in the labour is drown'd.

How oft' would he ſpeak of his bliſs!
How oft' would he call her his maid!
And Allen would ſeal with a kiſs
Every promiſe and vow that he ſaid.

But, hark, o'er the graſs-level * land,
The village-bells ſound on the plain;
Falſe Allen! this morn gave his hand,
And Ella's fond tears are in vain.

Sad Ella, too ſoon, heard the tale!
Too ſoon the ſad cauſe ſhe was told!
That his was a nymph of the vale:
That he broke his fond promiſe for gold.

As ſhe walk'd by the margin ſo green,
Which befringes the ſweet river's ſide,
How oft' was ſhe languiſhing ſeen!
How oft' would ſhe gaze on the tide!

* The village of Peterſham.

By

By the clear river, then as ſhe ſate,
Which reflected herſelf and the mead;
Awhile ſhe bewept her ſad fate,
And the green turf ſtill pillow'd her head.

There, there! is it Ella, I ſee?
'Tis Ella, the loſt, undone maid!
Ah! no, 'tis ſome Ella, like me,
Some hapleſs young virgin betray'd!

Like me! ſhe has ſorrow'd and wept;
Like me! ſhe has fondly believ'd;
Like me! her true promiſe ſhe kept,
And, like me too, is juſtly deceiv'd.

I come, dear companion in grief!
Gay ſcenes and fond pleaſures, adieu!
I come! and we'll gather relief
From boſoms ſo chaſte and ſo true!

Like you! I have mourn'd the long night,
And wept out the day in deſpair!
Like you! I have baniſh'd delight,
And boſom'd a friend in my care.

Ye meadows! ſo lovely, farewel,
Your velvet, ſtill Allen ſhall tread!
All deaf to the ſound of that knell
Which tolls for his Ella when dead.

Your wiſh will, too ſure be obey'd;
Nor Allen her loſs ſhall bemoan!
Soon ſoon, ſhall poor Ella be laid
Where her heart ſhall be cold as your own.

Then twin'd in the arms of that fair,
Whoſe wealth has been Ella's ſad fate:
As, together, ye draw the free air,
And a thouſand dear pleaſures relate:

If chance, o'er my turf, as ye tread,
Ye dare to affect a fond ſigh!
The primroſe will ſhrink her pale head,
And the violet languiſh and die.

Ah! weep not, fond maid! 'tis in vain;
Like the tears which you lend to the ſtream;
Tears! are loſt in that watery plain;
And your ſighs are ſtill loſt upon him.

Scarce! echo had gather'd the ſound,
But ſhe plung'd from her graſs-ſpringing bed:
The liquid ſtream parts to the ground,
And the mirror clos'd over her head.

The ſwains of the village at eve,
Oft' met at the dark-ſpreading yew;
There wonder how man could deceive
A boſom ſo chaſte and ſo true.

With garlands, of every flower,
(Which Ella herſelf ſhould have made)
They raiſe up a ſhort-living bower;
And, ſighing! cry, Peace to her ſhade.

Then! hand-lock'd-in-hand, as they move
The green-plotting hillock around:
They talk of poor Ella, and love;
And freſhen, with tears, the fair ground.

Nay, wiſh they had never been born,
Or liv'd the ſad moment to view!
When her Allen could thus be forſworn,
And his Ella could ſtill be ſo true.

XLV.

COLIN AND NANCY.

By T. P. Eſq.

FOR daring feats of ruſtic ſport,
And carolling his am'rous ſtrains,
In Aram's vale was Colin fam'd
The blytheſt ſhepherd of the plains.

Full oft' has Lune reſtrain'd his rage,
And ſlowly roll'd his flood along,
As liſt'ning to the tuneful ſwain,
To catch the cadence of his ſong.

Ah ruthleſs ſtream of ſemblance falſe!
Thy waters murmur'd to-betray.
Hyenas thus, by nature fell,
Seem plaintive to allure their prey.

What time the flocks were ſafely penn'd,
And mild the day's laſt luſtre grew,
To join the playful village youth,
Acroſs the plain young Colin flew.

Thrice

Thrice from a wych-elm's withered bough
A raven gave a boding croak;
And thrice in anſwer, ſcreech'd an owl,
From the deep hollow of an oak.

Yet all in vain! the ill-omen'd youth
On the cliff's ſummit naked ſtood,
The ſwains attention proudly claim'd,
Then headlong plung'd into the flood.

Weep every naiad of the ſtream!
Daſh'd on a rock, he groaning dy'd,
And with a luckleſs lover's blood
Polluted is your ſilver tide!

Soon as the village heard the tale,
Faſt to the river's ſide they fled—
Alas! alas the day they cry'd,
And many a piteous tear they ſhed.

But Nancy, Doran's daughter fair,
Her bloom the bluſh of morn outvies;
Her ſong excels the linnet's lay,
Like dew-drops gliſt'ning are her eyes.

When her pale lover ſhe beheld!—
Herſelf as pale!—in deep deſpair
And ſilent woe, her hands ſhe wrung,
And wildly rent her lovely hair.

And muſt we thus—(ſhe, frantic, ſaid)
Thus muſt we ſolemnize our vows!—
Yet ſhall not death my hopes bereave,
For, ev'n in death, I thee eſpouſe!

Then on his clay-cold corſe ſhe fell,
And claſp'd it to her breaking heart,
And dying, ſigh'd, I now am thine,
My Colin! never more to part!

Like two young roſes on a ſtem,
Lopt by the pruner's hook away,
Ere half their luſtre was diſclos'd,
In with'ring bloom the lovers lay.

One grave receiv'd them; where is found
The primroſe and the vi'let pale:
And long their hapleſs fate was wept
By ev'ry eye in Aram's vale.

XLVI.

WILLIAM AND FANNY.

By J. Robertſon.

BRIGHT' was the morn, the landſcape gay,
Onward young William rode;
Joyful the village to behold,
His Fanny's loved abode.

Unlike his former ſelf he came,
In ſure diſguiſe array'd;
With unlook'd joy hoping to bleſs
His dear, his conſtant maid.

In warblings ſweet from every ſpray,
The feather'd choir combine;
While Love and Hope in William's breaſt,
The happy concert join.

No magpye, no harſh raven's note,
Siniſter boding ſound,
But thro' the air, Muſic and Love,
Bleſt omens! float around.

The

The village opening to his view,
His fluttering pulſe beat high,
Whilſt tears, from Joy's rich fountain drawn,
Beam'd ſparkling in his eye.

Soon ſhall theſe eyes again, thank heaven,
Her angel-form behold;
Soon ſhall theſe wiſhing arms again,
My lovely maid infold.

He ſaid; when lo, in ſable guiſe,
From forth the church-yard way,
A ſilent train with down-caſt eyes,
Death's banners wide diſplay.

The ſlow-tongu'd bell, with ſolemn toll,
A ſad adieu expreſt;
On ev'ry face a genuine grief,
Full deeply was impreſt.

Fierce as the eagle William dar'd,
When Pride its creſt uprear'd;
Yet melting William as the dove,
Whene'er Diſtreſs appear'd.

To what kind ſoul are theſe ſad rites,
With mournful rev'rence paid?
A grey-hair'd peaſant rais'd his eyes,
And, ſighing, thus he ſaid;

If e'er you've known Love's wondrous pow'r,
The pitying tear prepare,
Yon grave contains the ſweeteſt flow'r,
E'er nipt by cold Deſpair.

Not ſportive lambkin on the down
More lively was than ſhe;
Not lambkin ever cropt the green,
From guileful thoughts more free.

Not apple-bloſſoms in the ſpring,
Cou'd with her beauties vie;
More graceful than the doe her ſhape;
Senſe ſparkled in her eye.

Soft tho' her boſom yet untouch'd
By Love's all-pow'rful flame,
Till a young ſwain of peerleſs worth,
From yon blue uplands came.

The pride of ſwains ſweet William was,
Thus ſhepherds all agree;
A youth ſo manly, gentle, brave,
I ne'er again ſhall ſee.

Each nymph beheld him with delight,
Each ſwain with envious eyes;
Ev'n Envy's ſelf might ſtand excus'd,
When Fanny was the prize.

They ſaw, they lov'd; ſo ſweet a pair
Ne'er grac'd our wond'ring plain,
He ſeem'd by heav'n for her deſign'd;
She for her upland ſwain.

Their parents, friends, with glad accord
Did on their paſſion ſmile;
But Fate with Cruelty high rais'd
Their hopes——but to beguile.

Ah, what is happineſs!——A fly
With tinſel'd wings ſo gay:
Sure of the prize, we ſtretch our hands,
'Tis gone; 'tis loſt for aye.

Heading the needy highland clans,
Onward in threat'ning mood,
Giant Rebellion came——to drench
Our peaceful fields in blood.

To ſave their country, Freedom's ſons
With gen'rous ardour flew;
Never again, oh, may theſe eyes
Such ſcenes of horror view.

Young William's lord, to whom both love
And gratitude were bound,
With William, foremoſt in his train,
In Freedom's ranks were found.

Conqueſt

Conqueſt with laurels William crowns,
His worth ev'n foes approve;
But ah!—tho' Conqueſt crowns his arms,
Deſpair awaits his love.

A 'ſquire, for large poſſeſſions fam'd,
Saw Fanny, and ador'd;
For charms like her's might captivate
The heart——ev'n of a lord.

He ſaw, and vows of ardent love,
Impatiently he preſt;
Poor Fanny had no heart to give,
'Twas lodg'd in William's breaſt.

But curſed av'rice, age's bane,
Had froze her father's mind;
She wept, ſhe pray'd; nor pray'rs nor tears
Alas! cou'd pity find.

To feeling deaf, by riches lur'd,
He laid his ſtrict command;
He dragg'd her to the church; he forc'd
Her cold, her heartleſs hand.

Wealth! what is wealth of peace depriv'd?
A glittering pois'nous toy;
The nightſhade's jetty ſhining fruit
Allures, but to deſtroy.

Scarce

Scarce ſeven days gone, ſince Fanny wore
The hated marriage-chain;
And but yeſtreen a broken heart,
Freed Fanny from her pain.

But, Stranger, ſure thoſe looks of your's,
Unuſual feelings ſpeak;
The bridle quits your trembling hands,
The blood forſakes your cheek.

Down dropt poor William like a corſe,
Upon the green-ſward laid;
By pitying peaſants known, he's ſtraight
To friendly roof convey'd.

Reviv'd, heart-rending ſighs and groans,
A fix'd deſpair confeſs;
But Madneſs, ſad relief!—arrives
To lighten his diſtreſs.

When midnight came, from bed eſcap'd,
To Fanny's grave he flew;
There ſtretch'd, he Fanny call'd—and ſoon
To mis'ry bade adieu.

Cold as the lovely fair within,
Next morn was William found;
Weeping, the village ſaw 'em laid
In the ſame hallow'd ground.

There nymphs and ſhepherds often meet,
To plight their vows ſo true,
And from a ſympathy of ſoul,
Their grave with tears bedew.

XLVII.

AMINTOR AND ANNA.

By the ſame.

CURST with a conſcious feeling mind,
The poor Amintor lay,
Within a cheerleſs jail confin'd,
And ſigh'd his hours away.

To ſave a friend of means bereft,
Amintor enter'd bail;
Friends oft' prove falſe; Amintor's left
To languiſh in a jail.

Where are thoſe friends, Amintor, where
Your ſummer-days could boaſt?
Like inſects now they diſappear,
Kill'd by a wintry froſt.

No friend, ſave one, now anxious came,
To heal Misfortune's wound:
That friend, true to his peace and fame,
Was in his Anna found.

Hymen and Cupid wove the chain,
That link'd her to his heart;
With her he half forgot his pain,
Nor felt Affliction's dart.

Tho' all the charms that Beauty knows,
Were in her form expreſt,
Yet faint her outward charms to thoſe
That lodg'd within her breaſt.

Her words, ſweet as when peace is giv'n
To a departing ſoul,
Or angel accents ſent from heav'n,
Into his boſom ſtole.

Ceaſe, ceaſe theſe unavailing ſighs,
Let hope your brow unbend;
Goodneſs ſupreme our patience tries,
It ſtrikes but to amend.

Affliction's cloud once overblown,
Joy, doubly joy appears;
The morn o'ercaſt, the noon-tide ſun
A ſtronger brightneſs wears.

Virtue aſſay'd ſtill mounts the higher,
And nobler worth aſſumes;
As gold, when droſs-rid by the fire,
More pure and bright becomes.

While

While innocence and goodneſs rei
In my Amintor's breaſt,
Our fate with courage we'll ſuſtain
And leave to heav'n the reſt.

Chearful with him, ſhe ſtill appears
The meſſenger of Hope;
When from him, to her ſmother'd tears,
She gives a boundleſs ſcope.

The roſe, that erſt with blooming grace
Had with the lily ſhone,
By grief was wither'd——in her face
The lily reign'd alone.

Their loves one darling babe had crown'd,
His parents beſt delight;
The only comfort Anna found
Each lonely widow'd night.

Like Magdalen, all radiant grace,
The ſmiler at her breaſt
She oft with bended eye would trace
Amintor's ſelf impreſt.

Then! eager claſp, and gaze and weep,
And pour the honey'd kiſs,
Whilſt ſad remembrance pierc'd full deep,
With ſcenes of bury'd bliſs.

Soon as the lark ſalutes the day,
Each morning Anna flies,
To chaſe corroding ſpleen away,
And bleſs Amintor's eyes.

A long, long day—No Anna's ſeen;—
Her abſence cauſes dread;
When ſilent, grief cuts far more keen—
She preſſes a ſick bed.

The tidings brought, he raving cries,
Oh wretch accurſt!—For thee,
For thee the faithful Anna dies,
Her fated end I ſee.

'Tis thy accurſed hand that throws
The deadly murd'rous dart;
'Tis thou art author of her woes;
Thou, thou haſt broke her heart

No more, Amintor, now complain,
Thy Anna 's amply bleſt;
Of Fortune and her glitt'ring train,
To utmoſt wiſh poſſeſt;

A kinſman earle, whoſe griping hand,
When living was unkind,
Dying, bequeath'd her all his land,
Sore griev'd 'twas left behind.

From

From her forſaken couch ſhe ſprings,
And low, enraptur'd bends,
Whilſt on rejoicing angels wings,
Her gratitude aſcends.

Thanks, thanks, all-gracious heav'n!—Oh, grant,
This flood of joy I bear;
Thy mercy ſends me all I want,
Henceforth I'll not deſpair.

Is Anna then ordain'd to give
Amintor liberty?
For his lov'd ſake I wiſh to live,
For him well pleas'd wou'd die.

To Providence the grateful tear
Burſts from her up-rais'd eyes;
Nor hecatombs to heav'n appear
Such pleaſing ſacrifice.

How faint the richeſt diamonds ſhow!
How languid all their fires!
To thoſe in Beauty's eyes which glow,
When virtuous joy inſpires!

With tranſport wild, ſhe eager flew
To make Amintor bleſt:
She ſaw Amintor—thrilling view!
In ſhrouded garment dreſt.

Frantic that morn he rav'd, I ne'er
Shall Anna ſee again;
He falls a prey to black deſpair;
His heart-ſtrings burſt in twain.

The weakneſs which from virtue grows,
Can juſtice faulty deem?
Such weakneſs virtue only knows,
When virtue 's in extreme.

Let callous boſoms moralize,
And frigid rules lay down,
They feel not who are over-wiſe,
Or dart the Stoic frown.

Like Niobe a-while ſhe ſtands,
Then ſinks upon the floor,
She lifts her eyes, ſhe wrings her hands,
And never riſes more.

One ſuch example here below,
(In heav'n let virtue truſt)
Does an Hereafter plainly ſhow;
God cannot be unjuſt.

XLVIII.

DAMON AND SYLVIA.

By the ſame.

FROM forth the church, all-blithſome, gay,
The youthful Damon came,
Handing his bride in trim array,
A fair and wealthy dame;
Whilſt poor forſaken Sylvia ſtood,
Her lily'd cheek devoid of blood.

Oh, Damon, Damon, perjur'd youth,
But for a moment ſtay,
Are all your vows and boaſted truth
Like goſmore blown away?
Give, give me back my heart again;
You cannot—for 'tis broke in twain.

Did not you ſwear for me alone
Each vow to heav'n did riſe?
Did you not ſwear a monarch's throne
Without me you 'd deſpiſe?
I, witleſs, thought you true as dove,
And by my own weigh'd Damon's love.

But wealth, that bane of conſtancy,
Lur'd Damon's heart away,
On ſwallow-wings falſe riches fly—
True love can ne'er decay:
Had I the world to give—you know,
That world on Damon I'd beſtow.

Was there a pain touch'd Damon's breaſt,
But Sylvia doubly knew?
Was there a joy to make me bleſt,
But took its riſe from you?
Was there a wiſh—(Why heaves this ſigh?)—
Of Damon's that I cou'd deny?

Behold the face you once ſo prais'd,
'With grief how pale, how wan!
Thoſe eyes, on which you ſo have gaz'd,
How dim, how woe-begone!
Cou'd you my inmoſt boſom bare,
You'd Damon ſee—and black deſpair.

But hold—I came not to upbraid,
I hither came to die;
Beneath the turf when Sylvia's laid,
Give but one tender ſigh;
'Tis all I aſk, 'tis all I want,
Happy if this ſmall boon you grant.

She ſaid; and ſtraight a dagger aim'd,
It quaff'd her boſom's gore;
That boſom which, with love inflam'd,
Deſpair had pierc'd before;
Inconſtant Damon felt the blow,
And all his future days were woe.

XLIX.

THE MAID OF AGHAVORE.

By the Rev. Mr. Ball.

With the laſt unſucceſsful action, near Rathmines, periſhed the hopes of Charles in Ireland. This event was ſhortly followed by the arrival of Cromwell, during whoſe lieutenancy the tragical event, recorded in the following ballad, is ſuppoſed to have happened.

ONCE I was a lively lad,
As the ſpringing ſeaſon glad
Ere beheld in its domain,
Or fair Summer in her train,
Or rich Autumn in his year;
Sing I could, as Mavis clear;
Ere, alas, the grief to tell!
Into chains of love I fell,
But now ſilent I muſt be:
Pity me, ſwains, pity me!
Pity me, ſince ſhe's no more,
Beauteous maid of Aghavore!

Then I knew not this world's ſtate,
Nor regarded turns of fate,
How rebellious Erin roſe,
Treating Albion's ſons as foes;
Or how ſons of Albion led
O'er the plains diſmay and dread,
Bidding terror to prevail
All around the Engliſh pale;
But now ſilent I muſt be:
Pity me, ſwains, pity me!
Pity me, ſince ſhe's no more,
Beauteous maid of Aghavore!

Ere to power dark Cromwell grew,
Only peaceful days I knew;
Then it was my conſtant care
Ev'ry rural toil to ſhare;
To the pow'rs that guard the plough
Then alone I paid my vow;
Love as then I had not prov'd,
Or the rapture to be lov'd,
But now ſilent I muſt be:
Pity me, ſwains, pity me!
Pity me, ſince ſhe's no more,
Beauteous maid of Aghavore!

O what

O what changes ſhepherds feel!
I was doom'd to carry ſteel:
O what troubles had I miſt,
Among rebels, royaliſt,
If I could my peace have priz'd,
And, as others, temporiz'd!
But as yet no pains I try'd;
Yet I had not ſeen a bride;
Now all ſilent I muſt be:
Pity me, ſwains, pity me!
Pity me, ſince ſhe's no more,
Beauteous maid of Aghavore!

To our valley ſoon there came,
As it chanc'd, a beauteous dame,
Looks ſhe had, that far outvy'd
All our fragrant valley's pride:
Then, ſo gentle was her ſoul,
As if hearts ſhe ne'er had ſtole!
Sprung from a Cromwellian chief—
But let Sorrow's ſong be brief!
Now all ſilent I ſhould be:
Pity me, ſwains, pity me!
Pity me, ſince ſhe's no more,
Beauteous maid of Aghavore!

O how

O how happy had I been,
Had I ſuch a bride ne'er ſeen!
All ſo beauteous, as I ne'er
Can find matter to compare!
Curls ſhe had, out-ſhining jet!
In her eyes the ſun was ſet!
For her ſhape, it was a pine,
Wreath'd with fragrant eglantine!
But now ſilent I muſt be:
Pity me, ſwains, pity me!
Pity me, ſince ſhe's no more,
Beauteous maid of Aghavore!

When I ſaw the fair, I burn'd,
She my paſſion ſoon return'd.
But when he, her father proud,
Heard her faith to aliens vow'd,
Riſing in his anger fierce,
Soon he did her boſom pierce
With that rude unrighteous ſword
Wherewith loyal breaſts he gor'd.
Now all mournful I muſt be:
Pity me, ſwains, pity me!
Pity me, ſince ſhe's no more,
Beauteous maid of Aghavore!

Woods,

Woods, that wave on mountain-tops,
O'er whoſe moſs the titmouſe hops,
Tell my tale to ruſtling gales!
Fountains, weep it through the vales!
And, with her own ſorrow faint,
Let ſad Echo join my plaint!
Since I've loſt the brighteſt fair
E'er that breath'd our valley's air.
Now all mournful I muſt be:
Pity me, ſwains, pity me!
Pity me, ſince ſhe's no more,
Beauteous maid of Aghavore!

L.

THE DIRGE OF OFFA.

By the ſame.

This ballad is ſuppoſed to be written by Mordrid, chief of the bards in the reign of Edwy, king of Northumberland, whoſe ſon Offa was ſlain in the battle of Hatfield Wood, A. D. 633. *It concludes with the words of the bard.*

SEE my ſon, my Offa dies!
He who could chaſe his father's foes!
Where ſhall the king now cloſe his eyes?
Where—but in the tomb of woes.

'Tis there, thy ſtony couch is laid!
And there the wearied king may reſt—
But will not Penda's threats invade
The quiet of the monarch's breaſt?

No—my ſon ſhall quell his rage—
What have I ſaid?—ah me, undone;
Ne'er ſhall the parent's ſnowy age
Recall the tender name of ſon!

O would

O would that I for thee had dy'd!
Nor liv'd to wail thy piteous caſe!
Who dar'd defy thoſe looks of pride,
That mark the chiefs of Wyda's race!

But, O my ſon, I little knew
What pow'r was in that arm of might!
That weeds of ſuch a baleful hue
The laurel's beauteous wreath ſhould blight!

Yes, my ſon, the ſhaft that thee
Transfix'd, hath drawn thy father's fate!
O how will Hengiſt weep to ſee
The woes that on his line await!

To ſee my Offa's lateſt pangs,
As wild in death, he bites the ſhore!
A ſavage wolf, with bloody fangs,
The lamb's unſpotted boſom tore!

Who never knew to give offence,
But to revenge his father's wrong!—
Some abler arm convey him hence,
And bear a father's love along!

Alas! this tongue is all too weak
The laſt ſad duties to perform!
Theſe feeble arms their taſk forſake!
Elſe ſhould they riſe in wrathful ſtorm

Againſt the ruthleſs rebel's head
Who dar'd ſuch laurels to deſtroy;
To bid each virtue's hope lie dead!
And cruſh a parent's only joy!

Inter him by yon ivy tow'r,
And raiſe the note of deepeſt dole!
Ne'er ſhould a friend, in deathful hour,
Forget the chief of gen'rous ſoul:

And o'er the grave erect a ſtone,
His worth, and lineage high to tell:
And, by the faithful croſs be ſhown
That in the faith of Chriſt he fell!

Hail! valiant chiefs of Hatfield Wood!
Ne'er may your blooming honours ceaſe!
That with unequal ſtrength withſtood
Th' invader of your country's peace.

Now, round this head let darkneſs fall!
Deſcend, ye ſhafts of thund'rous hail!
Ne'er ſhall be ſaid, in Edwy's hall
That troubled ghoſt was heard to wail!

Then, with his feeble arm, the ſire
Into the thickeſt battle flies,
To die, was all the chief's deſire;
Oppreſs'd with wounds and grief, he dies.

And

And let the future ſoul of rhime,
If chance he cons of Edwy's praiſe,
As high his quiv'ring fingers climb,
Record, that Mordrid pour'd the lays!

LI.

By the ſame.

KIND ADVICE TO THE HAPPY SHEPHERD.

HAPPY ſwain, would'ſt thou be free
From the cares that follow me,
Shun the muſes 'witching train;
Scorn thy pipe, and leave the plain.

For the pipe brings no relief!
And the plain but echoes grief;
And the muſes tuneful ſkills
Cannot charm thy life from ills!

'Mark ye, where yon waters flow?
There pines a bard, o'ercome with woe,
As to the ſad water's fall
He ſings Timæus' funeral!

'Twas

'Twas of me he learn'd the art,
But ah—the quill hath pierc'd his heart!
And hapleſs they, who fondly try
To ſing of woe as well I!

Now of the Stygian gulph he raves,
Now pores in Ætna's ſulph'rous caves,
'Till frantic Fancy reſts her head
In the burning torrent's bed!

Shepherd, ere it be too late,
Would'ſt thou ſhun his wayward fate,
Then leave the melancholy plain,
So ſhalt thou live an happy ſwain.

Oft, beneath the twilight trees,
Lurks a ſadly ſullen breeze!
And Pan to ſhapes of luckleſs pow'r
Oft delegates the lonely hour,

Where the oak his gnarled root
Doth acroſs the pathway ſhoot,
Or with linden's gloſſy rine
Laurel-treſſes intertwine;

While himſelf, to jocund dance
Bids the dryad-train advance,
Nor breaks off the frolic ſound,
'Till the tell-tale ſun comes round.

Let the breaſt that cares oppreſs
Dwell with ſolitarineſs:
Nor change the muſe's deſert ſprings,
For the joys that wait on kings.

Tho' by Aganippe's ſtreams
Ancient bards had golden dreams,
Deem not bliſsful life was theirs—
Golden grain is choak'd with tares.

Tremblingly alive all o'er,
Much to feel is to deplore,
And the ſoul of ſenſes ſtrong
Gives but ſorrows to the ſong.

Think'ſt thou Care ſhall ne'er invade,
With venom ſhaft, thy ſecret ſhade?
In form of Love, he ſoftly ſteals,
And unſuſpecting hearts aſſails.

Or, if his way a diſtant friend
Should to thy lonely threſhold bend,
Like my Timæus he may die,
In death, an endleſs woe to thee!

Or if thy Fates do not deſign
That he ſhould die, and thou ſhould'ſt pine,
As I with Lycon, both may prove
Abſence is death to thoſe that love!

But it is not ſo in courts—
There Cupid with light dalliance ſports;
And Venus in a kind diſguiſe
Looks milder thro' Aſpaſia's eyes.

If a lov'd friend ſhould die, 'tis there
Thou may'ſt with eaſe the loſs repair:
And tho' one nymph ſhould faithleſs prove,
Another will requite thy love.

Then, haſte thee to the haunts of men;
Nor let the little careleſs wren,
As thro' the nut-tree ſhade he hops,
Seduce thee to the ſilent copſe.

And, in ſome much-frequented room,
May'ſt thou find a tranquil tomb;
While thy unpriſon'd ſenſes fly
To the ſphere of harmony!

And, let the gentle ſlumber ſteal,
The ſhepherd's cloſing eye to ſeal,
And bring that future life of bliſs
For which the virtuous pant in this!

Sweet luxury of ſouls refin'd,
How would it ſuit the vulgar mind?
Let vulgar minds at diſtance keep!
Nor fright away the ſhepherd's ſleep!

LII.

THE DRINKING-MATCH AT EDEN-HALL.

In Imitation of the famous ballad of Chevy Chace.

By Philip duke of Wharton.

(*See* Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors, Vol. II. page 130. edit. 1759.)

GOD proſper long from being broke
The * Luck of Eden-hall;
A doleful drinking-bout I ſing,
There lately did befall.

To chaſe the ſpleen with cup and can,
Duke Philip took his way,
Babes yet unborn ſhall never ſee
The like of ſuch a day.

The ſtout and ever-thirſty duke
A vow to God did make,
His pleaſure within Cumberland
Three live-long nights to take.

* A pint bumper at Sir Chriſtopher Muſgrave's.

Sir Muſgrave too, of Martindale,
A true and worthy knight,
Eftſoon with him a bargain made,
In drinking to delight.

The bumpers ſwiftly paſs about,
Six in a hand went round;
And with their calling for more wine,
They made the hall reſound.

Now when theſe merry tidings reach'd
The earl of Harold's ears,
And am I (quoth he, with an oath)
Thus ſlighted by my peers?

Saddle my ſteed, bring forth my boots,
I'll be with them right quick;
And, maſter ſheriff, come you too,
We'll know this ſcurvy trick.

Lo, yonder doth earl Harold come,
(Did one at table ſay;)
'Tis well, reply'd the mettled duke,
How will he get away?

When thus the earl began: Great duke,
I'll know how this did chance,
Without inviting me, ſure this
You did not learn in France.

One

One of us two for this offence,
Under the board ſhall lie;
I know thee well, a duke thou art,
So ſome years hence ſhall I.

But truſt me, Wharton, pity 'twere
So much good wine to ſpill,
As theſe companions here may drink,
Ere they have had their fill.

Let thou and I, in bumpers full,
This grand affair decide,
Accurs'd be he, duke Wharton ſaid,
By whom it is deny'd.

To Andrews, and to Hotham fair,
Many a pint went round,
And many gallant gentlemen
Lay ſick upon the ground.

When, at the laſt, the duke eſpy'd
He had the earl ſecure,
He ply'd him with a full pint-glaſs,
Which laid him on the floor.

Who never ſpoke more words than theſe
After he downwards ſunk,
My worthy friends, revenge my fall,
Duke Wharton ſees me drunk.

Then, with a groan, duke Philip held
The ſick man by the joint,
And ſaid, Earl Harold, 'ſtead of thee
Would I had drank this pint.

Alack! my very heart doth bleed,
And doth within me ſink;
For ſurely a more ſober earl
Did never ſwallow drink.

With that the ſheriff, in a rage,
To ſee the earl ſo ſmit,
Vow'd to revenge the dead-drunk peer
Upon renown'd Sir Kit.

Then ſtepp'd a gallant 'ſquire forth,
Of viſage thin and pale,
Lloyd was his name, and of Gang-hall,
Faſt by the river Swale;

Who ſaid he would not have it told
Where Eden river ran,
That unconcern'd he ſhould ſit by;
So, ſheriff, I'm your man.

Now when theſe tidings reach'd the room,
Where the duke lay in bed,
How that the 'ſquire ſuddenly
Upon the floor was laid:

O heavy

O heavy tidings! (quoth the duke)
Cumberland witneſs be,
I have not any captain more
Of ſuch account as he.

Like tidings to earl Thanet came,
Within as ſhort a ſpace,
How that the under-ſheriff too
Was fallen from his place.

Now God be with him (ſaid the earl)
Sith 'twill no better be,
I truſt I have within my town,
As drunken knights as he.

Of all the number that were there,
Sir Bains he ſcorn'd to yield;
But with a bumper in his hand,
He ſtagger'd o'er the field.

Thus did this dire contention end,
And each man of the ſlain
Were quickly carried off to ſleep—
Their ſenſes to regain.

God bleſs the king, the ducheſs fat,
And keep the land in peace,
And grant that drunkenneſs henceforth
'Mong noblemen may ceaſe.

And likewiſe bleſs our royal prince,
The nation's other hope,
And give us grace for to defy
The Devil and the Pope.

LIII.

The DOWY DEN.

A lady hearing her lover had fallen in ſingle combat with his rival, calls to her attendant boy.

O See you not yon bonny ſteed,
That eats beneath the tree?
O tarry not, my little boy,
But bring him faſt to me.

The boy ran nimbly to the place,
Where fed the milk-white ſteed,
And brought him to the lady fair,
Who mounted him with ſpeed.

The whip ſhe ply'd—the courſer flew,
The duſt in clouds did riſe,
And ſoon ſhe ſpy'd the * Dowy Den
Where her true lover lies.

* Dowy ſignifies diſmal.

But

But now the panting ſteed ſhe ſtop'd,
And on the ground ſhe ſprung,
Then hied her to the fatal place,
With trees and buſhes hung.

A dreary place, I ween, it was,
And mournful to behold;
Above—the winds did doleful blow,
Below—dark waters roll'd.

All cold and pale the youth was laid
Faſt by the rueful flood;
A breathleſs corſe outſtretch'd he lay,
And all beſmear'd with blood.

O ſigh of woe! ſhe cry'd, and ran
To where her lover lay,
Then, like an aſpin, quiv'ring ſtood,
And gaz'd on the cold clay.

That breaſt where oft thou, love-ſick maid!
Haſt laid thy languid head,
Doth now preſent the ghaſtly wound
Made by the deathful blade.

Thoſe yellow locks, that oft with joy
Thy lily hand hath bound,
Toſs'd by the wind, now looſely flow
Neglected on the ground.

How cold and wan at noon that cheek,
Where glow'd at morn the roſe!
Thoſe beauteous eyes the ſleep of death
Doth now for ever cloſe.

In ſilent anguiſh fix'd ſhe ſtood,
And o'er the body hung,
Then ſtooping, graſp'd and kiſs'd the hand,
And ſighing, thus begun:

Nor wealth nor grander pow'r could have
My faithful heart to ſhake;
For thee it beat, O much-lov'd boy!
For thee it now doth break.

Why did thy wrathful rival think
His ſword could us disjoin?
Did he not know that love had made
My life but one with thine?

Then haughty baron, know it now,
Nor hope I'll be thy bride;
With this dear youth I joy to die,
Contemn thy pomp and pride.

And thou, my father, come and ſee
How low thy daughter lies;
From croſſing virtuous love, behold
What dire misfortunes riſe.

O haplefs

O hapleſs youth!—But ah! no more
Her fault'ring tongue could ſay;
Then ſoftly ſunk upon his breaſt,
And breath'd her ſoul away.

LIV.

DUNCAN A FRAGMENT.

SAW ye the Thane o'meikle pride,
Red anger in his eye?
I ſaw him not, nor care, he cry'd;
Red anger frights na' me.

For I have ſtuid whar honour bade,
Tho' Death trod on his heel:
Mean is the creſt that ſtoops to fear;
Nae ſic may Duncan feel.

Hark! hark! or was it but the wind
That thro' the ha' did ſing?
Hark! hark! agen: a warlike ſhout
The black woods round do ring.

'Tis na' for nought, bald Duncan cry'd,
Sic ſhoutings on the wind:
Syne up he ſtarted frae his ſeat,
A thrang o' ſpears behind.

Haſte,

Haſte, haſte, my valiant hearts, he ſaid,
Anes mare to fallow me;
We 'll meet yon ſhouters by the burn;
I gueſs wha they may be.

But wha is he that ſpeeds ſae faſt,
Frae the ſlaw-marching thrang?
Sae frae the mirk cloud ſhoots a beam,
The ſky's blue face alang.

Some meſſenger it is, mayhap;
Then not of peace, I trow:
My maſter, Duncan, bade me rin,
And ſay theſe words to you.

Reſtore agen that bluiming roſe,
Your rude hand pluck'd awa';
Reſtore again his Mary fair,
Or you ſhall rue the fa'.

Three ſtrides the gallant Duncan tuik,
And ſhuik his forward ſpear:
Gae tell thy maſter, beardleſs youth,
We are na' wont to fear.

He comes na' on a waſſel rout
Of revel, ſport, and play;
Our ſwords gart fame proclaim us men
Lang ere this ruefu' day.

The

The roſe I pluck'd, of right is mine;
Our hearts together grew
Like twa ſweet roſes on ae ſta'k —
Frae hate to love ſhe flew.

Swift as a winged ſhaft he ſped:
Bald Duncan ſaid, in jeer,
Gae tell thy maſter, beardleſs youth,
We are na' wont to fear.

He comes na' on a waſſel rout,
Of revel, ſport, and play;
Our ſwords gart fame proclaim us men
Lang ere this ruefu' day.

The roſe I pluck'd, of right is mine;
Our hearts together grew
Like twa ſweet roſes on ae ſta'k—
Frae hate to love ſhe flew.

He ſtamp'd his foot upo' the ground,
And thus in wrath did ſay:
God ſtrik my ſaul if frae this field
We baith in life ſhall gae.

He wav'd his hand; the pipes they play'd,
The targets clatter'd round,
And now between the meeting faes
Was little ſpace of ground,

But wha is ſhe that rins ſae faſt?
Her feet nae ſtap they find;
Sae ſwiftly rides the milky cloud
Upon the ſimmer's wind.

Her face, a mantle ſcreen'd afore,
She ſhow'd of lily hue:
Sae frae the gray miſt breaks the ſun
To drink the morning-dew.

Alake, my friends! what ſight is this?
Oh, ſtap your rage, ſhe cry'd:
Whar love with honey'd lip ſhould be,
Mak not a breach ſae wide.

Can then my uncle draw his ſword,
My huſband's breaſt to bleid?
Or can my ſweet lord do to him
Sic foul and ruthleſs deid?

Bethink ye, uncle, of the time
My gray-hair'd father died:
Frae whar your ſhrill horn ſhuik the wood,
He ſent for you wi' ſpeed:

My brother, gard my bairn, he ſaid:
She has nae father ſoon:
Regard her, Donald, as your ain:
I'll aſk nae ither boon.

Would then my uncle force my love,
  Whar love it cou'd na' be,
Or wed me to the man I hate?
  Was this his care of me?

Can theſe brave men, who but of late
  Together chas'd the deer,
Againſt their comrades bend their bows,
  In bluidy hunting here?

She ſpake, while trickling ran the tears
  Her bluſhing cheek alang;
And ſilence, like a heavy cloud,
  O'er a' the warriors hang.

Syne ſtapt the red-hair'd Malcom furth,
  Threeſcore his years and three;
Yet a' the ſtrength of ſtrongeſt youth
  In ſic an eild had he:

Nae pity was there in his breaſt;
  For war alane he lo'd;
His gray een ſparkled at the ſight
  Of plunder, death, and bluid.

What! ſhall our hearts of ſteel, he ſaid,
  Bend to a woman's ſang?
Or can her words our honour quit
  For ſic diſhoneſt wrang?

For this did a' theſe warriors come,
To hear an idle tale;
And o'er our death-accuſtom'd arms
Shall ſilly tears prevail?

They gied a ſhout, their bows they tuik,
They claſh'd their ſteely ſwords
Like the loud waves of Bara's ſhore;
There was nae room for words.

A cry the weeping Mary gied:
O uncle! hear my prayer:
Heed na' that man of bluidy look;—
She had nae time for mair;

For in the midſt anon there came
A blind, unweeting dart,
That glanc'd frae aff her Duncan's targe,
And ſtrack her to the heart.

A while ſhe ſtagger'd, ſyne ſhe fell,
And Duncan ſee'd her fa':
Aſtound he ſtood; for in his limbs
There was nae power at a'.

The ſpear he meant at faes to fling,
Stood fix'd within his hand:
His lips, half open, cou'd na' ſpeak:
His life was at a ſtand.

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Sae the black ſtump of ſome auld aik,
With arms in triumph dight,
Seems to the traveller like a man,
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
Cætera deſunt.

LV.

THE FAIR PENITENT.

To the fondeſt and worthieſt youth,
All ſpotted and perjur'd I ſtand;
And this ring, which once ſwore to my truth,
Now deadens, thro' guilt, on my hand.

Perdition quick fall on the hour
That firſt I ſaw Clerimont's face,
And fatally gave him a power
To plunge me in endleſs diſgrace.

From Time's ſwiftly-flying wing
This inſtant O let [illegible],
And pluck from [illegible] a ſting,
Too bitter by far to be borne.

Once white as the moon's [illegible]
This boſom co[illegible]
Deſpiſe [illegible]

To meet with poor Beverley's kiſs,
What tranſport appears in my air!
Tho' his breaſt, once the pillow of bliſs,
Swells only with death and deſpair.

If a look is by accident caught,
I'm fill'd with a thouſand alarms;
And Clerimont fires every thought,
When I melt e'en in Beverley's arms.

Great Ruler of all things above,
Whom Father of mercies we deem,
Let duty direct me to love
Where reaſon compels my eſteem.

Yet how to thy throne ſhall I run;
For pardon, how can I exclaim;
When every renewal of ſun
Beholds a renewal of ſhame!

Nay, now while the guilt I deteſt,
My conſcience ſo dreadfully wrings;
This Clerimont grows on my breaſt,
And inſenſibly twiſts round the ſtrings.

Diſtraction, this inſtant repair,
And ſeize the leaſt atom of brain;
For nature no longer can bear
This incredible fulneſs of pain!

Let mercy employ its own time,
I dare not look upward that way;
For unleſs I deſiſt from my crime,
'Tis blaſphemy ſurely to pray.

FINIS.

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